

# THE MODERN REVIEW.

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## *THE BOOK OF WISDOM.\**

THE books of the Apocrypha have suffered a curious neglect in modern times. The Protestant reformers are not really to blame for this. True, they followed the authority of the more critical of the Fathers in excluding them from the same dignity with those monuments of Israelite literature of which the originals exist in Hebrew or Chaldee; but the Church of England, for instance, never entirely banished the Apocrypha from her lectionary, and the now forgotten, though still statutory, Homilies, are actually full of citations from the books, on an equal level with the Hebrew Testament. The Book of Wisdom was to Cranmer, as it is still to the Roman Catholic Church, "the infallible and undeceivable Word of God." The Articles of the English Church are, however, more guarded in their language, and simply declare that "the other books (as Hierome saith) the Church doth read for example of life and instruction of manners; but yet doth it not apply them

\* *Σοφία Σαλωμών*: *The Book of Wisdom; the Greek Text, the Latin Vulgate, and the Authorised English Version: with an Introduction, Critical Apparatus, and a Commentary.* By WILLIAM J. DEANE, M.A. Oxford, at the Clarendon Press. 1881. Quarto.

to establish any doctrine."\* It is impossible not to connect the revulsion which changed this qualified acceptance into an unfriendly suspicion, with the decree of the Council of Trent which ordered the Apocryphal books to be received by the faithful under pain of anathema. From that day among decided Protestants the Apocrypha has been ignored; except in the High Church schools, it has hardly been read, never certainly studied. In the present century the British and Foreign Bible Society resolved to discontinue its publication, since the object of the Society was limited to the dissemination of the inspired word. The decision called forth a weighty and earnest protest from the present Bishop of Lincoln; but the controversy which followed had no effect, unless in arousing public interest in the condemned books. Uncultivated people still look upon them as something dangerous, and the present writer can remember, as a boy, the spurious books of the New Testament—more harmless, if possible, because making less claim upon one's confidence—being rigidly kept away from him as likely to affect his nascent Protestantism.

It is remarkable that even in so scholarly an edition as that which lies before us there is a continual apologetic tone with reference to, perhaps, the least exceptionable of the Apocryphal books. Mr. Deane holds that "the absence of sufficient proof of canonicity, and not any internal marks of error or inferiority, is the chief ground for assigning to" the Book of Wisdom "a lower place than the other writings of the Old Testament."† In this ambiguous middle position he is concerned to show "its perfect accordance with the word of God," and to defend it resolutely from any suspicion of foreign taint, as from Platonism; at the same time, he is much perplexed by the appearance of prophecy in it, and no less so by the circumstance that it is treated, as he thinks, by writers in the

\* Articles of Religion, vi.

† Prolegomena, p. 39.



New Testament in this same lofty sense.\* For instance, in the famous passage describing the persecution of the righteous,† he notices that "the Fathers have generally seen a prophecy of the Passion of Christ; and there are some wonderful coincidences of thought and language between it and the Gospel. . . . But the similarity may be owing partly to the Old Testament quotations embodied in the text, partly to the recurrence of each typical form of reproach in the Passion of Christ" (p. 120).

It must be confessed that this sort of treatment is a little disappointing after the promise held out in the preface. There Mr. Deane says, "In elucidating the text I have endeavoured to give the plain, grammatical, and historical meaning of each passage, illustrating it by reference to the writings of Philo, Josephus, the Alexandrian writers, and early Fathers; but I have been sparing of quotations from Christian authors, not from want of materials, but because I did not wish my work to assume a homiletical form, or to be burdened by reflections which an educated reader is able to make for himself."

But the fact is that the commentary is entirely Patristic: when the Fathers are not themselves cited Mr. Deane turns Father, and comments after their fashion. Of the Old Testament he hardly professes to have any knowledge; certainly none going deeper than the Septuagint and Vulgate versions. His interest is rather in what opinions have been held as to the meaning of his text than in the meaning which the writer himself intended. Thus "the restoration of Adam," after his fall, "was a very general

\* The most eminent Apocrypha scholar living, Professor Fritzsche, totally denies this. See his article 'Apokrypha' in Schenkel's *Bibel-Lexikon*. However, I suppose it would be difficult to find a closer parallel in thought as well as language than between Wisdom xiii. 1-10 (especially verse 6), and Acts xvii. 24-29.

† Ch. ii. 12-20.

opinion, both among the Jews and Christians, and occasioned a plentiful crop of legends. S. Augustine says, 'It is rightly believed that Christ released Adam from Hell . . . when He preached to the spirits in prison.' This is stated as a past event by the author of Wisdom, as the Psalmist says, 'they pierced my hands,' referring to a future event."\* It is difficult to say which is the more uncritical, the assumption that the sage was acquainted with a future event, doubtfully hinted at in one of the most disputable of the books of the New Testament, or the reference to one of the most puzzling passages, both as to sense and reading, in the Old. Or take this piece of illustration. In ch. xi. 23, we read: "Thou hast tormented them with their own abominations," i.e., "objects of idolatrous worship. . . . All the plagues were directed against the idols of Egypt. 'Against all the gods (*θεοίς*) of Egypt I will execute judgment' (Ex. xii. 12)."+ The editor has not noticed that the place he quotes refers only to the last plague, and that moreover "the gods" are only mentioned as a further specification, after "all the first-born of Egypt, both man and beast."

Mr. Deane's slender acquaintance with the Old Testament is, however, a fault which vitiates more his own exegesis and illustration than his grammatical criticism of the text. There is no reason to suppose that the author of the Book of Wisdom used the Scriptures in anything but their Greek dress; and Mr. Deane's grammatical knowledge of the Septuagint is considerable. Very valuable is also his thorough knowledge of the Greek of the rest of the Apocrypha. Philo he has studied, but not exhaustively; here his old pre-occupation with the canonicity of the book is always disturbing his critical sobriety. Wherever Philo is cited (unless for a mere grammatical comparison) Mr. Deane's object is regularly to educe a distinction between the thought of that

\* Commentary on x. 1; p. 165.

† Commentary, p. 178.

philosopher and the author of the Book of Wisdom. A semi-inspired work *cannot*, in his view, draw, as Philo draws, from foreign sources. If a phrase of Plato's is adopted, it is in a different sense: "the author uses philosophical terms to express orthodox doctrine."\*

It is a pity that a scholar of Mr. Deane's industry and capacity should have needlessly hampered himself in this commentary. He was under no obligation to defend the infallibility of the book, but, as it seems, from courtesy to an old Church tradition, he has felt himself bound to consider it as an expression of truth, imperfect because not proved to be inspired, but never actually false. It seems almost to imply a contempt for the intelligence of our readers to insist on the fact that the value of the Book of Wisdom does not gain by this treatment. The interest of the book is primarily that which belongs to a transitional period in the history of Jewish religion. Its retrospect to the Hebrew literature, which it knows only through a version, is subsidiary; not so its view as a development, under foreign influence, of Hebrew thought. In this relation no work has greater value, expressing as it does a phase of Alexandrian philosophy, soon to be absorbed into the Christianity of the Fourth Gospel, and partly into that of the Epistle to the Hebrews. How does Mr. Deane handle this, the most important question with reference to his book, the relation of the wisdom of Solomon to the older philosophy of Israel, to the philosophy of Greece, and to the philosophy of Christianity?

We open his introduction with a sanguine expectation of an exhaustive study, for the first chapter comprises a "Sketch of the Progress of Greek Philosophy." Nor do we complain of its being professedly a compilation from George Henry Lewes and other authorities, including, oddly enough, Mosheim's translation of Cudworth's

\* Comm. on vii. 22, p. 150; cf. proleg. p. 10.

"Intellectual System of the Universe." An intelligent summary of this sort we may expect to draw to a focus the various lines of thought that found their home in the heterogeneous schools of Alexandria. But Mr. Deane hardly attempts any application of the facts he adduces. He gives us merely an abstract, careful enough in itself, but irrelevant, because he does not attempt to trace the bearing of Greek philosophy, in its Alexandrian development, upon the book with which he is engaged. The next section on the "Jewish-Alexandrian Philosophy" is quite inadequate. The Book of Wisdom is just alluded to, as displaying Greek learning and "the writer's acquaintance with Western Philosophy," but only to show "that he was well acquainted" with certain opinions of the schools, while his statements are "grounded on the language of Scripture."\* Mr. Deane quickly gets to Philo—a full century and a-half, according to the editor's dates, later than the Book of Wisdom—and forthwith addresses himself to those who are anxious to be persuaded that Christianity has adopted nothing from pagan systems; and treats at length of Philo and his connection, or want of connection, with the New Testament. This is no doubt an interesting inquiry, but it is, as we have said, totally irrelevant, and has, moreover, been done far better, and in a calmer and more philosophic spirit, by Mr. Jowett in his invaluable dissertation on "St. Paul and Philo."† It is like writing an introduction to St. Augustine's *City of God* which should contain a comparison of Plato's *Republic* and More's *Utopia*, without a mention of the Bishop of Hippo.

The Book of Wisdom indeed stands in a double relation, and its direct descent is plainly traceable to that school of

\* Proleg., p. 10. The references in Note 7 to support the belief in the pre-existence of souls by Jeremiah and the younger Isaiah are eminently patristic.

† *The Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, Galatians, Romans.* Vol. I., pp. 368—417.

Sages—if we may follow Jeremiah and the Book of Proverbs in giving a collective name to what was perhaps really so detached and indefinite—which flourished in Israel from the early days of the Hebrew monarchy. From the two, often conflicting, classes of Prophets and Priests—the preachers whose allegiance was to the ever-expanding “spirit” of the religion, and the ministers of the traditional “letter”—these Humanists, as they have been happily designated, held somewhat aloof. They busied themselves rather with the deeper problems of ethics that underlay the religion. Much of their teaching took the shape of wise saws and adages, such as form the bulk of the collections that make up the Book of Proverbs, and are plentifully distributed through the Wisdom of the Son of Sirach. In the universal spirit of the sages of antiquity, it was their special pride to observe the phenomena of nature, the signs and prognostics of the outer world equally with the moral and social action of the world of man. Here, as in so much else, they claimed descent from the wise king who “spake three thousand fables,\* and his songs were a thousand and five,” who “spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes.”† Thus, too, the writer of the Book of Wisdom says:—

He hath given me true knowledge of the things that are,—  
To know the constitution of the world and the operation of  
the elements,

The beginning, and the ending, and mean of time,  
The alterations of the solstices and the change of seasons,  
The cycles of years and the positions of stars,  
The natures of animals and the passions of wild beasts,

\* This is probably the meaning of *mashal* here. In the English version it is indifferently rendered “proverb” and “parable.”

† 1 Kings iv. 32 f. (in the Hebrew, v. 12 f.).

The powers of spirits and the reasonings of men,  
The diversities of plants and the virtues of roots,  
And whatsoever things are secret or manifest, them I know.\*

But natural philosophy was but a part of the business of the Wise Men, whose aim was to pursue knowledge everywhere. Speculation on the nature of man and his relation to God matured, if it did not create, a new element in theology. The striving towards wisdom was felt to be due to the working in man of a divine energy, the wisdom of God. It is important for our understanding of the Book of Wisdom to see how far this process of discriminating the energy from the person of the deity had gone, before Hebrew thought came into contact with that of Greece.

Once the Israelite had felt the human breath, the sign of life, or speech, the power which distinguished him from the brutes, to be the fittest symbol of God's communication with man. "It is a spirit in man, and the breath of the Almighty, that giveth them understanding," says Elihu;† even as "while the spirit of God is in my nostrils"‡ is a synonym for remaining in life. The "spirit of God" gives skill to the craftsman§ and nerve to the warrior, Othniel or Gideon or Jephthah.¶ But it is on the prophets that it is poured out in peculiar measure, and to them chiefly is revealed the "word of God." Here the two symbolical expressions seem to run together, but there is always this difference, that the "spirit" is the revealing agency, the "word" the revelation itself. Both are in time overtaken and absorbed by the conception of "wisdom." We see

\* Wisdom vii. 17—21. It is a great advantage to be able to arrange the parallelisms of the text—that most interesting note of the writer's Hebrew genius—according to a consensus of ancient authority. Mr. Deane prints the Greek in the *επιτομή* of the Codex Alexandrinus.

† Job xxxii. 8.

‡ Job xxvii. 3.

§ Ex. xxxi. i. 3, xxxv. 31.

¶ Judges iii. 10, vi. 84, xi. 29.

this process already begun in the Book of Job, where Wisdom appears as the creative energy of God—

Where shall wisdom be found?  
 And where is the place of understanding?  
 Man knoweth not the way\* thereof,  
 Neither is it found in the land of the living.  
 The depth saith *It is not in me* :  
 And the sea saith *It is not with me* . . .  
 Whence then cometh wisdom?  
 And where is the place of understanding? . . .  
 God understandeth the way thereof,  
 And he knoweth the place thereof . . .  
 When he made a decree for the rain,  
 And a way for the lightning of the thunder;  
 Then did he see it and declare it;  
 He prepared it, yea, and searched it out.

We may notice incidentally for future application, that this Wisdom discovered in the prime ordering of the universe, has, like all the other attributes of God, its reflection in the nature of man—the “image” of him; and human wisdom only exists in so far as its reflection of the divine is true. Wisdom in man is purely religious and ethical, as the next lines proceed to state—

And unto man he said,  
 Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom:  
 And to depart from evil is understanding.†

One of the Books of Proverbs recognises the activity of the Wisdom of God in a sense similar to that in Job, but more distinct. Wisdom speaks as a person—

The Lord formed me in the beginning of his way,  
 Before his works of old.  
 I was wrought from everlasting,  
 From the beginning, or ever the earth was . . .  
 When he prepared the heavens, I was there;  
 When he set a compass on the face of the depth . . .

\* Reading with the Septuagint, *ידע* instead of *יודע* (Dillmann).

† Job xxviii. 12—14, 20, 23, 26—28.



There I was by him, as a craftsman ;  
 And I was daily his delight,  
 Rejoicing alway before him.\*

The extension of the sphere of this energy is marked by its being no longer confined to the work of creation. To the passage quoted is immediately subjoined, "My delights are with the sons of men," or, as is stated a little earlier in the speech—

Counsel is mine and sound wisdom :  
 I am understanding ; I have strength.  
 By me kings reign,  
 And lords decree justice.  
 By me princes rule, and nobles,  
 Even all the judges of the earth.

The representations here and in Job are doubtless highly influenced by poetical licence, and it would be unsafe to conclude as a certainty that Wisdom was already, possibly before the sixth century, B.C., regarded as a person. It is not until Judaism had been shaken to its base by the mastering force of Greek rule, with its attendant influences in thought and manners, that such a conception is approached, if not fully realised. In Ecclesiasticus, as in Proverbs, Wisdom "praiseth herself"—

I came out of the mouth of the Most High,  
 And covered the earth as a cloud.  
 I dwelt in high places,  
 And my throne is in a cloudy pillar.  
 I alone compassed the circuit of heaven,  
 And walked in the bottom of the deep.  
 In the waves of the sea, and in all the earth,  
 And in every people and nation, I got a possession.

Then, in terms closely moulded on those of the older sage,  
 He created me from the beginning, before the world,  
 And I shall never fail.†

\* Proverbs viii. 22 f., 27, 30.

† Ecclesiasticus xxiv. 3—6, 9. A similar conception is contained in the Book of Baruch, iii. 15, 29 ff., in a section, however, that does not appear to claim a Hebrew original, and is, moreover, so directly modelled on the passage in Job already quoted as to be of less independent value.

But the all-pervading power of Wisdom is now described with more and more distinctness:—

He created her, and saw her, and numbered her,  
And poured her out upon all his works.  
She is with all flesh according to his gift,  
And he hath given her to them that love him.\*

Wisdom, if not actually a person, has become the accepted name, not only for the ideal creation antecedent to the world of sense, but, more widely, for the principle of communication between God and the created universe, the principle of revelation. To her is due whatever is good in man, uprightness towards God and his neighbour. The wisdom of man is the corollary of the wisdom of God. The idea has absorbed that of the Spirit of God: Wisdom herself is "a loving spirit" (*φιλάνθρωπον πνεῦμα*) says our Book of Wisdom (i. 6), and so we reach the Alexandrian phase of the conception.

But the change of language, certainly not the least of the changes which influenced the progress of Jewish thought in the Egyptian capital, restored one element to its philosophy, the Word or Logos; an idea which quickly grew to the greatest prominence, and determined in a momentous way the formulation of Christian belief. "The Greek language supplied the word *λόγος* with its happy ambiguity of reason and speech, 'outward and inward word,' itself a mediator between two worlds. The Alexandrian recognised as readily as a modern German philosopher, that thought and language were but two aspects of the same thing. How natural an expression was this of the relation between the outward and visible and the inward and spiritual, to men who had not either the consciousness of fixed laws of nature or the strong sense of human individuality like ourselves."† The expression and the idea are present in the Book of Wisdom;

\* Ecclesiasticus . 9, 10.

† Jowett, *Epistles of St. Paul*, i. 889.

but as yet the term sanctioned by the tradition of Hebrew sages holds its supremacy.

Wisdom, which is the worker of all things, taught me,  
says the author of the Book :

For in her is a spirit intellectual, holy,  
One only, manifold, subtil,  
Active, penetrating, undefiled,  
Sure, not subject to hurt, loving good, keen,  
Which cannot be letted, ready to do good, kind to man,  
Stedfast, secure, free from care,  
Having all power, overseeing all things,  
And passing through all intellectual,  
Pure, and most subtil, spirits.  
For Wisdom is more moving than any motion;  
She goeth and passeth through all things by reason of  
her pureness.

For she is the breath of the power of God,  
And a pure emanation from the glory of the Almighty :  
Therefore can no defiled thing fall into her.  
For she is the brightness of the everlasting light,  
The unspotted mirror of the working of God,  
And the image of his goodness.  
And being but one, she can do all things :  
And remaining in herself, she maketh all things new :  
And in all ages entering into holy souls,  
She maketh them friends of God, and prophets.  
For God loveth none but him that dwelleth with Wisdom.  
For she is more beautiful than the sun,  
And above all the order of the stars :  
Being compared with the light, she is found before it.  
For after this cometh night :  
But vice prevaieth not against wisdom.  
She reacheth from one end to another mightily :  
And sweetly doth she order all things.\*

Very admirable is the skill with which the author of the Book has woven into the Hebrew fabric of his thought strains derived from the manifold schools of Greek philosophy. The stuff is still Hebrew, but shot, as it were,

\* Wisdom vii. 22—viii. 1.

with hues reflecting the light of western speculation. Some of the terms,—the “intellectual” spirit, and its nimbleness and immateriality, “passing through all intellectual, pure, and most subtil spirits,”—are borrowed from the vocabulary of the Stoics; others recall the exalted views of Plato, of the essential goodness of the creative energy, and the ennobling power of Wisdom. It does not fall within the scope of the present essay to follow the later fortunes of the matured conception, in the Book of Henoch, where Wisdom is driven back from earth by the injustice of mankind and takes her dwelling again in the heavens,\* or in Philo where the Word of God has once more resumed the supremacy, as the “image of God,” the “first-begotten Son,” the *δεύτερος θεός*—the agent of creation, but, only by means of inferior spiritual “powers,” the instrument of communication with man.† We may however here collect a few specimens of the influence of Greek thought upon the Book of Wisdom. Already it is the *Timæus*, the most perplexing of the Platonic writings, which is beginning to exert that influence which continually waxed stronger, and became through long centuries the absolute ruler of Western thought. To our writer, as to Plato, the world was created “out of shapeless matter” (*ἐξ ἀμόρφου ὕλης*, xi. 17); the soul is of itself good and has an existence antecedent to its dwelling in the body (viii. 19, 20), which is to it an oppressive burthen (ix. 15 †); “temperance and prudence, justice and fortitude” are things “than which men can have nothing more

\* “Wisdom came to dwell among the children of men, and found no dwelling place: Then returned Wisdom back to her place, and took her seat among the angels.” Ch. xlii. 2.

† Deane, proleg. p. 13.

‡ *φθαρτὸν γὰρ σῶμα βαρύνει ψυχὴν, καὶ βρῖθει τὸ γεῶδες σκῆνος νοῦν πολυφορτίδῃ*, a remarkable verbal correspondence with Plato's saying of the body, *ἐμβριθὲς δὲ γε τοῦτο οἰσθαι χρὴ εἶναι καὶ βαρὺ καὶ γεῶδες καὶ δρατὸν*· ὁ δὲ καὶ ἔχουσα ἡ τοιαύτη ψυχὴ βαρύνεται, *Phædo* p. 81, c., cited by Mr. Deane, p. 161; who also notes other terms suggestive of Platonic study, such as *σύντασις κόσμου* (vii. 17), p. 148, *πρόνοια* (xiv. 3), p. 184.

profitable in life" (viii. 7). It is the same school of thought which conceives wisdom as "an emanation from the glory of the Almighty" (vii. 25); "the spirit of the Lord filleth the world" (i. 7), "is in all things" (xiii. 1); then, in phrase that seems to herald the later notion of the Logos, "Thy almighty word leaped down from heaven out of thy royal throne . . . and it touched the heaven, but stood upon the earth" (xviii. 15, 16).

But without comparison the most remarkable feature in the Book of Wisdom, which distinguishes it from the purely Hebrew sapiential literature, and which makes it the final completion of that literature, is its recognition of immortality as the solution of the problems of human experience. "Righteousness is immortal" (i. 15); this is the groundwork of the writer's ethical system. In this way he finds an answer to the question which had occupied and disquieted all the sages of Israel from the beginning, the question which is as new now as in the days of Job: "What profits it to be good? How is it possible to justify the ways of God to man?" The reply of the Psalmist was found to be contradicted by experience, when he said,

I have been young, and now am old;  
 Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken  
 Nor his seed begging bread. . . .  
 I have seen the wicked in great power,  
 And spreading himself like a green bay-tree,  
 And I passed by,\* and lo, he was not;  
 Yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.†

Many sought a solution in the idea that a good man's reward was sometimes reserved for his children, while the posterity of the wicked was cut off. It was a common and bitter complaint, "the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." The question is discussed in all its varieties in the Book of Job, and in the

\* Reading with the Septuagint *וַיַּעֲזָבֵהוּ* for *וַיַּעֲזָבֵהוּ* (Hitzig).

† Psalm xxxvii. 25, 35 f.

end the poet can only appeal, as to something beyond and above our faculties of judging, to the power of God manifested in nature, precisely as St. Paul, reasoning on the diverse destinies of nations, breaks off an argument to which there is no adequate conclusion, with "Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? . . . Hath not the potter power over the clay. . . ?" \* It is a confession of the impotence of human reasoning to reach the bottom of such problems : God's might is right.

Brought face to face with the speculations of Western philosophy, this result can no longer satisfy the author of Wisdom. The test accepted by the Psalmist he puts in the mouth of the wicked, who say of the righteous,

*Let us see if his words be true :*

*And let us prove what shall happen in the end of him . . .*

*Such things did they imagine, and were deceived :*

*For their own wickedness blinded them.*

*And they knew not the mysteries of God :*

*Neither hoped they for the wages of righteousness,*

*Nor discerned a reward for blameless souls.*

*For God created man to be immortal,*

*And made him to be an image of his own self (ii. 17, 22 f.).*

"God made not death . . . but ungodly men with their works and words called it to them," or, as it is phrased in another place, "through envy of the devil came death into the world" (i. 14, 16 ; ii. 24). But death has no mastery save over the body :

*For the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God*

*And there shall no torment touch them. . . .*

*For though they be punished in the sight of men,*

*Yet is their hope full of immortality.*

*And having been a little chastised they shall receive great benefit ;*

*For God proved them and found them worthy for himself † "*

We are here at the threshold of Christianity. Under the

\* Rom. ix. 20.

† Ch. iii. 1, 4 f.

glory of the light of immortality all the troubles and sufferings and oppression of life fade away as a spark before the sun. In this new confidence the author almost, like the apostle, glories in tribulation. To the old Hebrews the measure of a man's goodness was in length of years and seeing his children's children; now, the righteous who dies young is to be accounted an object of God's peculiar favour; he is "in rest" (iv. 7). In the eternal life of the soul its dwelling upon earth fills but a small space. Its life is independent of time, its earthly sojourn reckoned not by years but by progress in Wisdom. He who "is prevented by death," "being perfected in a short time, fulfils much time" (iv. 13). Immortality is the dower of Wisdom (viii. 17), as death is of wickedness (i. 16). The wicked "have no hope;" their end is "horrible," with profitless "repenting, and groaning for anguish of spirit" (iii. 18 f., v. 3). Their after-existence does not deserve the name of life. Thus the wise man justifies the seemingly capricious allotment of good and ill to man on earth. The argument from the supreme excellence of Wisdom becomes in turn a reason for its supreme expediency.

Wisdom, then, is the theme of our Book. It is presented partly in the traditional form of aphorisms, partly in sustained periods of poetic ecstasy. The writer assumes the person of Solomon, the reputed chief of Hebrew sages. He relates his love for Wisdom, his search for her, his marriage with her. In the same exalted character—though the disguise at times sits loosely upon him\*—he addresses and reproves kings; and the first division of the book closes with a prayer for the guidance of Wisdom in ruling Israel:—

O send her out of thy holy heavens,  
And from the throne of thy glory,  
That being present she may labour with me,  
That I may know what is pleasing to thee (ix. 10).

\* In ch. viii. 10, 11, for instance, he does not claim any position except by virtue of wisdom.



The second half (ch. x.—xix.) is occupied in tracing the work of Wisdom in the past history of the world. Wisdom here is the objective force that leads men right, the correlative of the inner "faith," by which they accept it, in the parallel retrospect of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Here, too, there is a tendency to allegorical treatment, though, as Mr. Deane justly points out,\* hardly a symptom of the wild "reading into" the text, which characterises the later method of Philo. The Book ends with the Israelite oppression in Egypt, and the lessons against idolatry taught in the plagues of Moses. The close is a little abrupt, and it has been supposed by some editors that the review originally was carried on through the fortunes of the people in the promised land. But it may well be that the history of Israel in the writer's mind divided itself into cycles, the Egyptian captivity in the first answering to that in which he himself lived: so that there is an implied prophecy in stopping short before the exodus, a promise of deliverance from the exile of his own day; "For in all things, O Lord, thou didst magnify thy people, and glorify them; neither didst thou lightly regard them, but did assist them in every time and place" (xix. 22).

That there is an organic unity in the Book no one now seriously disputes. In the exuberance of early rationalism it was discovered to be nothing more than an anthology. Then Bretschneider ingeniously separated three distinct compositions, one originally Hebrew (extending as far as ch. vi. 8) of the time of Antiochus Epiphanes, the other two (one continuing to the end of ch. x., the other from ch. xii. to the end) by Alexandrian contemporaries of Christ. These latter he further discriminated according to the superior cultivation evinced by the author of ch. vi. 9—x. 21 over the more commonplace notions of his successor. Ch. xi. was discarded as an insertion. Such criticisms have

\* Proleg. p. 33 f.

only retained an antiquarian interest: the question which is still agitated is not whether the Book is one or several, but when the author lived.

His age is partly determined by the use of the Septuagint version; but the origin of this is so obscure that it can only decide the Book of Wisdom to be not earlier than the second century B.C. The further limit is fixed by the relation of the Book to Philo and to Christianity. To some it has appeared nothing more nor less than a Christian composition, as though the doctrine of immortality without the doctrine of the resurrection were not sufficient to exclude the hypothesis. A curious compromise, suggested by Noack and worked out by Dean Plumptre,\* gives its authorship to Apollos, whose ripened thought, after his conversion, is held to be reflected in the Epistle to the Hebrews. But the attribution of the epistle to Apollos, while it is difficult to refute its possibility, is one of those things which never can be proved, and which any one can accept or decline according to his fancy. It is obviously hazardous to saddle a theory, already so infirm, with a burthen weighted with conjecture, and only relieved by correspondences rather of phraseology than of thought. Another criticism—a criticism which Jerome himself mentions as ancient—ascribes the Book to Philo, regardless of the immense interval which separates our author's intellectual view from that of the Jewish Platonist. It remained, however, the accepted opinion through the Middle Ages† and down to the time of Luther. One of the best supported theories about the composition of the Book of Wisdom converges to the same date, the reign of Caligula or a little earlier: but it is difficult to follow Grimm in allowing this conclusion. Mr. Deane, we think rightly, declares in favour of as early a date as possible, though we differ from him as

\* In two articles in *The Expositor*, vol. i.

† See, for example, John of Salisbury, *Epist.* cxliii.

to what is the earliest possibility. Arguing that the Book of Wisdom was written in a time of trouble for the Jews, he offers two eras as compatible with the descriptions of the Book, the reigns of Ptolemy Philopator (B.C. 221—204) and Ptolemy Physcon (170—117). The tyranny of the latter, he says, extended over the whole population, and so could not be a subject of peculiar complaint on the part of the Jews; the reference must be therefore to the "atrocious persecutions" of them by Philopator, on his return from Syria in the year 217, and the production of the book must be between this date and 145, the epoch "rendered memorable by the enormities" of Physcon. The earlier persecution, however, rests upon the totally fabulous account in the third book of the Maccabees—Mr. Deane, indeed, admits that it is "highly coloured"—relating to a time when the Jews really stood in high favour under the Ptolemies.\* Their troubles did not begin until the second half of the reign of Ptolemy Physcon, or the very date which Mr. Deane considers the ultimate limit within which the book could have been composed. We conclude, therefore, by making this the *terminus a quo*; the book was written after the year 145—some time, probably, between then and the end of the reign.

If in our review of the subject of this book we have taken exception to Mr. Deane's method of treating it, we would not have it inferred that he ignores any other way than his own. He is always candid in noticing traces of Greek philosophical influence, though he almost uniformly denies their being more than verbal. The prolegomena are the weakest part of the edition. Mr. Deane has studied his author, text by text, with reference to the New Testament and to the interpretations of the Fathers, rather than conceived his position as a whole. For philological purpose

\* Proleg., p. 32. Compare Professor Oort's criticism of this argument, in the *Theologisch Tijdschrift*, xvi. p. 278, March, 1882.

the commentary is exact and complete. As a textual critic the editor is less successful. Indeed, we can hardly understand the object of reprinting, as he has done, the Greek, the Vulgate, and the English Version, without an attempt at restoring the text of the original. The grammar of the rest of the Septuagint, as we have before said, he knows well; but with the palæographical questions connected with the text he displays no acquaintance whatever. His own Book he prints from Vercellone and Cozza's great edition of the Codex Vaticanus, from which he varies "in very few instances, which are duly noted." The collation of the Sinaitic, of the Codex Ephraemi, and apparently of the Alexandrian, are borrowed from the sixth (posthumous) edition of Tischendorf; but the extent of Mr. Deane's knowledge of the character of his manuscripts may be judged by such statements as that the corrections of the great uncials, "by first or second hand," "are in my edition noted S<sup>1</sup>, S<sup>2</sup>," &c.,\* as though the age and value of these alterations had not been minutely analysed and ascertained. From Parsons and Holmes he gets the readings of one more uncial and ten cursives; but the latter are very sparingly given. He also collates the Aldine and Complutensian editions, the Syriac and Arabic Versions from Walton's Polyglot, and the Armenian from Reusch. The Vulgate, or rather the older Latin version (the so-called *Itala*) which Jerome left untouched, is printed, as we have said, in full, but without a hint of what text is followed, and without notice of a single variant (excepting a few in the Commentary at the end). For critical purposes, therefore, Mr. Deane's edition is of comparatively small value. Certainly he adds nothing to our knowledge of the text. At the same time, lest we should appear too unthankful—how-

\* The denotation, however, of his digest of readings is quite vague; in p. 79, for instance, we find insertions like "om. S. add S. corr," "V. a Sec. Man."

ever much we may regret the incompleteness of Mr. Deane's work whether as critic or interpreter—it must be confessed that it is a great boon to have the Greek and Latin lying open before us side by side, in whatever text, nor would one deny that his commentary preserves throughout the sterling merits of conscientious and scholarly labour.

REGINALD LANE POOLE.

### TENNYSON'S 'DESPAIR.'

READERS of Dante will recollect the passage at the beginning of the third canto of the "Inferno," in which he tells us that written over the gate of Hell are the words: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." The poet speaks of that hopeless city of endless pain as the work of highest Wisdom and of primal Love ("*la somma sapienza e il primo amore*"), and holds it his duty to steel his heart against all pity for the "souls accurst" ("*la perduta gente*") for ever imprisoned within it.

Thirteen hundred years before Dante's time a poet of another order, though of kindred genius, breathed a very different spirit. The heart and conscience of Lucretius rose in revolt against a pagan hell with its threats of everlasting pains after death, appealing from mythology to the great Cosmic order, and dreaming too fondly that in his "golden work" he had

Told a truth

That stays the rolling Ixionian wheel,  
And numbs the Fury's ringlet-snake, and plucks  
The mortal soul from out immortal hell.

Now, when we compare Lucretius with Dante, a pagan Tartarus with a mediæval Inferno, it is not surprising, if we fix our thoughts on this point of comparison alone, that men should ask, some scornfully and bitterly, some sadly, what hope or alleviation for human destiny had all those Christian centuries lying between Lucretius and Dante brought to men?

The fact must be admitted. Ages after the revelation of a Father of mercy through a Divine Son, the endless hell against which Lucretius protested was a living belief to Dante, and, later still, to Milton, whose Gehenna, like Dante's Inferno, is a place where "hope never comes that comes to all, but torture without end still urges"—"a fiery deluge fed with ever-burning sulphur unconsumed." In a higher sense than that in which Lucretius spoke may we borrow his language, and say that no rays of the sun or glittering shafts of day had dispelled this darkness and terror of the mind.

Yet poets are as the mountains on which the morning is spread while the plains are still dark. Like the fine-strung, nervous organism that feels afar off the forecast of weather change, the poet has the presentiment of changes of thought and of belief, while science still lags behind and criticism is halting on its way. Ages before the advent of science, Lucretius "rejoiced to see its day, and saw it, and was glad," beheld through the rifts in the clouds, too soon to close over the world again, the shapes of cruel superstition vanishing before the light of knowledge. It was a poet who, in Calvinistic Scotland, dared to breathe a hope even for the Devil, in whose personal reality he believed as fully as any of his contemporaries, having the heart and the courage to suggest that "auld Nickie Ben" "might still have a stake," grieved to "think upon yon den" even "for his sake." And, yet later than Burns, another poet of Scotland wrote, in his "Devil's Dream," words that would have gladdened the heart of Origen:—

A low sweet voice was in his ear, thrilled through his inmost  
soul,  
And these the words that bowed his heart with softly sad  
control.

. . . . .

"No hand hath come from out the cloud to wash thy scarrèd  
face;



No voice to bid thee lie in peace, the noblest of thy race;  
 But bow thee to the God of love, and all shall yet be well,  
 And yet in days of holy rest and gladness thou shalt dwell.  
 And thou shalt dwell midst leaves and rills, far from this torrid  
   heat,  
 And I with streams of cooling milk will bathe thy blistered feet;  
 And when the troubled tears shall start to think of all the past,  
 My mouth shall haste to kiss them off and chase thy sorrows  
   fast;  
 And thou shalt walk in soft white light with kings and priests  
   abroad,  
 And thou shalt summer high in bliss upon the hills of God."

When poets thus sing in darkness, dawn is not far off. Thomas Aird wrote in the former half of the present century. In 1850 was published the "In Memoriam" of Alfred Tennyson. In that work occur some lines which stand in marked, even startling, contrast with the short poem of "Despair," recently given to the world in the *Nineteenth Century*. Well as these stanzas of "In Memoriam" are known, they will bear quotation if only to illustrate the contrast:—

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good  
   Will be the final goal of ill,  
   To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
 Defects of doubt and taints of blood:—

That nothing walks with aimless feet;  
   That not one life shall be destroyed,  
   Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
 When God hath made the pile complete:—

That not a worm is cloven in vain;  
   That not a moth with vain desire  
   Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,  
 Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;  
   I can but trust that good shall fall  
   At last—far off—at last, to all,  
 And every winter change to spring.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

I falter where I firmly trod,  
And falling with my weight of cares  
Upon the great world's altar-stairs,  
That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope  
And gather dust and chaff, and call  
To what I feel is Lord of all,  
And faintly trust the larger hope.

Thirty years separate "In Memoriam" from "Despair." The difference between the tone of the two poems is the difference between dawn and midnight. Faith in a Lord of all and a larger hope for human destiny was the inspiration of the earlier poem. Despair, if the creed of the Calvinist be true, despair, if the creed of the Agnostic be true, with scarcely a hint of the possibility of an intermediate faith which might make some brighter thing of all theology, overshadows the later poem from beginning to end. "In Memoriam"—only slightly veiling the poet's personality—is a confession of faith; "Despair," a dramatic monologue, as he himself calls it, is a gage of battle flung down on behalf of his earlier trusts, not an expression of personal faith, but a judgment on the tendencies of the day.

Two extreme types of belief are presented in this "Dramatic Monologue." These, for the sake of convenience, may be termed Calvinism and Agnosticism—the one as the type of belief in a God who, in the poet's language, "made everlasting hell;" the other the type of all negation of God. The extremes themselves exist in their naked horror, and much that is taught as Christianity and much that is taught as philosophy tends towards these extremes, although the true character of each, and of Calvinism in particular, is veiled in these latter days. Of set purpose apparently, with full design of exhibiting both without extenuation or disguise, the poet has selected the darkest type of popular religion, and brought it face to face with

the strongest negations of unbelief, to show how between the two the poor human creature is ground to powder.

This appears to be the drift and aim of the poem. It is a prophetic warning—evoked possibly by the recent discussions on the "Eternal Hope"—as to what the Churches may expect if their theologies be permitted to kill the Christ and to darken in the future, as they have darkened in the past, the face of the heavenly Father—blank, hopeless negation of God, culminating in its acute forms in madness and suicide, passing in its milder forms into "the grey set life and apathetic end." Theologians are warned to set their house in order, as the Pharisees of old were warned to discern the signs of the times.

Mr. Tennyson tells us how "in the chapel there over the sand" a man and his wife, "nursed in the dark night-fold of a fatalist creed," listened to the preacher who "bawled the dark side of his faith and a God of eternal rage." He tells us, too, what was the result.

We broke away from the Christ, our human brother and friend,  
For he spake, or it seemed that he spake, of a hell without help,  
without end.

Hoped for a dawn and it came : but the promise had faded away,  
We had passed from a cheerless night to the glare of a drearier  
day.

He is only a cloud and a smoke, who was once a pillar of fire,  
The guess of a worm of the dust, and the shadow of its desire.  
[And] we poor orphans of nothing ; alone on that lonely shore,  
Born of the brainless Nature, who knew not that which she  
bore.

What—I should call on that Infinite Love which has served us  
so well ?

Infinite wickedness rather, that made everlasting hell—  
Made us, foreknew us, foredoomed us, and does what He will  
with His own :—

Better our dead, brute mother who never has heard us groan.

Atheism is the shadow of Calvinism ; the negation of  
God is the inevitable result of a doctrine which is at war

with human conscience and affection. Such, it can scarcely be doubted, is the meaning of the lines just quoted. And the poet is right. There is a real, though not always an apparent or even a direct, relation between the theology which makes incredible the Love and the Righteousness of God and the spirit which questions His very existence.

It is no part of the design of this article to discuss the truth or falsehood of the belief in the endless duration of the punishment of sin. This Dr. Farrar has done, with exhaustive learning, in his recent work, *Mercy and Judgment*. But since the victim of despair in the poem says of Christ that "he spake, or it seemed that he spake, of a hell without help, without end," and since the popular doctrine does unquestionably profess to base itself on the words of Christ, we may be permitted to indicate briefly on what slender grounds the superstructure rests.

Our Lord spoke in Aramaic.\* Our only Aramaic gospel has perished,† and we know the words of Christ solely in their Greek dress as presented in the Synoptic Gospels, based, indeed, on original sources, oral or written, but not constituting them. These *memorabilia* give us the words of the Christ in such different forms, in such different order and connection, and with so many variations, that while the general drift of his ethical and spiritual teaching can scarcely be mistaken, some uncertainty must always hang around special points. But even taking the record of his

\* See, for a discussion *pro* and *con.* of this subject, Diodati, *De Christo Græce loquente*, and Rossi, *Della Lingua propria di Cristo*. Compare also what Josephus says of his own knowledge of Greek, *Antiq. lib. xx. 11, 2, ad finem. De Bello Judaico*, Proem 1. *Contra Apion*, lib. i, c. 9. See Grätz, *Geschichte der Juden*, iii. 437. Reuss, *Histoire Évangélique*, pp. 11, 12. Davidson, *Introduction to the Study of the New Testament*, vol. i., p. 380 (Ed. 1882). There is a recent discussion of this subject in *The Expositor* which I have not seen.

† A full discussion of this question may be seen in Dr. Davidson's work cited above. Even if the Aramaic Gospel of patristic tradition referred to the "Gospel according to the Hebrews" (see Nicholson, *The Gospel according to the Hebrews*, p. 17, 20), the implication of the text needs but slight modification.

words as it now stands, upon what a slender basis does this stupendous dogma rest. It is built, in the first place, upon the use of the phrase, "the Valley of the Son of Hinnom," in its corrupt Hellenistic form, *Gehenna*—a phrase occurring in the gospels not quite a dozen times, and some of these in parallel passages; a phrase clearly figurative, and in the Talmudical literature, as Dr. Farrar and others have shown, never carrying with it, necessarily, the implication of an endless and irreversible doom\*: it is built, further, on the use of the word *aiōnios*, which, as Hebraistic Greek, denoted indefinite but not endless duration, for which numerous Greek words, with the unambiguous meaning of endless, might have been used, and into which Justin Martyr and Minucius Felix imported from Plato and their own Greek modes of thought the idea of endlessness; and it is built, lastly, on a few Parables, deeply coloured by the reporters' expectation of the visible coming of Christ to judgment in their own lifetime, and the meaning of which we unconsciously warp by our fixed ideas associated with the phrase "The Valley of the Son of Hinnom" and the word *aiōnios*.

It is, therefore, questionable, on critical grounds only, that "our human brother and friend" "spake of a hell without help, without end." At least, we have not sufficient proof that He did. But, on the other hand, it cannot be denied that from the second century onwards this doctrine has been the popular belief. It is found in Justin Martyr and Minucius Felix, who seem to have derived it rather from Plato than from Christ,† and through that "fierce African" Tertullian, the material grossness of whose theology ‡ handed on the torch, kindled from subterranean

\* See Wünsche, *neue Beiträge zur Erläuterung der Evangelien aus Talmud und Midrasch*, s. 50 (1878).

† Justin, *Apol.* i. 8; Minucius Felix, c. 35; cf. Plato, *Phædo* (Jowett, I. 464); *Republic*, x. (Jowett II., 458).

‡ "Nihil incorporale nisi quod non est."—*De Carne Christi*. Cf. Milman, *Latin Christianity*, I, 49, n. (Cabinet Edition.) Gieseler, *Ecclesiastical*

fires, to the Church of succeeding centuries,—extinguishing the light of Origen with the extinction of civilisation by barbarism,—it passed into the reformed and Puritan theology. What came of the development of this dogma during the Middle Ages, mediæval art and mediæval literature, such as they are, distinctly enough declare. They were ages in which, to borrow the language of Mr. Lecky, "men who were sincerely indignant with pagan writers . . . for representing their divinities . . . like men of mingled characters and passions, unscrupulously attributed to their own divinity a degree of cruelty which may be confidently said to transcend the utmost barbarity of which human nature is capable." What came of the development of this dogma in the Puritan literature of England and America, readers of the works of John Owen and of Jonathan Edwards well know. It is a doctrine preached at this hour, sometimes in its unmitigated horrors, sometimes in softened language,\* in Wesleyan chapels, in Calvinistic meeting-houses in England and Wales, in Evangelical pulpits in the National Church, whether of Scotland or of England; and even at this day it would not be impossible to justify by selections from popular tracts and sermons the vehement indignation of Mr. Tennyson's language, or the words of John Foster, nurtured in the creed which he describes as "such a theory of the Divine attributes and government as seems to delight in representing the Deity as a dreadful King of furies, whose dominion is overshadowed with vengeance, whose music is the cries of victims, and whose glory requires to be illustrated by the ruin of His creation."

*History*, I. 255. At the same time I should be the last to question how much there is in the writings of Tertullian which breathes a far different and a far higher spirit than the unfortunate passage which Gibbon has made popular. For a just estimate of Tertullian, and indeed of the Montanists, see the excellent monograph of the Rev. John De Soyres, *Montanism and the Primitive Church* (1878).

\* Certainly it is a significant fact that in a revised edition of the *Catechism for Children of Tender Years*, recently issued by the Wesleyan Conference, the language of the 5th Section of the former edition is considerably softened.

To this doctrine, eclipsing as it does the character and government of God, misrepresenting and darkening at once the nature of man and the nature of God, the poet attributes the recoil, which in its fatal backward movement plunges the man into the abyss of total unbelief. The very fact that this doctrine is preached by so many divines as taught by Jesus of Nazareth, and is popularly believed to be based upon his teaching, has obscured in the minds of many men and women of our time the glory of that Divine Life, and made bitter, as with wormwood and gall, the sweet river of His influence. The witness of His perfect manhood to God is thought incredible, and the love and reverence which He has evoked are dried up and withered.

In saying this it is not meant that the Augustinianism which has overshadowed for so long the Churches of the West is solely responsible for the Agnosticism or Secularism, the Materialism or Atheism, which far and near darken all our fields. It would be a shallow interpretation of such facts as these which should seek for their origin and prevalence in a single cause, or even in one set of causes. The conditions are too complex; the web is too tangled and is woven out of too many threads, intellectual, ethical, and spiritual, to admit of so simple a solution. Many and various causes have been at work to produce this partial or total alienation from Theism and from Christianity, on both sides of the Atlantic, in our time.

The destructive criticism of Strauss, in shattering the idol of biblical infallibility, has been too hastily thought by many to dissolve the person of Jesus in mythological dreams, and to thrust God Himself out of the universe. The doctrine of Evolution—though not in fact atheistic, but at bottom profoundly theistic—has so bewildered many that they substitute the order of phenomena for the primal Cause of that order, and for the living force which breathes in it—regarding Evolution not as a divine process, but as itself a blind, unintelligent god. Physical



science is thought to fill the sum of things with atoms and ether, leaving no room for soul or for God. Physiology translates mind into nerve-force, and questions or denies the very possibility of a continued, conscious life after death. Pessimism, child of human misery, clothes itself in the dress of philosophy. Such purely intellectual causes as these must be taken into account when we are striving to understand the attitude of so many towards Theism and towards Christianity. We should be unjust if we refused their due weight to the intellectual forces which, through fresh readings of history and through fresh discoveries in science, are upheaving the world of mind. That a too exclusive devotion to the realism of physical science should shut out from even strong intellects the hemisphere of ideal and spiritual truth, that still more numerous weak intellects should become bewildered and rush blindly into negation of all that they cannot touch and see, is the price paid for the reinvestigation of the past and the reconstruction of belief.

But men are not purely intellectual machines. Emotion, too, counts for something, and in matters of religious faith ought to count for something. It is scarcely possible to doubt the fact that what Dr. Martineau calls "the mutinous deserters of church theology," largely swell the ranks of those who doubt or deny God. It is not difficult to gather in any large city of the United States or of England crowds of well-dressed people who are animated by a fanatical hatred of Christianity. Many who would not avow hatred are silently alienated from its faith and worship. Could we learn the secret of this hatred or alienation, should we not find the dogma of an endless hell at the bottom of it? It is indeed a creed of despair which leaves to man nothing to worship but himself or "the brainless Nature," "the idiot Power," which flung on the desolate shore of earth its sensitive and conscious offspring—shipwrecked before they were born—to suffer and to die; but even this seems pre-

ferable to that conception of the great cosmic Power which knowingly consigns His creatures to a doom in which "the duration of the torment is without end," and to the conception of a world designedly called into being in which "men walk over the pit of hell on a rotten covering and there are innumerable places in this covering so weak that they will not bear their weight, and these places are not seen."\*

Dogma like this predisposes men to welcome any philosophy which clears it out of the way. If Christianity has lost its hold upon the conscience and affections—if, in point of fact, what has been taught as Christianity has shocked and outraged both—the intellect becomes the ready prey of some philosophy, which, like the telescope of Lalande, sweeps the fields of space and finds no God. Christianity easily comes to be regarded as "the dream of hysterical women and half-starved men." Encyclopædism and Voltairism drew their inspiration from hatred of Rome, and their shallow empiricism was built on antagonism to moral falsehood. *Ecrasez l'infâme*—the Church, not the Christ, as Carlyle has proved—was a phrase that seemed to justify all hasty assumptions about historical or physical fact. Nor would it be difficult to show how deeper thinkers than Voltaire and Diderot have been biased, unconsciously in most cases, in their philosophy of human life, by their moral revolt against much that has passed current as theological truth. Men like Hume and the two Mills, like the late Professor Clifford, and even so calm a thinker as Herbert Spencer, betray the repellent influence of those misconceptions of God and of Christ, which have rendered their attitude towards religious faith studiously neutral, when not overtly hostile.

The very life-blood of Christianity is the spiritual power with which it appeals to "the hidden man of the heart"—to "the Christ in us"—to those affinities with the Divine and

\* Jonathan Edwards, *Sinners in the Hand of an Angry God* Works, Vol. VI., p. 489. Leeds: Baines, 1811.

the Human in Him which are the deepest springs of our nature. As Mr. Browning has said:—

Love, hope, fear, faith—these make humanity,  
These are its sign and note and character.

The signatures of our kinship with God and of our immortality are often enough hidden out of sight—buried beneath the sin and the custom

. . . . which lie upon us with a weight  
Heavy as frost and deep almost as life.

But they are there ; and to these the Christ appeals. The dogma, not of a future retribution which a healthy conscience demands, but of an endless hell, counteracts that appeal and must be shaken off before the heart of Christianity shall be set at liberty to win back to God the heart of man.

We have made large use in this paper of the poets—often better and truer teachers than the theologians. We may be permitted to conclude it with a few lines of Coventry Patmore, which sum up our best thoughts of God. The poet has struck his disobedient child, and sent him from his presence "with hard words and unkind." Visiting his bed, he finds the sleeping child's face wet with tears, and his playthings, "to comfort his sad heart," ranged by his side:—

So, when that night I prayed  
To God, I wept and said :  
Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,  
Not vexing Thee in death,  
And Thou rememberest of what toys  
We made our joys,  
How weakly understood  
Thy great commanded good,—  
Then, fatherly not less  
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,  
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say—  
"I will be sorry for their childishness."

CHARLES SHAKESPEARE.

## *THE RELIGIOUS SITUATION IN FRANCE.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MODERN REVIEW.

**Y**OU ask me to give your readers my views on the religious situation in France. The question is a wide one, very difficult to consider in all its aspects ; and it needs some boldness to respond to your appeal. However, I will attempt to do so, if it be only to offer you a proof of my warm sympathy with the work which you have undertaken.

Wellington said, I think, that it is as difficult to give an account of a battle as to describe a ball ; for each of the actors in it sees only the very narrow space in which he plays his part. But there at least we have to do with facts, with actions which take place within the range of our senses ; whilst the religious evolution of a people, or of a generation, cannot be determined or measured by means of mere outward observation. The things we see or hear may lead us into error ; for what appear on the surface are the broken branches and the faded leaves, the institutions or the beliefs, which have fallen to the ground ; while the roots of the new plants are hidden deep down in the earth, the germs of the new harvest sleep in the furrow, in the depths of those minds which cannot even give any clear account of the revolution of which they are the scene. The cries of those who are pulling down, or the noise of falling things, startle us, like the wind of autumn, which breaks off the dead branches and strews the ground with yellow leaves,

whilst nature in her modesty hides from us the mystery of the life which is preparing and moulding a new creation. The negative side of an evolution of humanity is the most accessible, the most apparent; but we should be guilty both of precipitation and of injustice, if we were to judge a moral situation from so narrow a point of view. To use the phrase of Marcellus in *Hamlet*, "something is rotten" in the religious conscience of our country; and not in that of our country alone. All Europe is drawn into the same crisis, and is struggling with the same problems. The crisis may, perhaps, appear more acute in France because it is not confined to the discussions or studies of specialists, of theologians or scholars, but comes to the front in parliamentary debate, and in public meetings.

Since 1789 France has been striving to realise the idea that the State is a lay-institution—is ecclesiastically neutral,—and in doing so she comes into collision with the Catholic Church, which Church has always insisted on her claim to inspire the governing powers, and to receive from them the homage and privileges which cannot be refused to that divine organisation which is commissioned to guard throughout the ages, and to interpret in an authoritative manner, the eternal principles of human conduct and faith. It is hard for you in England to realise the difficulties and obstacles which Catholicism has put in the way of the establishment of liberty in this country. Your political customs and traditions were formed at a time the recollection of which has to some extent faded from the memories of our contemporaries. Still it must not be forgotten that during the period in which the political liberty of which you have a right to be proud was taking root in your country, you did not give the Catholic Church "fair play" amongst you. In these days, when habits of self-government are consecrated by custom, and pervade the atmosphere in which Catholics themselves move, you can afford to

consider with a calmly critical eye the display of the Catholic hierarchy and pomp. Your national life and the security of your liberties are not threatened by it, at least not in the near future; and you may abandon yourselves to the refined pleasure of the archæologist, or the artist, who observes with curiosity the activity of this Church, the nurse of humanity, who would fain take it up again in her arms to lull it to sleep to the sound of her plaintive litanies. But for France Catholicism is the shirt of Nessus, from which she is striving to free herself. Every effort, every failure, makes her more wrathful and less capable of self-control. It would, however, be supremely unjust to take these noisy and extreme manifestations as evidence of the settled state of our national conscience, and to proclaim that the people has stifled in itself all religious feeling. We do not judge the character of a soldier by his bearing, or by his shouts in the fray; we wait till he has come forth from the furnace, till he has regained his self-possession.

Without attempting to go over the whole of contemporary history, let us be content to carry ourselves back to the year 1848, and to that great movement of expansion which spread itself over all Europe. We witness at that time in Paris one of those generous impulses which in the life of peoples are like the return of the winds of spring-time to the bosom of nature. The heart of the nation was enlarged and lifted up by enthusiasm and goodwill. The harp of the poet seemed to have given the tone to the first act of the drama; and the Catholic clergy were surrounded with respect and sympathy, as apostles of the gospel of brotherhood which seemed to herald a new era to humanity. Neither religion nor the Church was looked upon with distrust; the democracy felt that the "Carpenter's Son" was one of them, and they gladly allowed the minister of the religion of love to be a partaker in the festival of liberty. Whenever the Church has not confounded

her cause with that of authority and government, and whenever the jealousy or the enmity of power has thrown her back into opposition, she has thereby developed and renewed her Christian feelings, and has deserved the sympathy of the nation. Never was the Catholic Church more Christian, never did she represent more faithfully the spirit of the Gospel, than when she defended the inalienable rights of conscience against the victorious captain, and suffered persecution rather than submit to the will of the despot.

On the fall of Louis-Philippe, the Church managed very cleverly to take a new departure and to conciliate the popular favour. In a long seclusion, far from the excitements of the forum, she had succeeded in erasing the sinister recollections of the alliance between the throne and the altar. She had even opposed the monarchy of July, which was never in real sympathy with her in spite of the estimable piety of the queen Marie Amélie, and the very marked influence which Catholicism had, since 1840, been successful in gaining over the royal counsels. The attack on the University was made under the banner of liberty. Lacordaire reconstituted the order of St. Dominic, and brought back the white robe of an acknowledged religious order into the pulpit of Notre Dame; and he deeply stirred the youth of his time by an eloquence which did not shrink from invoking the spirit of liberty. So, when the throne of July fell amidst general disaffection, the Legitimist party and the clergy, who always stood secretly in relations of mutual understanding, very cleverly seized the opportunity which was offered them by this event to come forth from the shade and their state of inaction, and to rejoice with the people over the downfall of tyranny. They did not scruple to use this strong language; it chimed in with their own embittered feeling, with their desire for revenge, and it put them in unison with the popular impulse. Accordingly



the clergy came forward in public to bless the trees of liberty, and to celebrate the advent of universal suffrage. The Republicans forgot for the moment that universal suffrage had been proclaimed by an authorised organ of the Legitimist party, in the burning struggles which were kept up against the policy of "no surrender" by the Liberals, to whom were joined by an impulse of destructiveness the most admired chiefs of the Legitimist party, such as Berryer. In the state of ignorance in which the greater part of the nation had been kept, and with our country's monarchical and catholic traditions, an imposing majority might fairly have been counted on if the whole nation had been consulted, without any restriction as to suffrage. But the victory was fatal to the Catholic party. Alarmed at the zeal of a Democratic party, which foretold for it a speedy defeat, it endeavoured to profit by the power it still possessed, and by the panic of the middle classes, to establish its own supremacy on the intellectual slavery of the people; and got that law of primary instruction passed which delivered over the school and its teacher to the superintendence and tyranny of the priest.

Afterwards, when the *coup d'état* had dispersed the representatives of the people and overthrown the tribune, the majority of the party, the bishops and the *Univers*, notwithstanding the protests of certain stubborn members, such as M. de Falloux, were won over by the fine-sounding advances of the Prince President, and threw themselves at the feet of the new power, glorifying this bloody restoration of authority. From that day the word of destiny was spoken. The Church, which had seemed ready at one moment to make an alliance with the young democracy, and to renew the ardours and charities of primitive times, was chained to the car of Cæsar, and as a just punishment for its treachery, was received with an ever-increasing murmur of insult and contempt. To-day the light is come,

she is found out; judgment is passed upon her. The Church is the stay and support of despotism; and all who care for the liberty of their country, and who wish to see the exercise of liberty and the passion for liberty take deep root among us, look with distrust and indignation upon that sanctuary whence have issued so many benedictions on perjury, and so many intrigues which have threatened the integrity of the Liberal programme and the very existence of Liberal government. This must be borne in mind by those who would gain any insight into the strange state of things in which a people seems maddened by the very sight of the black gown of a priest, as a bull is enraged by a red rag. The movement of the 16th of May, though it was able to avail itself of all the forces and seductions of the administration, succumbed under the title of "*Gouvernement des Prêtres*," with which it had been branded.

The noisy demonstrations that are made by certain newspapers and societies against every religious idea must not disconcert us so as to make us forget the motive which inspires these declamations and induces an excited public to accept them. If, as the proverb says, "We cannot see the wood for the trees," with still greater truth may it be said that the Frenchman cannot see God for the priests, and a retrospective fear of the reign of equivocation and hypocrisy still disturbs that contemplative mood in which the mind turns inwards and hears accents which come from a remoter world than that of sense.

The worst feature in the moral condition of France is the fact that political parties and religious beliefs are determined by considerations of social rank, by interests and by passions. Those who have risen to a good position in the world, or have been born to one, those who have descent or wealth, range themselves on the Conservative side and among the defenders of the Church. Those who are making their way and are desirous of rising, and those who have

grievances to complain of, belong to the Republican party. Religion is looked at from two opposite sides, by friends and by enemies, as imposing a restraint and marking a limit. Those who think that the time has now come to lock the wheels and to stop, and whose chief concern is for their own safe enjoyment, receive it with acclamation and conform to its observances; while those who feel the pinch of poverty, who are ambitious of improving their lot, who want to disperse the clouds which routine and superstition have gathered over their heads, who desire to see clearly, and to break the fetters which hinder their progress, distrust religion and the clergy who represent it, and register the oath of Hannibal against them. The nature and aims of religion have been falsified and perverted. It is no longer the "Gospel preached to the poor," the comforter, the joy of the lowly, the inspirer of progress, or the bearer of hope for the future; it is an opiate for dulling activity of thought and effort of will, and above all it is a guarantee given to those who possess the good things of the world. Thus while the ruling classes which, under the Restoration, were so penetrated with the spirit of Voltaire, are becoming more and more pietistic, and keep the observances of religion with unflagging zeal; while the attendance at the services of the Church is the best introduction to polite society;—the *people*, who once were simple and devout believers, are withdrawing themselves more and more from public worship; they do not look upon the priest as their advocate and defender, but distrust him and avoid him as the enemy of their independence and dignity. The Gospel appears to them as an insidious charm for turning them aside from the pursuit of their own well-being, and for securing the powerful and fortunate of the day against any unpleasant competition; and they are soon led to suppose that the promise of a better world is a great illusion offered to their credulity to silence their claims on society. The

moral condition of our people is a terrible accusation against the manner in which they have been brought up.\* It is clear that religion as it has been taught consists before all things in unreserved submission, and that the great art of the religious teacher is to bend the proud soul into a subjection the merit of which consists in subscribing to it knows not what. Those who love the order, the regularity, and the obedience of a regiment, may applaud this powerful instrument of repression and levelling; but those who have a passion for liberty, who cannot acquiesce in the existing state of things, but are longing for something better, cannot persuade themselves that such a religion is capable of producing fine types of character and making heroes.

It cannot be concealed that this hatred of the Catholic Church influences men's actions and manners more and more every day, especially in the large towns. The number of civil burials and of marriages which do not ask the blessing of religion, goes on increasing, and can no longer be set down to mere individual eccentricity. It is true that the manner in which the Catholic clergy have exacted their fees for these ceremonies, with the encouragement which they have given to costly and ostentatious display at funerals, explains the popular repugnance to call for the intervention of the clergy. We may well wonder that the outrageous contrast between the rich man's funeral and the poor man's, and the burdensome charges which justify the accusation so often brought against the Catholic Church that she represents and preaches the religion of money, should not have provoked sooner and more widely a thorough-going feeling of disaffection. The law which aims at taking the management of funerals out of the hands of the ecclesiastical

\* This fact is not denied by Archbishop Treppel, who expressly says in one of his charges:—"Whilst in those families which are most favoured by intelligence and fortune religion has made in our days most remarkable progress, among the masses of the people, on the contrary, indifference and unbelief tend to gain ground step by step."

corporations may be regarded with some uneasiness by the clergy, because it threatens their revenues. But it is in fact favourable to their reputation and their popularity, since it disembarrasses them of those disputes about fees, which are so painful to families in their time of mourning, and relieves them from that suspicion of greed which has weighed upon the Church ever since her chalices of wood were changed for chalices of gold.

Of course we must not make too much of all the insulting and all the extravagant language which has been used of late years in the exercise of a liberty which had been so long desired, or take it as the accurate expression of public opinion. But many hatreds and grievances must have accumulated, and must have awakened in the masses of the people an answering echo before any one could have gone so far as to maintain that that article of the penal code should be applied to the clergy, which sentences to fine and imprisonment swindlers who promise credulous people things which they cannot possibly give them. The Church has, in her teaching, so much abused the argument drawn from the fear of punishment and the hope of reward, she has brought into her reasoning so intemperate a dogmatism, that she has thrown into the arms of Positivism even those minds who are most jealous of their independence, and who have only seen in this doctrine the condemnation of the imprudent assumptions of the Church about the origin and destiny of mankind. They have not been deterred by the clearly-announced object of the founder of the school, of organising Society under the teaching of authorised representatives of science; and, eager to escape the tyranny of the Priest, they have not seen what is perhaps the still heavier yoke which they have taken upon themselves. It is surprising that such a politic mind as M. Gambetta should not have hesitated on a solemn occasion to enrol himself publicly under the banner of a school which has just originality enough to combine

the Catholic organisation and its authoritative method with the results of experimental Philosophy, while it limits itself to a diocese which certainly cannot embrace the whole of France.

The Republican party has so often been frustrated in its claims and in its attempts at reform by being continually put off to a better world, that it has shown a peculiar respect for M. Littré, in spite of his cautious policy, which more than once wounded the revolutionary feelings of his party, because he eliminated from the sphere of common life the habit of looking to the eternal and the absolute.

The gravity of the religious situation in France is connected with the education which she has received under the discipline of the *régime* of authority. She appears violent and intractable because she has not been taught to walk, and because, with chains on her feet, she sometimes tries to pursue a vision of liberty and progress which allures her. To all those who have not been taught by criticism the processes by which the human mind attempts to draw near to truth and to grasp it more closely, the Church, with the utmost tactical skill, proclaims the danger of modifying any part of the traditional creed; and she holds them back by cleverly taking advantage of the fear of losing everything if they dare to deviate by a hair's breadth from the doctrines and precepts consecrated by tradition. Faith is compared to a rosary, the beads of which will be scattered on all sides if the thread on which they are strung is broken. "All or nothing" is not only the motto of the gambler, but also the talisman of the systems of authority. No doubt this is an unwholesome moral system, and one which points to irremediable ruin in the future, because it does not accustom men's minds to the conditions of the pursuit and attainment of truth, and because it does not teach them how to replace rotten supports by solid foundations. But this style of argument retains its hold on timid minds which are

more pious than conscientious, and the sway of the Church is guaranteed for a longer or shorter time. There are many people who are afraid either that they may have to sleep in the open air, or that they may be called upon to take a trowel to repair the building of their faith; and in order to retain that odour of sanctity which they like to perceive in the air they breathe, they are contented to continue in submission to the priestly body or to the official system which, at any rate, does not hinder the ordinary flow of their thoughts and wishes.

The movement which Père Hyacinthe inaugurated by such a valiant act of conscience might have availed to snatch France from this fatal dilemma which is presented on both sides, with so much stress and in so abrupt a manner—"Catholic or Atheist." But this movement, which, in its origin, was greeted by the noblest sympathies, has lost itself in the sand, in spite of the remarkable eloquence of its originator, to whom a new era had seemed to be dawning. It seems amazing that a sincerity and a courage like that of Père Hyacinthe should not have cut the cable which held his thought fast to the old moorage; and that, anxious as he was to free his country from the odious yoke of Ultramontanism, he should have persisted in appearing before her in the character of a priest and a monk. How is it that he did not see that the name and the idea of priest were enough to repel those who might have accepted him as a pioneer and initiator, without pledging themselves to all the shades or inconsistencies of his thought? By hanging this badge about the neck of his effort towards reform, he strangled it in its cradle. The man, the orator, will always be received with applause, when he lends his eloquent voice to the protests of conscience, to the hopes and fears of patriotism; but his work has never succeeded in enlisting the sympathy of the French public. All hope of reform in the Catholic Church, all



hope of change, seems lost ; and we find ourselves looking down one of the most tragic vistas of history. It seems that the tares must be mown down, and the earth must be wrapped in the desolation of winter, before a new seed-time can be looked for. There are old tree-trunks which depend no longer on their roots, but are held up by their bark till the storm throws them down, and leaves the ground free for a more vigorous growth.

Since the proclamation of the dogmas of the Immaculate Conception and Papal Infallibility, Catholicism has been bound hand and foot with grave-cloths ; it can no longer move, but is cramped into the attitude of submission, and can only look backwards and repeat the echoes of the past. Judgment has already come upon it. The falsity and the danger to religion of a system of authority are proved by a *reductio ad absurdum*. Fetichism, the most materialistic ritualism, and the most ignorant pietism flourish in it. Its decay seems irremediable when we compare the Catholicism of our time with that of the seventeenth century. Observe the *piquant* portrait which the Duchess of Orleans, Princess Palatine, sketched in a letter which she wrote in 1701 to the Raugrave Amélie Elisabeth :—“ You must not imagine that the French Catholics are as foolish as those of Germany. With us things are quite different—one might almost say that it is not the same religion. Who likes may read the Holy Scriptures, but no one is any more obliged to believe in trifles, or absurd miracles. Here the Pope is not held to be infallible ; he is not adored ; no value is set on pilgrimages and the like. In all this we differ entirely from the Catholics of Germany, as well as from those of Spain and Italy.” Since that time all differences have been levelled, uniformity reigns in all countries ; it spreads from below at the expense of the Christian spirit. Is this not the precursor of death ? When a living body can no longer renew itself, and carry

on the incessant evolution of life, must we not expect decay?

If it be true, as the physiologist tells us, that a man does not die—he kills himself—how much more must this observation apply to the institutions, the beliefs, and the religions which are the spontaneous production of humanity in its highest aspirations. Violence and force, criticism and attack from without do not suffice; often they cause a renewal of life and fertility by bringing back the system threatened into fresh contact with those principles of which it was originally the outcome. Religions dig their own graves when they isolate themselves, and no longer know how to assimilate the elements of life in the medium in which they develop; when they wrap themselves in their own shadows, and resist all influence from without. Theirs is the fate of the insect which disappears from sight and shuts itself up in its chrysalis without hope of a return to life. They have expended their vigour and the power of renewing their youth. Contemporary Catholicism has all the appearance of a stiff and frozen thing which blocks the way, and has no longer the attractiveness and charm of life. It has but that touch of poetry which ruins have, and already it exhales an odour of death which poisons the air. That it continues to live is due solely to the complicity of its enemies who put nothing in its place, and condemn the human soul and its aspirations to a perpetual fast. Its rule still seems all powerful in the country districts, where habit and tradition weigh so heavily upon the peasant. But, alas! if its regulations are outwardly respected, if its observances continue to be kept, the spirit and the flame of Christianity are quenched. The old litanies are repeated mechanically, the old rites are observed through a vague instinct—through a kind of awe of the mystery of things; but the inspiration of life, and the rule of conduct, are no longer sought and found in religion. Catholicism may

still pride itself on the proofs it receives of outward submission, but where is Christianity? The peasant has lost the simplicity of ignorance; his wits have been sharpened; the mocking spirit of the towns, carried by cheap newspapers even into the smallest hamlets, has destroyed all feeling of respect for anything which is beyond the horizon of his material interests, and there only remains a vulgar utilitarianism, with a servile feeling towards acquired position.

All those who exercise a serious influence on public opinion, politicians or savants, are in open opposition to the Church, and to all religion. The former indulge in a coarse and abusive polemic which is favourable neither to the elevation of character nor to the progress of intelligence—for it knows no restraint, and gives us invective or sarcasm, instead of reasons; the latter, less blinded by the passions of the day, more accustomed to general views, protest their respect for religion, and maintain that their only anxiety is to see the victory of the principles of '89, and the complete neutrality of the State in all religious questions. But these declarations, sincere as they may be, sound a little hollow; for we perceive behind them minds estranged from any religious beliefs, and professing, as regards their own requirements, to be entirely independent of any religious society. The position they personally take up greatly diminishes the authority of their declarations, and the public at large finds it difficult to believe in their great solicitude for interests which are not their own; and these politic men, who pride themselves on remaining neutral in the midst of the religious conflicts of the day, are soon ranged under the banners of the enemies of religion. A woman of great tact and consummate experience of the world observed that "those who profess in our presence to belong to no party, are not of our party."

It must be acknowledged that while the most fanatical

of the revolutionists, the Jacobins, were the disciples of Rousseau, and that Deism was the religion of the Convention, the politicians of our time all belong, with certain differences of language and attitude, to the Positivist tendency. And the populace, who identify themselves with every anticlerical declamation, who applaud to the echo every argument which tells against spiritual aspirations, do not perceive that if the ideal is a chimera, and if man is the fated product of circumstance and descent, progress loses at once its spur and its inspiration, and social inequalities become as legitimate and as irresistible as the fixed order of Nature, where the small and the weak are always the prey and the victims of the strongest. Some few designing persons have, it is true, made capital out of Spiritualism at the expense of triflers who allow themselves to be charmed by their dexterity. But if the austere faith in "The Categorical Imperative," if the hope of a progressive victory over the unfavourable conditions under which the individual enters on the struggle of life, if the belief in a perfect mind which provides an ideal standard for human effort were to disappear from the conscience of mankind, those who have to grapple with the difficulties of existence will not have much reason to regard with complacency the approach of that night which will descend on a society abandoned to the sway of unbridled appetite. If the Girondins did not succeed in keeping in power, must we not seek the cause of their failure in that dainty scepticism which enervates and wears away all energy? By treating as "Tartuffes" those who spoke to the people of Providence, did they not quench enthusiasm on its own hearth, and destroy the power to attempt the impossible? And, in the absence of faith in a superior power working together with the efforts of man, did they not become the mere sport of circumstance? The Jacobins, on the other hand, had something of that faith which removes mountains, because they were convinced that man

must rise superior to circumstances, and control them, instead of allowing himself to be fashioned by them. A turbid faith, indeed, mixed with much vanity and ignorance, but one which lifted them out of their mediocrity, and made them firm as granite in resistance to the evils of their day.

It would argue great narrowness of mind to refer the religious condition of France to a single set of considerations; and whatever be the preponderance which must be given to political motives, there are others which we must not ignore. The teaching of the Christian Churches has not profited by the solemn admonition of Diderot: "*Elargissez Dieu.*" Like Conservative powers, who will accept nothing from their adversaries, the Churches would not listen to this wholesome advice. They continued to speak of God as of "the man in the next street," or the monarch whose chamberlains know all his secrets, and to treat religion and God's counsels as a small affair, all complete and rounded off—a thing to be whispered into the ear of a child, and to be learnt by heart. Hence, when once the scientific spirit has taken hold of men's minds, and put an end to the reign of that romanticism which had been captivated in a very superficial way by the beliefs and art of the middle ages; when once the idea of justice has taken the place of the absolutism and favouritism of the *ancien régime*, and the results of scientific observation have spread among the people, and the constant order of nature is closed against the chance of special intervention, the god of theology and miracle has appeared petty, arbitrary, and quite unequal to the rule of this immense universe. As the Hebrew conscience, by help of the light of accumulated experience, came to realise the frightful contradiction that is to be found between the moral character of the individual and his worldly prosperity, so the modern conscience is to-day disabused of the often-disappointed expectation of the direct intervention of God in nature and in the drama of

humanity. The axis of the religious life must be changed, under penalty of putting religion into evident contradiction with the most firmly established facts. This effort to adjust religious feeling to the new conviction, gives rise to misunderstandings and hasty judgments, which misapprehend the meaning and the extent of the religious crisis. Every time that the idea of God has undergone a change in human thought, a cry of "atheism" has been raised, so strongly is man inclined to attribute to religious symbols the eternity which belongs to the object of adoration, and to confuse the unchangeable and perfect Being with the finite and changing forms under which he contemplates and tries to grasp Him who eludes the grasp of our senses and our reason. Orthodoxy has been so intent on striking the imagination of man, and making God pass before his eyes, that it has accustomed us to look for the proofs of His presence and action chiefly in the departures from the order of the universe; and the consequence is that these visible signs having failed us, we experience a bitter feeling of deception, and are tempted to conclude that the heavens are empty and God is speechless. Nowadays all shades of freethought triumph over this narrow-minded and ignorant way of interpreting religion, and, with ill-disguised satisfaction, point out all the contradictions which science and history can show in this conception of the Deity and His relations to the world. The discourses and writings of freethinkers have not the calmness and weight of independent and deliberate thought. They are only the violent reply, and one which overshoots its mark, of those who were yesterday the disciples of tradition, and who, still dragging behind them the fragments of their chains, grow furious when they hear them clanking on the ground. They are the passionate accusations brought against a religion which will not change or adapt itself to the new conditions of human knowledge and feeling; but they cannot be accepted as the final sentence which puts an

end to an error or an injustice. There always remains the grand fact of a succession of religions through history, the origin of which we must explain, and which is an undeniable proof of the need which humanity has to raise itself to a higher something which rules it, and to console its griefs and fears by a Love which rises above our darkness and failures. That which appears more dangerous than that iconoclastic fury and that contempt for the Christian religion with which some of the newspapers try to feed the populace, is the affectation which certain proud minds have of reviving a high-flown stoicism in the midst of the general moral laxity of our time. We are to content ourselves with the solemnities of moral conflict, in face of an adverse and pitiless Nature—with offering a strenuous resistance to all that is vile and degrading. A man of learning and genius, who lately rendered touching homage to the last Prefect of the Department of the Seine, affirmed that religions are no longer the stems on which morality can bloom, but that they are rather the parasites which live upon and vitiate all the sap of morality, and that they can no longer be the school and the forge in which characters and virtues are fashioned. This point of view will not astonish those who have not forgotten the noble teaching of Kant, and who have replaced the pyramid on its base, and founded religion on moral consciousness. But shall man on the heights of his moral life only hear the lamentations of the great hearts who always find themselves below their ideal, and shall they be condemned to wander on those giddy summits in a frozen atmosphere without discovering the deep well whence humanity has drawn the desire for perfection, and the everlasting hope of the triumph of Goodness and Love? Does it show a knowledge of humanity to condemn it to march unceasingly onwards, and to curb its lower passions, without allowing it to worship, above its own acts and efforts, the completed Perfection which attracts and inspires it—with-



out allowing it to adore in its eternal and powerful reality the supreme Ideal which calls back humanity from its wanderings to melt and reconcile all discords and contradictions in an ineffable harmony? As the intellect can never rest satisfied with this breathless hurrying from cause to cause in a never-ending circle, the human conscience cannot keep itself from affirming the existence beyond and above itself of that Goodness and Truth for which it yearns; and whether men be impatient of the *name* of God or not, still it will be in Him, by whatever name He is called, that humanity will find its rest.

The defenders of religion sometimes persuade themselves that these requirements of the scientific mind are only shared by a few chosen spirits, and that the mass of the faithful feeds on a coarser kind of diet. Not only, however, is it difficult to fix any boundary lines in this time of democracy and free trade, when the most carefully worked out results, and even the most daring hypotheses, are brought every morning into the public market; but we cannot hide from ourselves that the intellectual atmosphere in the midst of which young minds are awakened is crossed by keen and icy currents which are not very indulgent to the rather clumsy affirmations of traditional faith. It is astonishing to see the dislike and opposition which are roused by stories of miracles in young minds who thirty years ago received the traditional teaching with more submissiveness, and asked no questions. Without pretending to pronounce an opinion on the theory of heredity which accumulates and transmits the experience of generations, we cannot refuse to recognise that the critical spirit influences in our time every intellect which is awakened to reflection, and that there would be very great imprudence in stamping out this spirit instead of giving it satisfaction. An enforced respect would not be slow to produce a formidable revolution. If dogmatism will recognise this, and submit to terms, it may

for a time delay the catastrophe; but the downfall will come, and on the heap of rubbish which the avalanche will leave behind it much trouble and many efforts will have to be expended to restore the fruitful earth, which shall yield a new harvest.

In spite of all the lamentations of the Jeremiahs and the anathemas of priests, in spite of the sarcasms and triumphant cries of freethinkers, the careful observer distinguishes below the troubled surface unmistakable signs of the religious need which exists in the midst of our people. If the idea of the world which orthodoxy still teaches seems no longer to satisfy minds which cannot continue to make the earth the centre of the universe and of Divine history; if Providence cannot any longer be understood after the fashion of early ages which made of it a perpetual thaumaturgy—with much excuse, since the idea of a constant order was not then accepted; we can perceive by a general feeling of uneasiness which sometimes bursts out into imprecations on a discredited past, that science, applauded as it is, does not satisfy souls, and that the minds which are least credulous, and most familiar with scientific methods, seek beyond the systemisation of facts, and beyond the tangible universe, for the origin and end of those ideal aspirations which are the glory and the anguish of our race. That religion which tries to bribe God in order to obtain the fulfilment of some private wish, or one of those interferences which would disturb the ordinary course of the clouds, or stop the work of decay in an organ on which life depends, that religion, suited to those resorts of pilgrimage where miracles are manufactured, has no longer any hold on the joyous faith of our generation. And this generation, wearied of the barren worship offered in the spirit of the beggar and of the courtier, has not comprehended the value of that true worship which aims at the ennobling of man, and by the adoration of Moral

Beauty raises the selfish and sensual to a disinterested intellectual life. But, as Quinet perceived, man will not rest satisfied with traversing the various stages of life with no other *viaticum* than the affirmation of a law which is equally valid for all living things. He will not easily resign himself to being born and dying, like the leaf, without any glimpse of the ideal and eternal. One who declaims against poets and religion cannot deny himself the pleasure of seeing his daughter attend her first communion in that very church which seemed to him the stronghold of reaction. It is said that more than one fierce democrat of Paris delayed sending his children to the lay schools which had just been established by the municipality, that he might give them time to complete their preparations for their first communion; fearing lest their being registered in a lay school might prejudice their reception. This festival of youth calls up a tender and thoughtful feeling in families, which infuses a religious tone into the least pious minds; and it seems difficult to do away with it, or to take from it the halo of mystery which surrounds and protects it. When Sainte Beuve died, and commanded by his will that there should be silence round his grave, a well-known writer, who is certainly not reputed a mystic, expressed, under a rather trivial form, the feeling of sadness and void which such a ceremony called up in those present—"ça manquait de musique." Yes, it was wanting in the sweet and thrilling melody which rises from the noblest parts of our being, and calms that home-sickness for the Infinite which takes hold of us as we stand by the grave and weep. And only yesterday the same writer, in narrating the baptism of a child in a masonic lodge, or a political society, did homage to that same need which urges our contemporaries to surround human life with a sweeter and brighter light than the common day of stern physical fact.

As to the people of Paris, who are pictured as affording the finished expression of irreligion, can it be forgotten with-

out injustice that they are the least utilitarian, the most idealistic of people? What is the polemical passion which denounces the God of the sacristy but the irreconcilable protest of a soul craving for justice against a conventional order which is imprudently placed under the guarantee of a sovereign mind? Was not Theodore Parker right in maintaining that the greatest impiety consists in being indifferent to the existence of God? Are not anger and rage signs of betrayed affection? And when religion is represented as the most profitable of speculations, and the safest of investments, does not the most mocking doubt show a truer feeling for the ideal nature of man? If the essence of religion consists in sacrificing the real to the ideal, the visible to the invisible, can we accuse the people of Paris, full of irreverence though they be in respect to priests, of being entire strangers to religious feeling? The misfortune of the people of Paris is that they confound religion with politics, and that they are bent on realising immediately that somewhat confused vision of ideal justice, of truth, of happiness, and of a brotherhood ready to obliterate the dividing lines of proprietorship, which used to inspire souls at the dawn of Christianity!

Those who are really responsible for a state of things which is so full of misunderstanding, so dangerous to the brain of the people, are the favoured prophets of the nation who predict only pleasant things, and who make unwholesome fumes of foolish incense mount into the head of an impressionable people. The great poet who claims to be the teacher of his contemporaries has no right to expend the resources of a mystical vocabulary in celebrating the greatness of Paris; and it is deeply to be regretted that a national historian should have forgotten his stern duty so far as to say that, "*France is a religion.*" This is the poison which must be driven out of the national conscience; this is the mischievous bombast which she must give up unless she would die the death of those vain souls who expect to see their own image worshipped. What is wanting in our people is not

emotion, not fire, not enthusiasm, it is that serious study and culture which saves men from the foregone conclusions and sharp antitheses which will admit of no higher reconciliation. A better education will train men's minds and fill them with a critical spirit, and give them habits of analysis, and will teach them to be more modest in their affirmations; for in this country characters are naturally gentle and sociable, and it is mainly on the side of intellect that men are prone to violence and extravagance. The soil, whatever may be said of it, is not too light to bear a harvest; it is the method of agriculture that needs reform.

Unfortunately we have not in our literature a single book, at once a popular and a standard work, from which the people can, as Quinet says, receive without danger their first moral education. The Bible has been withheld from popular use; it has not for our people the charm of first impressions and fresh enthusiasm, it is not the clear spring from which we have drunk deep draughts of love for ideal things, and in which the purity of the heavens has been reflected before our wondering eyes. It has remained the book of the priest; and now that special divergent characteristics of culture and race are more generally acknowledged, we have no longer a living interest in "translating the Semitic into the Japhetic." We do not feel the necessity of harmonising the thoughts of manhood with the recollections and piety of childhood. If we do not make haste to offer this impatient and busy generation a happy selection from the pages of that Bible which has expressed in an inimitable manner and a classic style so many of the experiences and intuitions of the human soul, Christian tradition will very soon fail to awaken any echo in this people who will learn to know the Bible only from the outside, and will throw it aside as a sour fruit!

But the Protestant Church, you ask with a kind of relief, cannot that satisfy their needs? Has it not spread the use of the Scriptures widely, and will it not be able to prevent these things from happening, and to preserve among the

people an understanding of and love for the Bible? I answer that, besides the fact that the Catholics, even after having renounced Christianity, retain an instinctive feeling of ill-will for the Protestant Church, our disputes and divisions, which no sense of shame has made us conceal, have estranged, or held at a distance from us, many sympathies which were beginning to be awakened, and the Protestant Church has not exercised any powerful attraction on that part of the public which Catholicism has repelled. For a long time the Protestant Church remained within its own quarters, finding enough to do in avoiding collision with the Government; and when the opportunity came for speaking to the people it offered them a Christ whose embrace was too narrow to include them all.

Vinet, who has remained one of the Saints and Apostles of orthodoxy, in 1846 wrote to Erskine, one of your fellow-countrymen, whose piety is celebrated in the strictest circles, the following words, which will give us the secret of the failure of Protestant preaching:—"The Christianity which has been preached during the last twenty-five years is a *réchauffé* which has by this time already grown decidedly cold. It may have been original in the time of Luther, but to-day the people do not know what it means." The misfortune of the Revival movement in French-speaking countries has been that it was a fruit of foreign importation. It was the followers of Wesley who came over to the continent after the peace of 1815 and brought us what Wesley, towards the end of his life, weary of theological opinions, called the vain repetition of the doctrine of justification, and with it that spirit of over-conscientiousness which will always remain antipathetic to French character, even when most impressed with the stern obligations of the moral life.

Franklin, with his petty receipts, and synoptical tables for arranging our spiritual book-keeping by double entry, found no response amongst us. We carry our artistic tem-

perament into moral things, and we look upon life as a work of art which should be elevated and animated by a generous feeling, without its being necessary to pull our guide-book from our pocket at every step, or to take out our scales to determine the proportions of good and bad in one of our actions. On the other hand, these missionaries did not show much tact, or consideration for the rights of others. They mixed a certain worldly wisdom with their earnest piety, and they exhibited towards those pastors who would not subscribe to their shibboleth something of that contemptuous rudeness which the Jews showed the Philistines, or the Catholics the heretics. Their narrowly Scriptural point of view, such as Dr. Talmage still holds in our day, inspired them with a profound disdain for all that was not the "*Word of God*," as they called it, ignorantly confounding the collection of Holy Scriptures with the truth which they contain. This way of reducing the whole spiritual activity of the Christian to the reading of the Bible, might please ignorant and uncultured people, whose vanity and stupidity were thereby flattered, and who displayed a lofty compassion for those who would not consent to become the men of one book; but it has given to Protestant piety a sectarian stamp which has prevented it from becoming popular among a spirited people who will never consent to wear blinkers, and cannot resist looking over the fences. This invasion of English piety did not help to dispel the suspicions with which the Reformed religion has been regarded since its birth, nor to restore to it its essentially French character. The importation was complete; we have had even the Puritanical twang and the accentuation of your language which is so contrary to the spirit of ours. And so, as the mayor of one of our large towns said to me lately, "French Protestantism has failed in its mission." In fact, the great aim of Protestantism has been to establish the reign of uniformity in all churches, to restore the institutions of the



past, and to proscribe all doctrine that has not the right ring in it. It thought that its work was accomplished when it had pruned Catholic piety of some of its observances; it hesitated and drew back from the legitimate consequences of its own principles; and it did not permit any development of the Christian life outside traditional formulæ. Protestant piety has not boldly claimed any other attractions, or spoken in any other accents than Catholic piety, and the people, who generalise and are not given to drawing fine distinctions, are inclined to include all Churches and all religions in the same condemnation. The Protestant people have not been kept from this mischievous confusion, and the pastor has not seldom ended in becoming a priest. The saying of Milton is repeated with a terrible irony, "New presbyter is old priest writ large."

In conclusion, I repeat that the religious situation of France is a threatening one. A deadly struggle has been entered into between Catholicism on the one hand, which has gone bodily over to Ultramontanism, and the most thorough-going freethought on the other. Among the taunts and defiances which are exchanged, which only feed passion without touching the real issues, no other voice can make itself heard. Perhaps it is necessary that one of the two adversaries should be defeated, that a new order of things may arise. The people, who are without guardians, as Gérusez said, and who have allowed themselves to be devoured by superstition, need, in order to be purified, and to have their health restored, to pass through a glacial period where all that has lived shall be destroyed, before the new seed can stir in the furrow under the warm breath of spring-time. We have not yet reached that time; and we anxiously repeat the cry of the prophet, "*Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?*"

ERNEST FONTANÈS.

## CHARLES DARWIN; HIS LIFE AND WORK.

IT happened, some months ago, that, having been present at an Address delivered by the then President of Sion College, on 'The Best Mode of Combating the Prevalent Unbelief,' in which the Doctrine of Evolution was treated as one of the modern heresies to be especially put down by the more forcible reassertion of the doctrines of Orthodox Theology, I was requested to bring forward the other side of the question, by the delivery of an Address of my own in the same place, 'On the Doctrine of Evolution in its Relations to Theism.' I was preparing this, with a more particular view to the Evolution of the Physical Universe (which, as it seemed to me, would afford the more suitable basis for my argument), when, by the death of Charles Darwin, the world lost the great constructor of the doctrine of Organic Evolution. I did not on this account think it expedient to change the plan of my Address, which, when delivered, on the 15th of May, at Sion College, drew forth a much more general expression of accordance with the Evolution-doctrine, than I had been at all prepared to expect. It had been the intention of the Editor of the *Modern Review* to insert this Address in the present number; but, in accordance with his strong desire that I should preface it by a notice of Darwin's Life and Work, based on my own relations with him, I have prepared the following Introduction, the unanticipated length of which necessitates the postponement of my Address at Sion College until the October number.

The haste with which this notice has been prepared must be my apology for its imperfections. It has been quite out of my power to draw even an outline-sketch of Darwin's Life and Work; all that I could attempt to portray, in accordance with the Editor's request, being such aspects of both as seemed to me most likely to interest the readers of this *Review*.

Charles Darwin's grandfather—Dr. Erasmus Darwin, first of Lichfield, and afterwards of Derby—was the contemporary and ally of Priestley; sharing alike his enthusiasm for scientific research, and his liberality of thought on religious subjects. These two, with Boulton, Watt, Wedgwood, and a few other residents in the Midland counties, of kindred tastes, formed a little Society, the members of which used to hold monthly meetings at each others' houses for the free discussion of philosophical questions. Of these meetings, a very interesting account was given in an Autobiography published some years ago by Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, of Bristol, the daughter of Samuel Galton, a leading Quaker of Birmingham and himself a member of the "lunar" Society, two of whose grandsons, my friends Mr. Francis Galton and Capt. Douglas Galton, are distinguished Fellows of the Royal Society. Dr. Darwin acquired some literary distinction by the publication, in 1781, of a poem entitled *The Botanic Garden*; which, though now so far forgotten as not to be even mentioned in Ward's *English Poets*, has been said to abound "in passages that have seldom been excelled for their elegant and forcible description of natural objects in poetic language." But he became better known among scientific men as the author of *Zoonomia*, a treatise on the Laws of Organic Life, in two volumes quarto, of which the first was published in 1793, and the second in 1796; and which was followed in 1800 by his *Phytologia*, or Philosophy of Agriculture and Gardening

I have never myself studied these works, though I have frequently looked into the *Zoonomia*; but I have reason to believe that the following characterization of their author, drawn many years ago by a competent and unprejudiced writer, may be accepted as just:—

“Dr. Darwin was a man of a highly original turn of mind; he was unusually well read in the physics of his day; he had a singular aptitude for seizing and illustrating natural analogies; and above all he was fully impressed with a sense of the important truths of a universal simplicity and harmony of design throughout the whole creation. It is true that his analogies are often imaginary, his theories untenable, and his illustrations overstrained; but many of his errors were inevitable in the state of natural history in his day, and the others are by no means sufficient to overbalance his claims to fame as a clear-sighted, ingenious, and often profound physiologist. . . . Many of his ideas were too far in advance of those of his contemporaries to be much esteemed when they appeared; but they are singularly in accordance with opinions which now are either altogether recognized, or are under discussion with a strong probability of being finally adopted. For instance, he particularly insisted on the close analogy between Plants and Animals in their functions; showing that the difference between the two kingdoms is the necessary consequence of the difference between their wants, necessities, and habits of life.”—(Knight's *English Cyclopædia*.)

It is clear, therefore, that Charles Darwin's line of thought had been in some degree marked out by his Grandfather; who seems to have speculated (as many had done before him) upon the development of the whole series of Animal and Vegetable forms from a few originally simple types. But while the Grandfather pursued the subject too much in the spirit of a poet, grasping at fanciful analogies, and often satisfying himself with reasoning of the loosest character, it is the glory of his illustrious Grandson to have worked out his conclusions in the spirit of the truest philosophy, laying a sure basis of fact for every stage of his reasoning, always distinguishing clearly between what might be regarded as

proved and what is merely probable, but keeping ever in view the great fundamental principle (familiar to all who have studied the science of Evidence) that a proof no less cogent than direct demonstration, may be afforded by the *convergence of separate and independent probabilities*.\*

The son of the author of the *Zoonomia*, Robert Waring Darwin, whose wife was a daughter of Josiah Wedgwood, established himself as a physician at Shrewsbury; there Charles Darwin was born February 12th, 1809, and there he received his early education. The family habitually attended the Unitarian Chapel, of which the Rev. George Case (the father of my late friend William Arthur Case, a man greatly loved and esteemed by all who knew him) was minister; and several members of it were baptized by him (their names appearing in the register of that chapel), although Charles Darwin was baptized by the parish clergyman. It was from Mr. Case that Charles Darwin received his early education, up to his entrance into the Shrewsbury Grammar School, the then head master of which was the distinguished scholar Dr. Butler, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield. It can scarcely be doubted, says Mr. Myers (the present minister of the same chapel), "that among the lanes and lovely walks which were found in every direction round this town, he must have received his first impression of the sweets and delights of nature which he loved so dearly; and have commenced, and to some extent carried on, those pursuits as a student of nature, which, in after years, have become so marvellous and wonderful in their results." For the Rev. John Yardley, the present vicar of St. Chad's, Shrewsbury, who was his schoolfellow under Dr. Butler, thus speaks of him:

\* For example, no unprejudiced person who looks at half a dozen characteristic "flint implements," can entertain the least doubt of their having been shaped-out by a succession of blows struck by human hands with a definite purpose; although each one of the chippings taken by itself might be fairly attributed to accident.

—"In my mind's eye I still see him as he was when a schoolfellow—cheerful, good-tempered, and communicative. I can picture Darwin to myself when sitting near him. He used to appear among his class-fellows learning the lessons which were appointed by the master of that royal foundation of King Edward the Sixth. But no sooner had Darwin any leisure time after school hours, than the innate desire of the young naturalist lost no time or opportunity in examining the petals of a flower, or the leaves and properties of plants. I can imagine Charles Darwin holding up lilies in his hands, and saying to his companions, not in so many words, but in expressions of similar meaning—

" ' See these lilies of the field,

" ' How their leaves instruction yield.' "

Though the Vicar of St. Chad's now claims the man who was formerly branded as an Atheist by all "orthodox" Churches, as having been there "received into Christ's flock" by baptism, I have no doubt that Mr. Myers is correct in describing the early religious impressions by which his character was shaped, as consisting in "a reverent belief in God, a personal fidelity on man's part to what he believed to be true, the doing of duty, the being good and doing good in practical life." "In so far as the Churches taught this, he was in harmony with them; but in respect to their dogmas, their theologies, and religious speculations, he simply had nothing to say about them. And thus, like his father and grandfather, while in a certain sense he belonged to all Churches, yet none could claim him as distinctively its own."

On leaving Shrewsbury Grammar School, in 1825, at the age of sixteen, Charles Darwin was sent to the University of Edinburgh, of which his father and grandfather were Medical graduates, with the view, it is believed, of preparing himself to follow their profession; but after remaining there

for two years he removed to Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree in 1831. During his studentship it was his good fortune to fall under the influence of Prof. Henslow, who fostered not only his taste for Natural History, but his ardent love of truth; and impressed upon him that strictness of method in the pursuit of it, for which, with the noblest moral nature, the most genial temperament, and the most ardent philanthropy, the memory of Henslow will be kept green among those who knew and loved him as long as their own lives last. The master could not have had a more apt pupil, or the pupil a master better fitted to train the genius which might otherwise have strayed like that of his grandfather. In after times, as we shall presently see, these relations were reversed.

It was at Prof. Henslow's instance, that when Capt. Fitzroy (who was about to proceed on a four years' Surveying Voyage) was on the look-out for a volunteer Naturalist to accompany him, Charles Darwin offered himself for the post and was accepted. The results of the marine surveys executed by Capt. Fitzroy during the 'Voyage of the *Beagle*,' are impressed on the copper plates from which our Charts are printed; but the life-work of Charles Darwin, of which the fundamental conceptions were formed, and the actual commencement made, during that voyage, constitute a "*monumentum ære perennius*," which will give it a place in the history of Mankind not less distinguished—as having opened out a New World of Thought—than that accorded to the memorable voyage in which Columbus discovered America. I well remember the delight with which I read Darwin's *Journal of Researches into the Geology and Natural History* of the various countries he had visited, first published in 1839; and still more his *Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs*, which appeared in 1842, giving a doctrine of their formation, which, based upon a most careful observa-



tion of facts, completely revolutionised all previous ideas upon the subject, and led up to that great conception of "areas of subsidence" and "areas of elevation," which was at once recognised by Geologists as of fundamental importance in their science. He next published a description of the Volcanic Islands visited during the expedition; in which the relation of the areas of elevation to volcanic activity was further developed. And he then worked out, chiefly on the basis of his own observations, the Geological History of South America, of which his account was published in 1846. It was whilst this work was in preparation, that it was my privilege first to become personally acquainted with him; for the microscopic researches I had published on the Structure of Shells, led him to request me to examine for him some specimens of the great Pampas formation, the results of which inquiry are recorded in his work (pp. 77, 99). And after its publication, when he was turning his attention to Zoological and Botanical study, I had the pleasure of being able to aid him in providing himself with instruments for Microscopical research. He was at that time one of the Secretaries of the Geological Society, and had been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society; and I therefore enjoyed frequent opportunities of meeting him.

The effect of his voyage, however, was in one respect very prejudicial to him; for the sea-sickness from which he constantly suffered left behind a permanent dyspepsia, which greatly impaired his power of scientific and literary labour. But I am not at all sure that this was otherwise than really beneficial to Science. For the infirmity of his health led him to withdraw altogether from the whirl of London life, and to pass his time in the tranquil seclusion of his country residence; where—fortunately possessing an ample competence, blessed with a wife (a Wedgwood cousin) in every way fitted to be his companion, and happy in a rising family, whose members, as they successively grew up under his

watchful care, came to be his efficient helpers in the collection of observations and the performance of experiments—he could calmly excogitate and mature his great ideas, *thinking about them*\* the more, because he was able to *do* so little.

With most men such solitary contemplation, alike in Scientific as in other matters, is dangerous. The importance of continually “comparing notes” with others, is attested by all experience. But there was no such danger of going wrong in Charles Darwin’s case. For, in the first place, he was thoroughly on his guard against it, as the following passage in one of his subsequent letters to me shows:—“When I think of the many cases of men “who have studied one subject for years, and have persuaded themselves of the truth of the foolishlest doctrines, “I feel sometimes a little frightened whether I may not be “one of these monomaniacs.” But, however bold his speculations, he ran no risk of going persistently wrong; because he had so disciplined his mind in habits of exact thought and loyalty to truth, that he was constantly testing his conclusions, step by step, as he elaborated them, by their conformity, not with the views of other men, but with the teachings of Nature. His mind was omnivorous for facts; and the feebleness of his digestion of bodily food seemed even to invigorate his power of assimilating mental *pabulum*. To use a common proverb, “All was fish that came into his net.” Nothing in Nature was too mean or trivial to interest him; he could utilise the most casual observation to fill up some gap in his fabric of thought.

The history of his *Origin of Species*, as told by himself in his original Introduction to it, shows that what he had himself observed during the voyage of the *Beagle*, as to “certain “facts in the distribution of the organic beings inhabiting

\* It is told of Newton that when some one asked him how he came to make his great discoveries, he replied, “By always thinking about them.”

"South America, and in the Geological relations of the present to the past inhabitants of that continent, seemed to throw some light on the origin of species—that mystery of mysteries, as it has been called by one of our greatest Philosophers;" and that on his return home it occurred to him "that something might perhaps be made out on this question, by patiently accumulating and reflecting on all sorts of facts which could possibly have any bearing on it." "After *five years' work*," he continues, "I allowed myself to speculate on the subject, and drew up some short notes; these I enlarged in 1844 into a sketch of the conclusions which then seemed to me probable; from that period to the present day (1859) I have steadily pursued the same object."

But while keeping this continually before his mind, he was at the same time applying himself, in spite of his infirmity of health, to the investigation of the very difficult group of *Cirripedia* (Barnacles and Acorn-shells), to which he was led in the first instance by his desire to describe an abnormal type that he had found on the coast of South America. The Monograph of it which he produced after several years of laborious study, is a master-piece of Anatomical skill, Physiological acumen, and Zoological completeness; leaving nothing to be done for the exhaustive treatment of the group (as then known), save the study of its early Embryology, which neither the materials at Darwin's disposal, nor the methods of microscopical research then in use, could have enabled him to carry further. During the same period he also had in train a number of distinct series of researches, bearing in various ways upon the great idea which was ever before his thoughts: as, for example, his own investigations into the fertilization of Orchids; and the experiments on the breeding of Pigeons and Fowls, in carrying on which he engaged the assistance of my old fellow student, Mr. Tegetmeier. And it was known to his intimates

that he had it in contemplation to produce, as soon as he should feel himself prepared to do so with such completeness of proof as he thought required, a comprehensive Treatise, in which the question of Species should be firmly grappled with, and a determined effort made for its solution.

What has been the effect upon educated thought of Charles Darwin's elucidation of this difficulty, may perhaps be best apprehended by looking back to the state of perplexity in regard to it, which prevailed at the date of the publication of the 'Origin of Species.'

In my own student-days, the "fixity of species" was the generally accepted doctrine among Zoologists and Botanists: much greater stress being laid upon points of *difference*, than upon points of *agreement*; and far more credit being attached to the *multiplication* of species by attention to minute differences, than to the *reduction* of their number by such a careful comparison of numerous individuals as proved these differences to be inconstant and gradational. So, again, it was the general creed of the older Palæontologists, that each Geological period had a Fauna and Flora of its own, every member of which *must* be specifically distinct from that which preceded and followed it; a *complete extinction* of all the types of life then existing having taken place at the end of every such period, and an *entirely new creation* having ushered in the next. This school was represented among Continental Naturalists, down to a recent period, by men of such eminence as M. D'Orbigny and Prof. Agassiz; but in Britain it died out long since. For all our most esteemed Zoologists and Botanists had for some time been studying the *range of variation*\* of each reputed species, as

\*Thus Mr. Bentham, in his *British Flora*, had reduced the number of species of British Flowering Plants from the 1,571 of Hooker and Arnott, and the 1,708 of Babington, to 1,285; and this mainly by the study of the range of variation of the three most diversified generic types, the Rose, Willow, and Bramble. So among the *Foraminifera*, certain types of which

one of the most essential features of its character; whilst our ablest Palæontologists had laboured with success in tracing the identity of numerous species, whose remains occur in Formations stratigraphically distinct. It was, indeed, a favourite doctrine of the late Prof. Edward Forbes, that there was a constant relation between the range of any species in *Space* and its range in *Time*; i.e., that in proportion as the constitution of any species adapted it to diversities in climate, food, &c., so as to permit its extension over a wide *Geographical area*, in that proportion would it have been able to accommodate itself to changes in the same conditions, so as to hold its ground through successive *Geological periods*. Further, it had come to be perceived that where the *Stratigraphical continuity* is the closest, there is the greatest resemblance between the successive Faunæ—as in the case of the different members of the Cretaceous series; and that where there is an interruption to such continuity in one locality, the gap is often bridged over elsewhere. And even as regards those great separations which were reputed to mark the terminations of the Palæozoic and of the Mesozoic series respectively, it was generally believed by Geologists of the newer school that the interruption was more apparent than real; depending merely on the want of the intermediate beds in that small portion of the Globe which has been hitherto explored. A Geologist who should have formed his notions of Stratigraphical succession from a country where Tertiary strata immediately overlie Silurian, would find that tremendous *hiatus* in great degree filled up by the intermediate series presented in England alone; and in like manner, if the British Geologist could carry his researches into areas which were submerged when Palæozoic and

had been for several years the objects of my own special study, I had shown not only that vast multitudes of the species, but even many of the genera, created by D'Orbigny, had no existence as permanently distinct types.

Cretaceous Europe were above the sea, he could doubtless find abundant evidence of gradational passage to the Mesozoic and Eocene. Such gradations, it is now well known, are not wanting within the limits of Europe, and are very obvious elsewhere.

Even in the Pre-Darwinian epoch, then, many of our most thoughtful Naturalists were disposed to admit (1) that no definite limits can be assigned to the variation of any species, without the careful collection and comparison of examples of the type throughout the entire extent of its Geographical and Geological range; and (2) that a very considerable amount of *genetic continuity* existed between the Faunas and Floras of successive strata, extending in all probability to what are known as *representative species*, as well as to types between which the gradational passage could be *shown* to be complete. And if these doctrines be admitted, it becomes obvious that the range of any true species in Geological time would be determined only by the degree of its capacity to accommodate itself to changes in the conditions of its existence; and that there is no *a priori* reason why Marine types, having a large capacity of this kind, should not maintain their existence through a long succession of Epochs. That existing species of *Mollusca* are met with even in the earliest Tertiary strata, and in increasing proportion in the later, had been demonstrated by M. Deshayes, and made by Sir C. Lyell the foundation of his classification of the Tertiary series. And that numerous types of *Foraminifera* and *Diatomaceæ* characteristic of the Cretaceous period are existing at the present time, had been shown by Prof. Ehrenberg. Messrs. Parker and Rupert Jones, again, had shown the identity of even Triassic *Foraminifera* with types still inhabiting the Mediterranean.

However limited in scope were these Pre-Darwinian views, as compared with those developed in the 'Origin of

Species,' they had taken the same direction, and in some degree prepared the way for their reception; as had also the application to Palaeontology of Von Baer's great law of *Development from the general to the special*, based on a recognition of numerous cases in which the earlier forms of certain great types presented *generalised* combinations of characters, which subsequently became more and more distinctly *specialised* in the progress of Geological time. But this was considered merely as an expression of the *plan* according to which the succession of Animal and Vegetable forms had been created; not as indicating any genetic continuity between the earlier and the later.

The doctrine of Evolution by *genetic continuity* was advocated (under the designation of 'Creation by Law') in a remarkable book published in 1844, entitled, 'Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation.' But whilst the general doctrine was advanced with an ingenuity and plausibility that made a considerable impression on the public mind, it gained no adherents among those really qualified to judge of it; the author's data proving to be often so inaccurate, and his reasoning so unsound, as to render his conclusion altogether destitute of claim to be accepted as a valid scientific hypothesis. Whilst severely criticising it, however, from the scientific point of view, I had myself taken occasion to say that I could not see the least objection, either philosophical or theological, to the doctrine of Progressive Development, if only it could be shown to have a really scientific basis; since the development of the very highest type of Animal life from the very lowest, during the long succession of Geological ages, did not seem to me less credible than the fact of the development of that same type from a minute formless particle during a nine months' gestation. And I had further argued that it really involves a far higher idea of Creative Design, to believe that a small number of types of Organic Life originally introduced were continuously



evolved in the course of Geological Ages, according to a definite and unchanging plan, into a countless variety of forms suitable to the "conditions of existence" at each period, and finally into the Flora and Fauna of the present epoch, than to suppose that the changes which successively took place in those conditions necessitated *interferences* from time to time on the part of the Creator, in compensating, by the creation of new species, for the extinction of the old.\*

Such were not merely my own views, but those of many thoughtful men with whom I was in intimate relation; and among these I may specially mention Dr. (now Sir Joseph) Hooker, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and Prof. Baden Powell; the treatment of the subject by the two latter of whom is thus characterised by Mr. Darwin himself:—

"Mr. Herbert Spencer (in an Essay originally published in March, 1852) has contrasted the theories of the Creation and the Development of organic beings with remarkable skill and force. He argues from the analogy of domestic productions, from the changes which the embryos of many species undergo, from the difficulty of distinguishing species from varieties, and from the principle of general gradation, that species have been modified; and he attributes the modification to change of circumstances. The author (1855) has also treated Psychology on the principle of the necessary acquirement of each mental power and capacity by gradation."—"The 'Philosophy of Creation' has been treated in a masterly manner by the Rev. Baden Powell, in his Essays on the 'Unity of Worlds,' 1855. Nothing can be more striking than the manner in which he shows that the introduction of a new species is 'a regular, not a casual phenomenon,' or, as Sir John Herschel expresses it, 'a natural in contradistinction to a miraculous process.'"

It is well known that Mr. Darwin was, in a manner, forced

\*These views were embodied in a series of Papers on the Harmony of Science and Religion, which I contributed to the *Inquirer* thirty-seven years ago; and I found them fully confirmed by the study of the *Foraminifera*, on which I was then engaged. For this study greatly extended my views as to the Range of Variation of Species; which I made the subject of a Lecture delivered at the Meeting of the British Association at Glasgow in 1855.

into a publication of his views which he himself considered premature, by the sending to the Linnæan Society of a paper on the same subject, written by Mr. A. R. Wallace, who was then pursuing his admirable Zoological and Botanical researches in the Eastern Archipelago. By these researches, Mr. Wallace had been led, in common with Mr. Darwin, to the idea of the "survival of the fittest" as furnishing the conditions under which *specific* distinctions, arising originally by natural variation, have come to be apparently fixed and permanent; but he did not venture to push his conclusions further. It was Mr. Darwin's Geological training in the school of Lyell, that showed him how, if adequate *time* could be allowed, the same might be assumed of those greater diversities, which differentiate genera, families, orders, and classes; and that led him to contend that "the imperfections of the Geological record" sufficiently accounted for the absence of those "missing links," which, on this view, must have intervened between types now widely separated. I shall have occasion presently to note (p. 519) in what a remarkable degree this contention has been justified by subsequent events. And I shall now briefly recall some of the incidents which followed the publication, in 1859, of the mere outline-sketch of the Author's views *On the Origin of Species by Natural Selection*, of which the several treatises that have since appeared constitute the filling-up, each contributing to complete some particular portion of the picture.

To those who had been following the line of thought I have just indicated, the publication of this work was soon felt to be the inauguration of a new era in Biological Science. It gave a distinct shape to ideas on which many of us had been pondering as vague speculative possibilities. It put the doctrine of Progressive Development into the form of a definite Scientific Hypothesis; in favour of which a vast mass of evidence could be adduced, whilst the objections to its acceptance were shown to arise chiefly out of that

"imperfection of the Geological record" which we were fully prepared to admit. It showed that, on general grounds, the probability of a *genetic continuity* of Organic Life throughout the geological series,—the Fauna and Flora of any epoch being the product of "descent with modification" from that which preceded it,—is far greater than that of successive new creations. And to such as admitted this, it was plain that the conclusion can scarcely be evaded, that, as the tendency throughout has been clearly one of *progressive differentiation* or *specialisation*, the number of original types might have been very small; perhaps even a single primordial "jelly-speck" being the common ancestor of all.

The high scientific character which Darwin had acquired by his previous labours in Geology and Zoology, and the knowledge that in Botany also he had solved problems (in regard to the fertilization of Orchids) which had baffled even Robert Brown, ought to have secured a fair and candid consideration for the doctrine which he had so patiently and carefully worked out. And among such Men of Science in this country as were not trammelled by Theological prepossessions, he soon made more converts than he had expected. Every one who applied himself in good earnest to the study of the *Origin of Species*, found it to be composed of material very different from that of the *Vestiges*; for while many had spoken of having read through the latter as they would a novel, a single chapter of Darwin was found to be quite as much as any one could properly digest in a day. It happened that as I was thus slowly working my way through it, I several times met Prof. Henslow, who was similarly engaged; and as we discussed together the effects it was producing on each, we found them singularly accordant. At last Henslow expressed to me his full and complete acceptance of Darwin's doctrine, not as *proved*, but as *highly probable*; and he never shrank from publicly avowing this, even when

such avowal was enough to draw down upon him, as a beneficed Clergyman, no small amount of the *odium theologicum*. It was most interesting thus to find the *quondam* Master not only learning from his pupil, but taking up arms in his defence.

But neither he nor I could attach the importance which Mr. Darwin seemed to do, to the doctrine of "Natural Selection," or the "survival of the fittest," as *in itself* an adequate explanation of the progressive modifications that have produced the long and diversified succession of Animal and Vegetable forms, which have peopled our globe from the first appearance of life on its surface to the present time. For it seemed obvious to us, that Natural Selection can only take effect in perpetuating certain varietal modifications *already existing*; and that it gives no account of their origination. That "like produces like" is certainly the rule; and it cannot be justly said that any exceptional variations which the offspring may present are "spontaneous." Every such effect requires a cause; and Natural Selection cannot assuredly be the *cause* of what existed before it could operate.\* Consequently we must look to *forces* acting either *within* or *without* the Organism, as the real agents in producing whatever developmental variations it may take-on. Of the action of such forces, we at present know scarcely anything; but Mr. Darwin has himself most fully recognised the need of them. His latest utterance on the subject is that "at the present time there is hardly any question in Biology of more importance than that of the nature and causes of Variability." I

\* It is, I think, greatly to be regretted that some of the more ardent advocates of the Evolution-doctrine are continually (by neglect of this important distinction) leading their disciples to look at "natural selection" as the *cause* of particular adaptations of structure to function; whereas it simply expresses the *fact* that the creatures in which those adaptations *had come to exist*, would be the fittest to survive, and would be likely to transmit them hereditarily. How they came to exist, natural selection does not in the least explain.

cannot, then, be accused of undervaluing Darwin's work, in pointing out that what I originally felt to be its weakest part still remains incomplete.

But further, the instances adduced by Mr. Darwin as results of *artificial* selection, were cases of *varietal* modification only; and he was unable to prove that the character which most strongly marks what the Naturalist had been accustomed to accept as a true *species*,—namely, its incapacity for producing with any congener an intermediate self-sustaining race,—is otherwise than fixed and permanent. He was able, indeed, to show that *varieties* placed under artificial conditions, may come to be so far differentiated constitutionally, as to breed together with difficulty. But of the actual origination of what a philosophical Botanist or Zoologist would accept as a *true species*, incapable of breeding except with its own type, he was unable to produce any instance whatever. If, then, "Natural Selection" could not be shown to have produced a new species, still less could it be looked to as a *vera causa* for the establishment of still greater differences. And this was triumphantly put forward by his opponents, as an objection of sufficient weight to overthrow his whole doctrine.

Their triumph, however, was short-lived; for whilst Darwin was able, in his subsequent publications, to cite many instances in which the protracted influence of new conditions on the successive generations of a Race, has actually produced most remarkable modifications, not only in external characters, but in internal structure and physiological habit, the prosecution of Palæontological inquiry, under the influence of the doctrine of Genetic Continuity, soon began to accumulate a mass of evidence in its favour, which has now become simply overwhelming. It may be safely affirmed, indeed, that every new Palæontological discovery tends in this direction. This is especially seen in

the gradual divarication of the Ruminant and Pachyderm Orders, and of the Family subdivisions of the latter, which can now be continuously traced through the Tertiary and Quaternary series. Every Naturalist knows that the *Anoplotherium* and other Mammals whose fossil remains occur in the Eocene Tertiaries of Paris, presented most remarkable combinations of Pachyderm and Ruminant characters, which are completely separated and specialised in Pliocene and Post-pliocene genera. Some years ago, a remarkable collection of Mammalian fossils of Miocene age was discovered at Pikermi in Greece; and the study of these, most carefully prosecuted by M. Gaudry (of the Jardin des Plantes), showed that they supplied such a number of "missing links," that the Genetic derivation of the later more specialised types from the earlier more generalised could scarcely remain a matter of doubt to any Naturalist not previously wedded to the doctrine of Special Creations. On the basis of a very careful examination of the whole series as completed by recent American discoveries, Prof. Huxley has been able to construct a "Pedigree of the Horse," so complete that nothing is now wanting to its entire continuity from the Eocene period to the present.

Again, the Deep-Sea researches in which it has been my privilege to bear a part, have shown that a large number of Cretaceous *Echinoderms*, *Corals*, *Sponges*, and *Foraminifera*, as well as of Tertiary *Mollusca*, supposed to be extinct, survives in the depths of the Ocean at the present time; these types being in some instances *specifically identical*, whilst in others the modification they have undergone is of such a limited kind, as to justify their being accounted *representative species*. This has been the result, not merely of the Dredging Expeditions conducted by my colleagues (Sir Wyville Thomson and Mr. J. Gwyn Jeffreys) and myself, but also of the like explorations carried on by the United States Coast Survey in the Gulf of Mexico and else-

where. One of the most characteristic examples of it is presented in the little *Rhizocrinus Lofotensis*; the discovery of which, by G. Sars, off the coast of Norway, in 1866, gave the start to our own work. For this is clearly a dwarfed and deformed representative of the highly-developed *Apiocrinus* (Pear-encrinite) of the Bradford Clay (Wiltshire Oolite); which, as my friend Wyville Thomson said, "seems to have been going to the bad for millions of years," under the influence of a reduced temperature.

To most English Naturalists it seems premature at present to attempt to construct a pedigree of the Animal Kingdom generally, as has been done by Prof. Haeckel and other Naturalists in Germany. The Palæontological as well as the Developmental history of each group must be much more completely ascertained, before any save tentative arrangements of this kind can be formed. But every addition to our knowledge points in this direction. Thus, while some of us found no difficulty in believing that all existing Birds have arisen from one common stock, the derivation of that stock from a common *stirps* with the Reptilian at first appeared almost inconceivable; Birds and Reptiles being *physiologically* almost the antitheses of each other. But the discovery of the *Archæopteryx* first showed that a true Bird may have a prolonged and distinctly jointed tail. The careful comparison made by Mr. Seeley of the skull of the *Pterodactyl* with that of the Fowl, led him to conclude that the former must have had a development of brain scarcely inferior to the latter, and was likely, therefore, to have had a circulation as vigorous and complete as that of Birds. And the researches of Prof. Marsh in the Cretaceous strata of North America have brought to light a vast number of "missing links," in the form of *Pterodactyls* which resemble Birds in the want of teeth, and of Birds which correspond with Reptiles in the possession of them. Further, the development of the *Struthious* Birds, which



were formerly supposed to have the closest Mammalian affinities, is now found to be much more Reptilian than Mammalian; while certain Dinosaurian Reptiles present distinct indications of progress towards Birds. And thus the evidence now in course of accumulation already affords adequate support to the idea of the descent even of Birds and Reptiles from a common Ancestor. Many other instances might be adduced of the like character.

It is one most remarkable characteristic of this doctrine, that it suggests new inquiries which would otherwise have not been thought of,—just as when the “perturbations” in the movements of the Planets, which were predicted as necessary results of their mutual attraction, came to be recognised so soon as they were looked for with adequate observing power; the results of these inquiries being always in its favour. “Whoever,” said Mr. Darwin, in his preface to a work published not long before his death (Dr. Weissmann’s ‘Studies in the Theory of Descent’), “compares ‘the discussions in this volume with those published twenty years ago on any branch of Natural History, will see how wide and rich a field for study has been opened up through the principle of Evolution; and such fields, without the light shed upon them by this principle, would for long or for ever have remained barren.’”

It was fortunate for the Darwinian doctrine, that it at once secured the powerful advocacy of Prof. Huxley; whose vigorous pen and trenchant speech proved him a match for the ablest of those opponents, whose Theological prepossessions led them to test its truth by its conformity with the Biblical record; and whose Palæontological studies have since furnished a large body of additional evidence in its favour. By Lyell, our most philosophic Geologist, and by Hooker, our most distin-

guished Botanist, it was at once provisionally accepted ; and whilst the 'Quarterly' and the 'Edinburgh' condemned it in no measured terms, I strove to defend it in the 'National' and 'Medico-Chirurgical' Reviews, for my articles in which I had the pleasure of receiving Darwin's cordial thanks,—my acceptance of his views being especially valued by him as the testimony of a Physiologist. The letters which I had from him at this period express the greatest solicitude for the fair consideration of his doctrines, and the warmest gratitude to those who had taken up the advocacy of them ; while from any personal bitterness against his opponents, they are entirely free. "I have "been of late," he wrote to me, "sufficiently well pitched "into about my book to please anybody. But I care "very little ; which I entirely and absolutely owe to the "generous and kind support of a very few men. When I "reflect (as I often do) that such men as Lyell, "yourself, Hooker, and Huxley, go a certain way with "me, nothing will persuade me that I am so wholly and "egregiously in error as many of my reviewers think." An eminent Botanist of the United States, Prof. Asa Gray, early expressed not only his entire acceptance of Darwin's views, but his complete repudiation of the atheistic character which "orthodox" Theologians were attributing to them. The outcry which was raised among these, afforded another proof of the narrowing and perverting influence of any dogmatic systems which men pledge themselves to uphold. There is no need now to go back over the melancholy story of the slanderous attacks which were made on the greatest interpreter of the "Order of (Organic) Nature" who has ever stood between its Author and Man ; but they ought to be remembered as a lesson to the Theologians of the future. No one has *now* ventured to throw a stone at Darwin's grave ; since for any to do so, would bring down upon him general condemnation. The revolution in the public

feeling of this country, which has been silently and almost insensibly going on, but of which his departure from among us has brought out the manifestation, has been a surprise no less to his friends, than it must have been to his former opponents. The highest eulogies have been pronounced upon him from pulpits in which he was once reviled; and his life, no less than his work, has been held up as a model for imitation, where his character as a man was formerly included in the depreciation of his achievements as a philosopher.

I cannot but believe that this remarkable change is due in no small degree to that which has always forcibly struck me in his mode of dealing with opponents,—his entire unconcern as to personal calumny; which seemed to affect him only as it might militate against the fair consideration of his views, or give pain to his family. Of any *scientific* arguments which he deemed worthy of attention, he would always take full cognizance. Sometimes he could readily dispose of them, by showing that they either had a wrong basis of fact, or were unstably built-up on a right one. But sometimes they started what he frankly admitted to be difficulties; and then, instead of evading these, he would give them their fullest weight. No testimony could be stronger or warmer than that which is borne by his honourable opponent, M. de Quatrefages (in the obituary notice which he drew up at the request of the President of the French Academy of Sciences), to Darwin's full recognition of the facts and reasonings which militate in favour of those who still uphold the doctrine of the "fixity of species":—"Il s'empresse de les leur signaler avec une loyauté qui a quelque chose de chevaleresque. . . . Cette bonne foi constante donne à certaines pages de Darwin un charme particulier. On suit avec intérêt, jusque dans ses écarts, ce penseur, tout occupé de vous imposer ses croyances, et qui n'en met pas moins entre vos mains, avec un véritable

"candeur, les armes les plus propres à les combattre. On "pose ses livres avec un redoublement de haute estime pour "le savant, d'affectueuse sympathie pour l'homme." Those only who have been themselves the objects of similar obloquy, can fully appreciate the dignified self-restraint which kept him silent under imputations which most would have burned to repudiate, and scornful taunts which would naturally call forth no less scornful replies. But he would never be turned by these from the "even tenor of his way:" deeming it more for the interests of Truth that he should devote all his energies to the fuller exposition of his doctrine, the collection of further evidence in its support, and the removal of the scientific difficulties that impeded its progress; than that he should waste his strength in personal recrimination, which would never extort justice from such as were determined to put him in the wrong, and would but weaken, instead of strengthening, his scientific position. This self-restraint seems to me to have formed the climax to the most exalted nature it has ever been my happiness to encounter. Those who knew Charles Darwin most intimately, are unanimous in their appreciation of the unsurpassed nobility and beauty of his *whole* character. In him there was no "other side." Not only was he the Philosopher who has wrought a greater revolution in human thought within a quarter of a century than any man of our time—or perhaps of *any* time,—and has given what is proving the death-blow to Theological systems which had been clinging yet more tenaciously about men's shoulders because of the efforts made to shake them off; but as a Man he exemplified in his own life that true *religion*, which is deeper, wider, and loftier than any Theology. For this not only inspired him with the devotion to Truth which was the master-passion of his great nature; but made him the most admirable husband, brother, and father; the kindest friend, neighbour, and master; the genuine lover, not only of his fellow-

man, but of every creature. Of no one could it be more appropriately said :—

“ He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small ;”

for the whole attitude of his mind was that of humble reverence for the Great Power which “made and loveth all.”

WILLIAM B. CARPENTER.

### WORDSWORTH'S TWO STYLES.\*

THE essential feature of Wordsworth's Poetry has been described by the greatest of our living critics in language that none of our Society are at all likely to forget. After speaking of Goethe's experience of the Iron Age, Matthew Arnold says of Wordsworth :—

He, too, upon a wintry clime  
Had fallen, on this iron time  
Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears.  
He found us when the age had bound  
Our souls in its benumbing round ;  
He spoke, and loosed our heart in tears.  
He laid us as we lay at birth  
On the cool, flowery lap of earth,  
Smiles broke from us, and we had ease ;  
The hills were round us, and the breeze  
Went o'er the sunlit fields again ;  
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.  
Our youth returned ; for there was shed  
On spirits that had long been dead,  
Spirits dried up and closely furled,  
The freshness of the early world.

Ah ! since dark days still bring to light  
Man's prudence and man's fiery might  
Time may restore us in his course  
Goethe's sage mind, and Byron's force ;  
But where will Europe's latter hour  
Again find Wordsworth's healing power ?  
Others will teach us how to dare,  
And against fear our breast to steel ;

\* Read before the Wordsworth Society, May 3rd, 1882.

Others will strengthen us to bear ;  
 But who, ah ! who will make us feel ?  
 The cloud of mortal destiny,  
 Others will front it fearlessly,  
 But who, like him, will put it by ?

I think this is rightly chosen as the characteristic of Wordsworth's poetry, that he puts by for us the "cloud of mortal destiny," that he restores us the "freshness of the early world," that he gives us back the magic circle of the hills, makes us feel the breath of the wind and the coolness of the rain upon our foreheads; and touches both the vigour of youth, and the peace of age, with more of that serene lustre which dew gives to the flowers, than any other poet. But the same great critic has assured us that, properly speaking, Wordsworth has no style, "no assured poetic style of his own;" and this though he freely admits that "it is style, and the elevation given by style, which chiefly makes the effectiveness of 'Laodamia.'" For my part, I should have said that as to Wordsworth's blank verse Mr. Arnold is right; that in his blank verse Wordsworth is so dependent on his matter, that he runs through almost all styles, good and bad. But in his rhymed verse, I should have preferred to say—though the admission may, perhaps, be used on behalf of Mr. Arnold's drift—that Wordsworth had two distinct styles, the style of his youth and the style of his age, the elastic style of fresh energy, born of his long devotion to Nature's own rhythms, and the style of gracious and stately feeling, born of his benignity, of his deep-set, calm sympathy with human feeling,—the style of "The Solitary Reaper," and the style of "Devotional Incitements." Surely the style of the verse—

Alone, she cuts and binds the grain,  
 And sings a melancholy strain ;  
 Oh ! listen, for the vale profound  
 Is overflowing with the sound,



is Wordsworth's, in as true a sense as the style of

After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well,

is Shakespeare's. Or again, is there not the personal stamp of Wordsworth indelibly imprinted on every line in the "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle"?—

No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass  
Light as the wind along the grass!  
Can this be he who hither came  
In secret, like a smothered flame?

Less personal, certainly less indelibly branded with Wordsworth's hand, is what I call the later style. Still, I think such lines as these, in the "Devotional Incitements," describing the comparatively slight power of Art, when compared with Nature, to excite reverence, have on them an indelible impress of Wordsworth's developed genius, in its gracious, pure, and serene solemnity:—

The priests are from their altars thrust,  
Temples are levelled with the dust,  
And solemn rites and awful forms  
Founder amid fanatic storms.  
Yet evermore, through years renewed,  
In undisturbed vicissitude  
Of seasons balancing their flight  
On the swift wings of day and night,  
Kind Nature keeps a heavenly door  
Wide open to the scattered poor.

The most characteristic earlier and the most characteristic later style are alike in the limpid coolness of their effect,—the effect in the earlier style of bubbling water, in the later of morning dew. Both alike lay the dust, and take us out of the fret of life, and restore the truth to feeling, and cast over the vision of the universe

The image of a poet's heart,  
How bright, how solemn, how serene!

But the earlier and the later styles, even in their best specimens, do this in very different ways, while the inferior specimens of each are marked by very different faults. As models of the two styles at their best, I would take, for instance, "The Daffodils" for the earlier, and "The Primrose of the Rock" for the later; "Yarrow Unvisited" for the earlier, and "Yarrow Revisited" for the later; "The Leech-gatherer" (or, as Wordsworth rather cumbrously called it, "Resolution and Independence") for the earlier, and "Laodamia" for the later style. The chief differences between the two styles seem to me these:—That objective fact, especially when appealing to the sense of vision, sometimes utterly bald and trivial, though often very commanding in its effects, plays so much larger a part in the earlier than the later; that the earlier, when it reaches its mark at all, has a pure elasticity, a passionless buoyancy (passionless, I mean, in the sense of being devoid of the hotter passions) in it, almost unique in poetry; and, lastly, that in the greater of the earlier pieces emotion is uniformly suggested rather than expressed, or, if I may be allowed the paradox, expressed by reticence, by the jealous parsimony of a half-voluntary, half-involuntary reserve. In the later style, on the other hand, objective fact is much less prominent; bald moralities tend to take the place of bald realities; and though the buoyancy is much diminished, emotion is much more freely, frankly, and tenderly expressed, so that there is often in it a richness and mellowness of effect quite foreign to Wordsworth's earlier mood. The ruggedness of the earlier style is what one may call one of knots and flinty protuberances; there is an occasional bleakness about it; the passion with which passion is kept down, though often exalted, is sometimes hard; there is a scorn of sweetness, an excess of simplicity which frequently touches *simplesse*; and though the depth of feeling which is dammed up, makes its surging voice heard

in the happier instances, yet in the less happy instances the success of the operation is only too great, and leaves us oppressed with a sense of unexpected blankness.

In the later style all this is changed. The keenness of sheer objective vision is still felt, but is less dominant; while emotion, no longer restrained, flows naturally, and with a sweet and tender lustre shining upon it, into musical expression. I may illustrate the general differences between the two styles, so far as regards the degrees of their direct expressiveness, by a characteristic change which Wordsworth made in his later editions in the beautiful poem entitled "The Fountain." The poet, it will be remembered, there remonstrates with the schoolmaster whom he calls Matthew, for speaking of himself as unloved in his old age:—

"Now both himself and me he wrongs,  
The man who thus complains  
I live and sing my idle songs  
Upon these happy plains.

"And, Matthew, for thy children dead,  
I'll be a son to thee."  
At this he grasped his hands, and said,  
"Alas, that cannot be!"

In the later editions, Wordsworth altered this to,—

At this he grasped my hand, and said,  
"Alas, that cannot be!"

The earlier reading looks like hard fact, and no doubt sounds a little rough and abrupt. But I feel pretty sure, not only that the earlier reading expressed the truth as it was present to Wordsworth's inner eye when he wrote the poem, but that it agreed better with the mood of those earlier years, when the old man's wringing of his own hands, in a sort of passion of protest against the notion that any one could take the place of his lost child, would have

seemed much more natural and dignified to Wordsworth, than the mere kindly expression of grateful feeling for which he subsequently exchanged it.

Now, I will go a little into detail. Contrast the power, which is very marked in both cases, of the poem on "The Daffodils," with that on "The Primrose of the Rock." You all know the wonderful buoyancy of that poem on the daffodils,—the reticent passion with which the poet's delight is expressed, not by dwelling on feeling, but by selecting as a fit comparison to that "crowd and host" of golden daffodils, the impression produced on the eye by the continuousness of "the stars that shine and sparkle in the Milky Way," the effect of wind, and of the exaltation which wind produces, in the lines,—

Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance ;

and in the rivalry suggested between them and the waves,—

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee.

You all know the exquisite simplicity of the conclusion, when the poet tells us that as often as they recur to his mind, and

—flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude,

his heart "with pleasure fills, and dances with the daffodils."

The great beauty of that poem is its wonderful buoyancy, its purely objective way of conveying that buoyancy, and the extraordinary vividness with which "the lonely rapture of lonely minds" is stamped upon the whole poem, which is dated 1804. Now turn to "The Primrose of the Rock," which was written twenty-seven years later, in 1831. We find the style altogether more ideal; reality counts for less,

symbol for more. There is far less elasticity, far less exultant buoyancy here, and yet a grander and more stately movement. The *reserve* of power has almost disappeared; but there is a graciousness absent before, and the noble strength of the last verse is most gentle strength:—

A Rock there is whose homely front  
The passing traveller slights;  
Yet there the glow-worms hang their lamps  
Like stars, at various heights;  
And one coy primrose to that Rock  
The vernal breeze invites.

What hideous warfare hath been waged,  
What kingdoms overthrown,  
Since first I spied that primrose-tuft,  
And marked it for my own;  
A lasting link in Nature's chain,  
From highest heaven let down!

The flowers, still faithful to the stems,  
Their fellowship renew;  
The stems are faithful to the root,  
That worketh out of view;  
And to the Rock the root adheres,  
In every fibre true.

Close clings to earth the living Rock,  
Though threatening still to fall;  
The earth is constant in her sphere;  
And God upholds them all;  
So blooms this lonely plant, nor dreads  
Her annual funeral.

It will be observed at once that in "The Daffodils" there is no attempt to explain the delight which the gay spectacle raised in the poet's heart. He exults in the spectacle itself, and reproduces it continually in memory. The wind in his style blows as the wind blows in "The Daffodils," with a sort of physical rapture. In the later poem, the symbol is everything. The mind pours itself forth fully in

reflective gratitude, as it glances at the moral overthrow which the humble primrose of the rock,—and many things of human mould as humble and faithful as the primrose of the rock,—has outlived. In point of mere expression, I should call the later poem the more perfect of the two. The enjoyment of the first lies in the intensity of the feeling which it somehow indicates, without expressing, of which it merely hints the force by its eager and springy movement.

Now, take the earliest and latest Yarrow, and note the same difference. How swift, and bare, and rapid, like the stream itself, as Wordsworth chooses to describe it :—

—a river bare  
That glides the dark hills under,

is the verse in which he depreciates the reality, in order to enhance the treasure of an unverified vision! Yarrow is represented as a fit home chiefly for the country people who go to market at Selkirk, and for the wild birds and ground game which fly and burrow beside it :—

Let Yarrow folk frae Selkirk Town,  
Who have been buying, selling,  
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own ;  
Each maiden to her dwelling!  
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,  
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow ;  
But we will downward with the Tweed,  
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

The charm of that is the charm of a perfectly bare representation of a perfectly simple scene, enhanced by the suggestion which lurks everywhere that the common facts of life are pretty certain to seem common, unless, indeed, you bring an imagination strong enough to transfigure them ; while if you do, the poet insists that the true magic is in you, and not in the scene, since it is independent of

the actual vision on which the mind seems to feed. The beauty of the verse is almost all confined to the thought itself; the only touch of extraneous beauty is the careless suggestion that "the swan on still St. Mary's Lake" may, if it pleases, "float double, swan and shadow," without tempting them aside to see it; and even that seems put in only to suggest, as it were, how greatly the power of vividly imagining even such a sight as this exceeds in significance the power which the mere eyes possess of discerning loveliness even where they have taken in the forms and colours which ought to suggest it. The whole beauty of the verses is in their bareness. The poem may be said to have for its very subject the economy of imaginative force, the wantonness of poetic prodigality, the duty of retaining in the heart reserves of potential and meditative joy, on which you refuse to draw all you might draw of actual delight:—

Be Yarrow stream, unseen, unknown !  
It must, or we shall rue it ;  
We have a vision of our own,  
Ah ! why should we undo it ?

And the style corresponds to the thought; it is the style of one who exults in holding-over, and in being strong and buoyant enough to hold-over, a promised imaginative joy. A certain ascetic radiance,—if the paradox be permissible,—a manly jubilation in being rich enough to sacrifice an expected delight, makes the style sinewy, rapid, youthful, and yet careful in its youthfulness, as jealous of redundancy as it is firm and elastic. This was written in 1803. Turn to "Yarrow Revisited," which was written twenty-eight years later, in 1831. The rhythm is the same, but how different the movement; how much sweeter and slower, how many more the syllables on which you must dwell, sometimes with what the ear admits to be an over-emphasis; how much richer the music, when it is music;



how much more hesitating, not to say vacillating, the reflection; and how the versification itself renders all this, with its sedate pauses,—pauses, to use another poet's fine expression, "as if memory had wept,"—its amplitude of tender feeling, its lingerings over sweet colours, its anxious desire to find compensation for the buoyancy of youth in wise reflection!—

Once more by Newark's castle gate  
 Long left without a warder,  
 I stood, looked, listened, and with thee,  
 Great minstrel of the Border!

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet day,  
 Their dignity installing  
 In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves  
 Were on the bough, or falling;  
 But breezes played and sunshine gleamed—  
 The forest to embolden;  
 Reddened the fiery hues, and shot  
 Transparence through the golden.

For busy thoughts the stream flowed on  
 In foamy agitation;  
 And slept in many a crystal pool  
 For quiet contemplation:  
 No public and no private care  
 The free-born mind enthralling,  
 We made a day of happy hours,  
 Our happy days recalling.

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods  
 And down the meadows ranging,  
 Did meet us with unaltered face,  
 Though we were changed and changing;  
 If, *then*, some natural shadows spread  
 Our inward prospect over,  
 The soul's deep valley was not slow  
 Its brightness to recover.

The expression there is richer, freer, more mellow; but the

reserve force is spent ; all the wealth of the moment—and perhaps something more than the wealth of the moment, something which was not wealth, though mistaken for it—was poured out. One cannot but feel now and again that, as Sir Walter said of his aged harper,—

His trembling hand had lost the ease  
Which marks security to please,  
And scenes long past of joy and pain  
Came wildering o'er his aged brain.

Mr. Arnold places almost all the really first-rate work of Wordsworth in the decade between the years 1798 and 1808. I think he is right here. But I should put his highest perfection of style much nearer the later date than the earlier ; at least, if, as I hold, the "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle," touches the very highest point which he ever reached. "The Leech-gatherer" was written in the same year, though its workmanship is not nearly so perfect. Let me contrast its style with that of "Laodamia," of which the subject is closely analogous, and which was written only seven years later, in 1814 ; though these seven years mark, as it appears to me, a very great transformation of style. Both poems treat of Wordsworth's favourite theme,—the strength which the human heart has, or ought to have, to contain itself in adverse circumstances, and the spurious character of that claim of mere emotion to command us by which we are so often led astray. "The Leech-gatherer" has much less of buoyancy than the earlier poems, and something here and there of the stateliness of the later style, especially in the noble verse :—

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,  
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride ;  
Of him who walked in glory and in joy,  
Following his plough, along the mountain side ;  
By our own spirits we are deified ;  
We poets in our youth begin in gladness ;  
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

But on the whole, the poem is certainly marked by that emphatic visual imagination, that delight in the power of the eye, that strength of reserve, that occasional stiffness of feeling, and that immense rapture of reverie, which characterise the earlier period, though it wants the more rapid and buoyant movement of that period. Take the wonderful description of the "Leech-gatherer" himself:—

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale face,  
Upon a long grey staff of shaven wood;  
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,  
Upon the margin of that moorish flood  
Motionless as a cloud the old man stood,  
That heareth not the loud winds when they call,  
And moveth altogether, if it move at all.

Or take the description of the reverie into which the old man's words threw Wordsworth:—

The old man still stood talking by my side;  
But now his voice to me was like a stream  
Scarce heard; nor word from word could I divide.  
And the whole body of the man did seem  
Like one whom I had met with in a dream;  
Or like a man from some far region sent,  
To give me human strength by apt admonishment.

In turning to "Laodamia," we see that a great change of style—a great relaxation of the high tension of the earlier power—and with it a great increase in grace and sweetness has come. When Protesilaus announces that his death was due to his having offered up his own life for the success of the Greek host, by leaping first to the strand where it was decreed that the first comer should perish, Laodamia replies:—

"Supreme of heroes, bravest, noblest, best!  
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,  
Which then, when tens of thousands were deprest  
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;  
Thou found'st, and I forgive thee—here thou art—  
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

" But thou, though capable of sternest deed,  
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;  
And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed  
Thou shouldst elude the malice of the grave;  
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair  
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

" No spectre greets me,—no vain shadow this;  
Come, blooming hero, place thee by my side,  
Give on this well-known couch one nuptial kiss  
To me this day, a second time thy bride!"  
Jove frowned in Heaven: the conscious Parcae threw  
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

" This visage tells thee that my doom is past;  
Nor should the change be mourn'd, ever if the joys  
Of sense were able to return as fast  
And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys  
Those raptures duly,—Erebus disdains:  
Calm pleasures there abide, majestic pains.

" Be taught, O faithful consort, to control  
Rebellious passion: for the Gods approve  
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;  
A fervent, not ungovernable love.  
Thy transports moderate, and meekly mourn  
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn."

There is certainly an air of classic majesty and a richness of colour about this which contrasts curiously with the strong sketch of the lonely Leech-gatherer, though there seems to me a fitness in the fact that the style of the poem which paints the excess of unregulated feeling, is full of almost artificial grace, while the style of the poem which paints the humble self-reliance of desolate fortitude, is for the most part cast in the mould of a bare and almost bleak dignity.

But I must come to an end. The later style has, I think, this advantage over the earlier, that where its subject is equally fine,—which, as I admit, it often is not,—the

workmanship is far more complete, often almost of crystal beauty, and without the blots, the baldness, the dead-wood, which almost all Wordsworth's earlier works exhibit. Where, for instance, in all the range of poetry, shall we find a more crystal piece of workmanship than the sonnet—written, I think, as late as 1835—addressed to Mrs. Marshall, in her seventieth year, with which I may conclude this paper:—

Such age, how beautiful ! O lady bright,  
Whose mortal lineaments seem all refin'd  
By favouring nature and a saintly mind  
To something purer and more exquisite  
Than flesh and blood ; whene'er thou meet'st my sight,  
When I behold thy blanched, unwithered cheek,  
Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming white,  
And head that droops because the soul is meek,  
Thee with the welcome snowdrop I compare ;  
That child of winter, prompting thoughts that climb  
From desolation toward the genial prime ;  
Or with the moon conquering earth's misty air,  
And filling more and more with crystal light,  
As pensive evening deepens into night.

RICHARD HOLT HUTTON.

## ELIZABETH STUART, QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

### PART II.

THE next great event which was of vital moment for Europe and for Elizabeth was the advent, from overseas, of the great *Schwedenkönig*, Gustavus Adolphus. In July, 1630, the Swedish deliverer landed on German soil. He had completed his conquest over Poland. He knew well that the Polish war had been fomented, he knew that Sigismund had been supported by Austria; he knew that, if Wallenstein could create a fleet, the House of Hapsburg, eager for universal dominion, and then in the zenith of its power and success, would attack him in Sweden itself; and he defended his kingdom by attacking her enemies. The very successes of Ferdinand drew down Gustavus Adolphus upon him; the supineness of the German Protestant Princes called forth the great Swedish defender of Protestantism. "Universal monarchy must be repressed by neighbouring nations at great hazard and inconceivable expense, provided such nations are only protected by a small interposition of ocean." Wallenstein and Spain were preparing a fleet to attack the navy of Sweden when that navy bore Gustav Adolf and his army to German soil.

Nor was it by any means the safety of Sweden alone which called Gustavus into the field. *Mich treibt ein anderer Geist*—"I am actuated by other motives," said the King. It was the cause, the great cause, of Protestantism and of true religion, that weighed most heavily upon his soul. Hear him for a moment; his voice still seems to

speaking vitally to us across the abyss of two hundred and fifty years. "I embark in a war, far from my own dominions, and seem to court those dangers and difficulties which another man might labour to decline; but the Searcher of the Human Heart will see and know that it was neither ambition that tempted me, nor the avarice of extending my dominions, nor the appetite of fighting, nor the mischievous temper of loving to interfere in my neighbours' concerns. Other object I have none than to support the afflicted and oppressed, to maintain the religious and civil liberty of society, and to bear my testimony against a tyranny over the whole human race."

And Gustavus described his lofty motives truly. If the Protestant Princes of Germany were supine, her Protestant people were worthy; nor could the King endure the spectacle of Jesuit rule, through Kaiser and through Pope, carried out by means of blood and fire, of force and fraud; of inhuman persecution by the priest. Gustavus is a singular historical apparition in respect that he combined the earnestness of a Cromwell with the graces of a cavalier. He was not *Gott-betrunken*, or God-intoxicated, as Novalis said of Spinoza, but he was God-inspired. A hero of conscience, he was also a hero of charm. He could not only command the reverence, but also win the love of men. In him force was tempered by sweetness. Intense as clear, there was nothing gloomy or morbid about the strong bright Gustavus. No cause ever had a nobler champion; but his kingly and knightly mind was expressed through his broad lofty forehead; through his well-opened, blue and steadfast eyes; through a figure and bearing which approach to an ideal of great manhood. His religion was that of a royal man; his politics those of a noble king. Fervent, and even rash in fight, generous in victory, the first captain of his time, he fought for an abstract cause and defended oppressed humanity. Stern where sternness was necessary,



he was full of "flowing courtesy" and princely manners. His army was well paid and was restrained within the limits of strict discipline. It was a moral force, which paid, and did not plunder its way through the territory of friend and foe. In this respect the Swedo-German army differed from those of the Liga, of the Empire; and even from the troops of Mansfeld. *Der Krieg müsse den Krieg ernähren*—"War must support itself," said Wallenstein; and the armies of Tilly, of Wallenstein, of Mansfeld, simply devastated any territories that they had to occupy.

In earlier years, Gustavus had been a half suitor for the hand of Elizabeth Stuart, and was therefore likely, being of noble mould, to have a kindly feeling toward an olden love. The light of the North, the Aurora Borealis of the Baltic, was now happily married to Maria Eleanora, sister of the Kurfürst Johann Georg. Gustav was born on December 9th, 1594.

James I. died in 1625, and had been succeeded by his son, Charles I. Charles was her brother, and Elizabeth might, perhaps, hope more from a brother than even from a father.

Charles was very willing to do anything to help his sister—so long as the doing involved no action. So soon as Gustavus appeared victoriously upon the scene, Charles tried to delegate to him the task of restoring Elizabeth to the Palatinate.

On November 7th, 1632, Sir Henry Vane, successor to Roe, met the Swedish King at Würzburg, and Vane thus reports Gustavus' answer: "If Charles wished sincerely to bring about the restitution of the Palatinate (no question more of Bohemia) and wished it in good faith, he must afford such assistance as justly merited the appellation of royal." If Charles contributed money and an English army of 12,000 men, he, Gustavus, "would never sheath his sword until the Palatinate should be recovered." Vainly did Gustav expect anything royal (except, perhaps, the

portraits of Van Dyck) from Charles, who was negotiating with Vienna when he should have been fighting side by side with Sweden. If he had really wished well to his sister's cause, there was no way to help her but by fighting. Spannheim records that James I. felt, in his last days and hours, some compunction and remorse with respect to the Palatinate. Forty-eight hours before his death, James charged his son Charles, "as he hoped for a parent's benediction and that of Heaven," to exert all his powers in order to reinstate his sister and her children into their hereditary dominions; for (said James) *it was my mistake to seek the Palatinate in Spain.* The italics are ours.

Charles was as incapable as had been his father of clear and noble action.

"My God, Sire!" exclaimed Sir Richard Glendale, to the Pretender, when that Prince landed "for a hunting expedition," in *Redgauntlet*—"of what great and inexpiable crime can your Majesty's ancestors have been guilty that they have been punished by the infliction of judicial blindness on their whole generation!" In this indignant burst of Sir Richard Glendale, Walter Scott summarised the essence of the career of the Stuarts.

Ferdinand never refused to negotiate. Negotiations, as for instance that for the restoration of the Palatinate, amused others and did not hurt him. Besides, while people were negotiating they were not likely to act; and this was true of Charles as it had been of James. Conscious of his violent aggression in the Palatinate, the Emperor was ready to restore that—if any one could or would compel him to do so—but he would never give it up to mere negotiation. Charles's ambassador at Vienna, Sir Robert Anstruther, had been instructed to say to Ferdinand (22nd of July, 1630) that "the King, his master (Charles I.), acknowledged with grief and shame that his brother-in-law, the Elector Palatine, disregarding *his* opinion and concurrence, had acted

formerly in reference to the crown of Bohemia, not only rashly, but unadvisedly ; which imprudent measures ought chiefly to be attributed to the ambition and inattention of youth ; and that it would highly become the Emperor, consistently with his accustomed clemency, to receive Frederick's submission, and reinstate him in his own dominions, inasmuch as such an act of free and gratuitous favour would oblige the Kings of England to all posterity."

To amuse Charles, a counter proposition was made from Vienna to the effect, that Frederick should resign the Upper Palatinate for ever to Bavaria ; that he, Frederick, should receive a small pension for his own life ; that his eldest son should be bred a Catholic at Vienna, and then, having espoused an Austrian Archduchess, be reinstated, at his father's death, in the Lower Palatinate. Further, that Frederick should, on his knees, ask pardon of the Emperor.

It was clear that Charles, who was incapable of royal or other decisive action, desired to lean upon Gustavus for the reinstatement of his sister.

Charles urged Elizabeth to allow her son to be educated as a Catholic in Vienna, but the Ex-Queen, whose character was much more positive than that of her unstable brother, replied with noble anger that, " sooner than see her children brought up as Catholics, she would kill them with her own hand." Both Elizabeth and Frederick remained always steadfast in their religion, nor could any prospect of advantage ever lure them from it.

All that Charles could do was to permit—but not as King—English volunteers to fight for the Palatinate ; and the Marquis of Hamilton led some 6,000 volunteers, who did not do very much, to Germany. These were speedily reduced to one English and one Scottish regiment, and, after a quarrel with Banier, Hamilton resigned and his force melted away.

We cannot spare space to follow the great Swedish King

through his glorious campaign. He would have recovered the Palatinate in due time, as he did recover for his kinsmen the Duchy of Mecklenburg which Wallenstein had seized; but Gustavus could not turn aside from his main purpose, which was to prevent the extirpation of Protestants and Protestantism in Germany, in order merely to recover the Palatinate without help from Charles. Making it a condition that Frederick, if reinstated, should tolerate Lutheranism in his dominions, Gustavus sent to Holland for Frederick to join his armies. Frederick was unfit for any command in the warlike monarch's forces, but he "was present" at Nürnberg, and at that memorable passage of the Lech, at which Gustavus's valour and strategy so completely defeated the veteran Tilly. After Breitenfeld, the King thought that the Palatinate cause was hopeful, and wrote to that effect to Charles, requiring from the English King "magnanimous resolution," an assistance in men and money, and the despatch of a fleet to cope with the fleet that Spain was sending to the Baltic.

Charles refused the necessary co-operation, but explained that he was ready to negotiate.

And now Gustavus and Wallenstein, the two great captains of the age, each at the head of an hitherto unconquered army, met, for the first time, as opponents in actual war on the fatal plain of Lützen. The battle was indecisive in result, though victory leaned to the Swedes, as the imperialists vacated the field and retreated on Leipzig; but the battle involved the most terrible loss that could have happened to the Protestant cause—Gustavus Adolphus fell in the arms of victory.

With the fall of Gustavus the cause of the Palatinate seemed to be hopelessly lost. What other champion could replace the "Lion of the North"?

After Lützen, Frederick became a prey to deep dejection. He died of a broken heart, of utter despondency, away

from wife and children, at Mentz, on November 17th, 1636. His confined corpse, after many wanderings, found its final resting place in Sedan.

His son and heir, Henry Frederick, a prince of promise, had pre-deceased his father. On January 17th, 1629, father and son went to see the trophies of Peter Hein as they floated in Dutch waters at Rotterdam. The small boat in which they sailed was run into by another craft, and speedily sank. Frederick was saved, but his heir was drowned. The son's last vain cry was, "Save me, father!" That last despairing cry of the sinking prince rings still pathetically through history. Thus Karl Ludwig, the second son, became the representative of the banished Palatine family.

Elizabeth and Frederick were united by a sincere affection and by a numerous progeny. Misfortune borne in common, a faith thoroughly shared, strengthened their union. Frederick's nature was capable of a deeper tenderness than was that of his wife. His fondness for her was unquestionably great. Many of his letters to her (see Bromley's Royal Letters) are still extant. In one he writes, "Would to God that we owned some little corner of the earth in which we could live together happily and in peace!" It were to be wished that his prayer could have been answered. As private persons, they would have been most estimable, most happy; but they were elevated into positions high above their capacities. Frederick constantly addresses his wife, "Mon très cher Cœur."

Elizabeth passed her widowhood at the Hague, or at Rhenen, in the province of Utrecht, secure under Dutch shelter. She was fond of hunting and of gardening. Her children grew up around her, and the still lively lady became the centre of a small but cultured circle of friends. Elizabeth's little court was a model of social gaiety, and flatterers called it the "home of all the muses and of all the graces."

Her elastic temperament was cheerful under misfortune. She could always enjoy any pleasure that the present moment offered. Once, when hunting, she was nearly seized by some Spanish soldiery, but escaped owing to a fleet horse and her good riding. Henrietta Maria had been a bitter opponent at the Court of England of the interests of Elizabeth; but when Henrietta Maria, herself a fugitive, came to Holland, Elizabeth received and comforted her. Both were Stuarts, the one by birth, the other by marriage; and their interests in Great Britain were imperilled by the same foes. There may have been policy in Elizabeth's kindness. Her eldest surviving son, Karl Ludwig, who had been educated by Frederick's brother, grew up headstrong, selfish, and avaricious. When in England, he sided with the Parliament, and even sat in the Westminster Assembly of Divines.

He ultimately obtained from the English Parliament a yearly grant of £10,000—£8,000 for himself, £2,000 for his mother; but Elizabeth was deeply grieved at her son's departure from the traditional and even natural politics of the house of Stuart. Her next sons, Rupert and Maurice, fought, as is well known, and with distinction, on the royal side, and this was some comfort to the daughter of James and sister of Charles. Ever after the execution of her brother, Elizabeth wore a mourning ring (a picture of which is now before me) on which a crown surmounts a skull and cross-bones, while both are encircled by a lock of Charles's hair.

Cousin Max, who thought that all misfortunes arose from tolerance to Protestants, was getting on with the conversion to Catholicism of the upper and lower Palatinates. His plan was simple and direct; every person who would not become a Catholic was driven out of the territory. Max was fully determined to root out heresy.

The "counter-Reformation" in Germany was being carried out with incredible cruelty and ruthless persistency. The hopeless and hapless "peasant's war" was extirpated with terrible inhumanity. Protestant parents were expelled, and their children detained to be brought up as Catholics. Sötl, speaking of the oppression then exercised upon the unhappy Protestants, says, *davon schweigt die Geschichte*—on that subject history is silent. In Bavaria the popular threat to an enemy remains to this day—*Ich will dich schon Katholisch machen!*—"I will force you to become a Catholic!" and this threat to tame and to compel dates from the counter reformation under the House of Hapsburg. The Jesuit view was, that heretics should be subjected to a yoke intolerable, but yet not to be shaken off. The Papal Ambassador, Caraffa, agreed with the Emperor that heretics should be rooted out without pity and without scruple.

On February 12th, 1637, Ferdinand II. died, and was succeeded by his son, Ferdinand III., who carried on the lines of his father's policy. *Mi Fili, parvo mundus regitur intellectu*, said the wise Oxenstierna.

The great war dragged its slow length along, but we cannot spare space to follow its fortunes.

Among the partisans who were attracted, in part by her personality, to the cause of Elizabeth, the most distinguished and the most constant was William, Lord Craven, afterwards Earl Craven. Christian of Brunswick died May 6, 1626, and Prince Maurice, of Nassau, had passed away on April 23rd, 1625. Craven first met Elizabeth when she was already a refugee in Holland, and he quitted the Dutch service in order to devote himself to that of the ex-Queen of Bohemia. History contains few instances of a more chivalrous, romantic, self-sacrificing friendship. His purse and person (Craven was rashly brave) were both zealously devoted to the service of his



royal mistress. Munificent in outlay, indefatigable in military activity, reckless in contempt of danger, Craven might well have adopted Christian's motto, "all for glory and for her;" the only difference being that Craven thought more of her than he did of glory. In Christian the passions had been mixed. Gustavus himself paid a compliment to Craven's valour; and of all the volunteers—Reay, Hepburn, and others—who fought for her, and for the Palatinate, Craven was animated by the purest devotion. He was entrusted by Elizabeth with the care of the fiery young Rupert, when both were taken prisoners by the Emperor. Craven paid for his freedom a ransom of £20,000. Rupert was detained for three years in mild captivity, the object being to convert him to the Church of Rome. During the dark days—days dark for the Stuarts—of the Protectorate, Craven's estates were sequestered; though they were restored to him at the Restoration; but he found means still to help his mistress. In Elizabeth's saddest hour, when she seemed to be abandoned of all men, the faithful Craven remained by her side, and he returned with her to England. There is no evidence of such a fact (indeed evidence on the subject would be very hard to procure), but history whispers that the pair were privately married. Certain it is that nothing could detach Craven from her side, and that his life and fortune—all that he had—were unceasingly and loyally devoted to her comfort and her service. In 1661 Pepys saw Elizabeth in London, "brought by my Lord Craven" to the Duke's Theatre. A Paladin of romance, Craven remains one of the noblest instances in history of a knightly, generous, unswerving devotion to a woman and her cause.

Let us now glance for a moment at the domestic relations of Elizabeth.

She had around her, in Holland, four daughters—Elizabeth, born 1618; Luise, born 1622; Henrietta Maria, born

1626; Sophia, born 1630; and her two younger sons, Edward and Philipp, were also for a time with her.

Elizabeth, the eldest daughter, was the plainest of the sisters. She was quiet, melancholy, absorbed in study. In 1636 Ladislaus of Poland proposed for Elizabeth, but she peremptorily refused to marry a Catholic Prince. Des Cartes (born 1596) was the friend, the tutor, the correspondent of this learned daughter of Frederick and of Elizabeth, who remained unmarried and ultimately became Abbess of the Protestant *Stift* of Herford, in Westphalia. She died in 1680.

Of Henrietta Maria there is no vivid record, but she married, 1651, Prince Ragoczy von Siebenbürgen.

Luise was pretty, and was lively. She was a paintress of repute in her own little circle, and seems to have loved gaiety and society.

Sophia—the ablest and most beautiful of the daughters—“one of the handsomest, the most cheerful, sensible, shrewd, accomplished of women,” says Thackeray—married, 1658, Ernst August, Bishop of Osnabrück, and brother of the Duke of Brunswick. This lady, called in our history books “the Electress Sophia,” is the direct ancestress of our present Royal Family. In 1672 her husband succeeded to the possession of Hanover, and to the Electoral dignity. In 1714, a few weeks after his mother’s death, her son, George Ludwig, succeeded Anne on the throne of Great Britain, as George I. This boorish, ungraceful prince recalled no suggestion of his bright mother, but seemed to have absorbed a terribly large infusion of the characteristics of his ungainly father. The English nation specially settled the succession on Sophia and her Protestant descendants, while passing over the claims of all her brothers and sisters.

Her brother Edward, and his brother Philipp, were sent to Paris to “finish their education,” a plan which was not

attended with happy results. They were probably glad enough to go, and to escape from the weary routine, from the intrigues, littlenesses, spites, of their mother's mock Court in Holland.

Elizabeth does not seem to have been very successful in educating or in securing the love of her children. Her daughters, Elizabeth and Sophia, voluntarily left their mother to go to Kassel or to Heidelberg. In 1645 her son Edward married Anna, daughter of the Duke of Nevers, and turned Catholic; his apostacy being doubtless a serious sorrow to his mother. Karl Ludwig wrote very angrily to his recusant brother; but the life of Edward was thereafter lived apart from the main current of the career of his family. It is certain that Edward married in Paris, where he found favour and countenance, without his mother's knowledge or consent, and that this step and his perversion were a sore surprise to her. Philipp had a quarrel in the Hague with a certain debauched *Sieur d'Epinay*; and on the day following, January 20th, 1646, Philipp, assisted by his myrmidons, killed *d'Epinay*; for which offence he had to fly Holland. In 1655 Philipp was killed at the siege of Rethel.

In 1644, the noble Luise Juliane, the generous mother-in-law of Elizabeth, died.

The conduct of Rupert and of Maurice in the Civil Wars had alienated the English Government from Elizabeth Stuart, and, to some extent, she had become an object of dislike to the nation. During the late years of the Protectorate her allowance from England seems to have been withheld.

One child only, her daughter Luise, remained to cheer the solitary mother. After some shadow of scandal, into the details of which history now vainly tries to pierce, Luise, one morning, was found to have left—to have fled from her lonely mother; but a few lines informed the distracted

Elizabeth—"I have gone to France, there to be reconciled to the true Church, and to enter a cloister." This was a heavy blow to the still fervently Protestant widow of Frederick. Luise became Abbess of Maubuisson; but hers was no austere, cloistered seclusion. She lived gaily, went to Court in Paris; and had, as Sörtl tells us, "many children." Her conversion brought with it no retirement from the world, no asceticism of the cloister.

Her last child having thus left her, Elizabeth could turn for comfort only to Lord Craven. We must now pass at a leap, and without regard to the tangle of petty events, to the peace of Westphalia, which, in 1648, virtually concluded the Thirty Years' War, and settled, among so many other things, the question of the Palatinate.

The primary cause of that memorable peace was the thorough exhaustion of the combatants, and especially of the Catholic Powers. Exhaustion only, inability to continue the conflict, could have constrained Rome, Spain, Austria, to grant toleration to German Protestants. The result of thirty years of wastefully wicked war; of a war in which oceans of blood were unnecessarily shed, and in which unspeakable human misery was caused, gave to Protestantism that for which it had contended at the beginning; and Catholic, Lutheran, Calvinist had to live together in mutual toleration, each belief holding its own as best it could in Germany. Henceforth the disciples of Loyola could not kill, oppress, or extirpate the followers of Luther or of Calvin; and worn and wasted Germany, which had been for so long the scene of civil war, the battlefield of ruin, was no more subject to the lust of Hapsburg universal dominion, or to the bloody tyranny of priestly rule.

Despite of angry protests, and of much "negotiation," Karl Ludwig could obtain no more than this—the restoration of the Lower Palatinate; while the Upper Palatinate remained annexed to Bavaria. Both Max and Karl Ludwig

were Electors ; Bavaria being the eighth electorate, and ranking above *Kurpfalz*. The spirit of Gustavus had been at work up to the close of the sad, long war. It is noticeable that the Swedes were the strongest force then left in the field with power to fight. Wrangel (with whom was associated in command, Turenne) was the last Swedish General. He entirely overran Bavaria, and, that done, no barrier stood between his victorious army and the gates of Vienna. This crowning success induced Maximilian, and compelled the Emperor, to agree, on equitable terms, to a Peace. When Max demanded an armistice, he was, at first, held at Vienna as a *Majestätsverbrecher*, or traitor guilty of high-treason ; but it was soon seen that Max had not capitulated without very sufficient cause. He wished to stipulate that the Lower Palatinate, if he had to cede it, should remain Catholic ; but to this the victors would not agree. To the last, Sweden did good service to Protestantism. When the terms of peace became known, the Catholics were furious ; the Reformers were obstinate ; but maugre all objections, necessity had dictated an enduring treaty. Maximilian of Bavaria died at Ingolstadt the 27th of September, 1651.

And so, as *Kurpfalz*, though with sadly shorn territory, Karl Ludwig, the son of the *Winterkönig*, returned to Heidelberg, and to his desolated, wasted, miserable land. Even the great Library of Heidelberg had been transported to the Vatican. Karl Ludwig married, 22nd February, 1650, Karoline, daughter of the Landgraf Wilhelm V., of Hessen. On the 10th of April, 1651, a son, Karl, was born to Karl Ludwig ; and in 1652, he became the father of a daughter, Elizabetha Charlotta. When first he resumed residence in the Old Palace of the Palatinate, his sisters Sophia and Elizabeth were with him in Heidelberg. The new Palatine's marriage was not a success. He entered into an undisguised intrigue with the *Horäulein*, or Maid

of Honour, Degenfeld, and his wife left him in indignation, and returned to her father in Kassel.

Karl Ludwig was the most hateful of the children of Frederick and Elizabeth. He withheld from his brother Rupert Rupert's inheritance. He would not allow his mother to come to Heidelberg, nor would he pay to her the money that was justly her's. He refused her her jointure, and would not give her her dower of Frankenthal. He was *karg und geizig*, mean and avaricious. There is something pathetic in Elizabeth's letters to Karl Ludwig. They express a mother's indignation at having to apply for her own to her own son, and then the sense of her necessities lends poignancy to her piteous appeals. It seems that she received 1,000 guilders a month from Holland. She writes to Karl Ludwig, August 23rd, 1655, "I do not ask you much. I pray do this for me; you will much comfort me by it, who am in so ill condition as it takes all my contentment from me. I am making my house as little as I can so that I may subsist by the little I have, till I shall be able to come to you; which since I cannot do because of my debts, which I am not able to pay, neither the new nor the old, if you do not as I desire I am sure I shall not increase. As you love me I do conjure you to give an answer."

In writing from the Hague to Prince Rupert on April 29th, year not given, she says (Bromley's Royal Letters) "The next week I hope to hear Louysa's justification against all her calumnies."

The years just preceding 1660, were times of trial for the poor ex-Queen, who found herself in sore straits and without much hope of better times. The battle of Worcester was a very real fact; the Restoration was very uncertain. The Stuarts were much dispersed over Europe. Rupert and Maurice were pursuing their adventurous careers as corsairs; and she was soon to lose Maurice, who was drowned at sea. Elizabeth's debts increased; and creditors

became pressing. She was too poor to visit Rhenen. Widowed, childless, friendless (but for Craven), and hopeless, her last years before the Restoration must have been, even to her, sorrowful and lonely.

But the Restoration came, and her nephew sat upon the throne of Great Britain. Elizabeth desired at once to return to her native land, but Charles II. urged her not to think of coming to England. His comprehensive tenderness for women did not include any fondness for an aged aunt, impecunious, unfortunate, importunate. The money that he wanted to spend upon the female sex was required for Mrs. Palmer and others of that sort. But Elizabeth was not to be deterred. She had determined to return to England, and on May 17th, 1661, she landed at Margate, and travelled on to London. Her arrival was little noticed. Her old friends were all gone, and her popularity had vanished also. She had outlived the contemporaries of her youth, and a generation had arisen that knew her not. She was slightly regarded, with an indolent curiosity, as the titular Queen of a remote country, which was all but unknown to Whitehall.

The England to which she returned was for Elizabeth a changed England. Between her youth and her age stood the great shadow of the Protectorate, and the mighty mage of Cromwell separated her brother and her nephew. Craven alone remained ever tender, ever true. She lived in Drury House, Drury Lane. From that mansion she moved to Leicester House, Leicester Square, and there, five days after her removal to the new dwelling, on February 13th, 1662, Elizabeth Stuart, dowager Electress Palatine and titular Queen of Bohemia, died.

German literature contains very many works of authority and research about the great Thirty Years' War, but no one historian has set his mark upon the subject. Germany separates in such matters more carefully than we do. She



keeps poet and historian as things apart ; we mix the two qualities and functions.

The great historian, resembling in that respect the poet or the dramatist, must, when depicting a personage, create a character. The hints of history are the equivalents of the suggestions of imagination. The historian must see clearly both outside and inside the person that he would portray, and must combine into an art-whole the complete portraiture, round and finished, of the hero or heroine of history. This task is the duty of every true historian, but it can, necessarily, be discharged but by few ; since to fulfil it satisfactorily requires qualities which nearly rival those of the poet or creator. Carlyle is the one man in the domain of history who, through many absolute creations, really fulfils the ideal requirement ; but yet another instance may be cited in Froude's picture of Mary Queen of Scots. In its higher aspects, history needs an imagination only just below that required by a great poet.

To piece out the imperfections of evidence ; to read, by insight, the motives of action and the depths of character ; to feel, by instinct, the passions that once fired a man or woman, long since dead, and but imperfectly depicted by the chronicler—these are difficulties which can only be overcome by a man of high and penetrating imagination, who possesses also a judicial power of criticism. It is given but to few to realise, with any objective force, the body, form, and presence ; the true and living images of human beings that once existed ; of times that are past. The great historian must possess a touch, at least, of the poet ; and we, in England, have been most successful in developing this ideal historian.

Elizabeth can never have been beautiful. Pepys, who may be credited with some critical judgment of female charms, saw her in Holland when he went with his patron to bring over Charles II., and records of the Queen of

Bohemia, that "she seems a very debonair, but a plain lady." Mr. Pepys hits the mark. Her pleasant, lively manner would last into her age, and the loss of youth would only render the fact plainer. Four portraits of her are known to us. The one by Honthorst, in the National Portrait Gallery, is a performance of little mark or likelihood. There are two at Hampton Court; one (No. 128) is a full length, also by Honthorst, in which she is depicted in a dark dress with a large ruff; the hair red, the face rather pointedly oval, with an expression of some shrewishness, caused, apparently, by sorrow. The mouth is thin and tightly compressed, and the expression is scarcely lovable. The other Hampton Court work (No. 765) is by Derick, a good painting, badly hung, and the *youngest* portrait of Elizabeth that is extant. The face is round, like that of James in youth, and the expression is happy. It is the Princess Elizabeth, with all life opening in hope, when the young Count Palatine has crossed the sea to woo her for his bride. Honthorst was teacher of painting to the Princess Louisa.

To the Royal Academy we owe those recent exhibitions of the works of the "Old Masters," which are the delight alike of the art critic and of the historical student. In the winter exhibition of 1880 appeared a portrait of Elizabeth (No. 127) by Mierevelt, which belongs to the highest class of portrait art, and which is the best existing portrait of the Queen of Bohemia. It was painted in Holland, and represents Elizabeth at about the middle of her career. Beneath the veneer of femininity we recognise the ignoble features of James. The modelling of every feature resembles that of her father's face. He had very protruding eyes; they are seen, softened, in this portrait. The aspect is serious; the face is painted in repose, but is full of character, and the spectator feels that he stands in the presence of the true Elizabeth. Her hair is red and the com-

plexion is opaquely white. The lips are ugly, thin, and are closely compressed. The forehead is poor and narrow. Obstinacy, rather than firmness, is expressed. The shape of the face is oval, with a somewhat pointed chin. The dress is a study of a royal costume of the period. The portrait is full length, and gives the physiognomy of the whole figure. The bearing is that of a woman accustomed to play the Queen; the hands are fine; and the totality of the being expressed agrees fully with all that we know, or can divine, of the superficial, though amiable character of the pleasure-loving but unfortunate daughter of the House of Stuart. This portrait is quite admirable and masterly. The face, in its still gravity, is not altogether lovable or attractive. You retain an impression of shrewdness and vivacity, coupled with a mean intellect, and with a calculating heart.

Elizabeth and Frederick were light, trivial characters, and were, it must be admitted, somewhat shallow weaklings; but the romance of history may still regard with a certain tender interest their lives, their loves, and their misfortunes. Behind and around their careers stands the great portent of the Thirty Years' War, with all its crowd of historical figures, with all the turmoil of its important events.

To the general public in England, the Bohemian royal couple have subsided almost into mere names, vaguely realised through the mists of a by-flown time. They were set to sink or swim in a period, and among conflicting powers that were too terrible and too powerful for their small idiosyncrasies. Hence, in part, the pathos of their story. In India, in the country in which deadly snakes do most abound, the natives walk about with bare legs; and Frederick and Elizabeth had no armour that saved them from being easily bitten by the poison of ambition and the venom of vanity. Aggression, to be successful, must be backed by mental power and by warrior prowess—they had neither. Ambition should be made of sterner stuff than

that of which they were composed. Vanity impelled them into ambition; impotence reduced them to misfortune; but they bitterly expiated their faults, and their miscalculation of their own means or of the help of others.

James, owing to weak legs, had to lean upon the shoulders of men; Frederick and Elizabeth, owing to their want of mental and physical force for great enterprises, were compelled to depend upon the help of others, and they leant upon broken reeds—as on the German Protestant Princes, the Union, James and Charles. Heavy losses and serious sorrows punished their errors and their deficient judgment; but neither duplicity nor treachery, even in such a distracted and immoral day, can be charged against them, nor can they be accused of cruelty or found guilty of tyranny. The impression that they leave, if thin, is pure. His nature, if weak, was tender; her character, though shallow, was clear. They were nobly steadfast in the faith, and they resisted the temptations of interest to deny their religion.

Frederick was, at least, a gallant, gentle, and accomplished carpet-knight. Elizabeth was graceful and gracious as Princess and as Queen. Their conjugal fidelity and true attachment render them models, as royal married lovers, in their dissolute century. They had vanity without ability, ambition without success. Their capacity, though but small, was equal to that of Ferdinand; was certainly superior to that of Philip II. Circumstance made the difference of success, and caused the revolution of their wheel of fortune. For many reasons we have thought it good to try to snatch them from a submerging oblivion, and to place on record a brief, if imperfect, picture of that English Princess who was once Queen of Hearts and Queen of Bohemia.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

### JUSTIN'S USE OF THE FOURTH GOSPEL.

THEOLOGIANs have been too much in the habit of assuming that, if they can prove that Justin was acquainted with the Fourth Gospel, it necessarily follows that he accepted it as authoritative and apostolical. In the first place, they urge, he must have known this Gospel, because he wrote his Dialogue with Trypho the Jew about 150 A.D., and we know that this Gospel was "abundantly" used—so Irenæus tells us—by the Valentinian Gnostics before 178 A.D., if not by Valentinus himself (about 140 A.D.), and Basilides (120 A.D.). Again, Ephesus is both the source of the Gospel and the scene in which the Dialogue is laid. Moreover, between 150 A.D. and 170 A.D. this Gospel was so highly esteemed by Justin's own pupil Tatian, that he placed it in his Diatessaron on a level with the three earlier Gospels; and is it likely, they ask, that a document so prized by the pupil in 150-70 A.D. should have been absolutely unknown to the master in 150 A.D.? Most important of all, Justin wrote a treatise "Against all Heresies" (*Apol. I.* 26), and among heresies he certainly (*Dial.* 35) included those of Basilides and the Valentinians, of whom he speaks as being one of four established sects; now, since Justin attacked these Valentinians, and since they appealed to the Fourth Gospel, it is said to follow conclusively that Justin also knew it and accepted it as authoritative. Apart from all this external evidence, the same conclusion is said to be demonstrated

by a coincidence of words and phrases too striking to be explained as merely accidental.

But what does all this external evidence prove? Because the Valentinian Gnostics (and possibly other earlier heretics) "abundantly" used a certain document or Tradition, does it therefore follow that the same Tradition was accepted as authoritative and apostolical by the man who assailed these heretics? Tatian, it is true, placed the Fourth Gospel in his Diatessaron; but this seems to have been after Tatian had become a heretic: at all events, Theodoret (*Haer. Fab. i. 20*) "tells us that Tatian, who is supposed to have prepared the Harmony after he became a Gnostic Encratite, 'cut away the genealogies and such other passages as show the Lord to have been born of the seed of David after the flesh.'"<sup>\*</sup> Now, just as it would be manifestly unfair to argue that Justin, because he had once been Tatian's teacher, must have approved of Tatian's "cutting away the genealogies" and other passages of similar tenor, so it is no less unfair to argue that Justin must necessarily have placed the Fourth Gospel on a level with the other three, because it was so placed, perhaps twenty years afterwards, by a former pupil, after that pupil "became a Gnostic Encratite."

Those who really wish to ascertain what Justin thought of the Fourth Gospel, must turn from this presumptive evidence to the testimony afforded by Justin's own works, and must ask how often and in what terms he quotes it; what thoughts he borrows from it; by what

\* The quotation is from Dr. Ezra Abbot's *Authorship of the Fourth Gospel*, p. 52. The Harmony of the Gospels, composed by Ephraemus Syrus and edited in a Latin translation by Moesinger (1870), was in all probability based upon Tatian's Diatessaron, although there is no internal cause for believing, and much internal cause for disbelieving, that Ephraemus omitted the Genealogies. It is probable that Ephraemus supplied the larger deficiencies of Tatian, including the Genealogies, but left unaltered minor traces of heterodoxy, such as the omission of the title "Son of David" applied to Christ.

title he mentions it; whether he classifies it with the earlier Gospels; or whether, if he distinguishes it from them, he ascribes to it superior or inferior authority. If he quotes it as often, and with the same marks of respect, as the other Gospels, we shall admit that he agreed with his Valentinian adversaries in recognising their favourite Gospels as authoritative. If he does not quote it, but if it appears that the absence of quotations can be explained because the nature of Justin's subject-matter leads him to refer solely to the Synoptists, then we must be content to draw no inference at all. But if Justin's works are shown to cover the very same ground which is occupied by the Fourth Gospel and not by the Synoptists, and if, in spite of this identity of subject, he is found seldom or never to quote it (so that even on such matters as the pre-existence and divinity of Christ he uses the most inapposite quotations from the Synoptists instead of the most apposite from the Fourth Gospel), we must then infer that he either did not know it, or did not accept it as authoritative. Subsequent evidence may prove that he was acquainted with it. Our conclusion must then be, that he did not accept its authority.\*

To Justin's works we therefore proceed, taking in order all the passages that have been alleged, with any decent show of reason, as proofs that he accepted the Fourth

\* Of course, it may still be fairly contended that Justin was eccentrically antagonistic to the general sentiment of the Church, if he rejected the Fourth Gospel; that the virulence of his hostility to the sects who "abundantly" used it, may have induced him to regard it with an unjust suspicion; or that he may have met with some inferior and corrupt shape of the Ephesian doctrine, and not with the version of that master mind which is responsible for the shape it assumed in our Gospel.

All this is matter of conjecture. But the object of the present paper is to pass by conjectures, and to demonstrate from facts that (in whatever shape he may have known the doctrine of the Fourth Gospel) firstly, there is no evidence that he regarded it as on the same level with the Synoptic Gospels; secondly, there is ample evidence that he placed it on a lower level.



Gospel as authoritative.\* It will be found that whereas Justin quotes the First Gospel fifty times, he is not even alleged to quote the Fourth Gospel more than once; that this single quotation is introduced with a preface which he never uses except to introduce Apocryphal or Traditional quotations; that in the context he apparently introduces other Traditional teaching said to come from "the Apostles," but not found in our Gospels; and that he omits from this so-called quotation words so useful for his purpose (if he had known them), that it is very improbable that he had the text of the Fourth Gospel before him, and much more probable that he was merely quoting a Tradition differently embodied in that Gospel. Reserving this unique passage for detailed consideration, we will take first those phrases which, though they are introduced without any mention of a Gospel or any signs whatever of quotation, are nevertheless held to be evidence that Justin believed the Fourth Gospel to have been written by an Apostle. They may be divided into two classes—first, those which appear to borrow thoughts; second, those which merely borrow words.

#### I. RESEMBLANCES IN THE DOCTRINE OF THE LOGOS.

First in the former class of passages come those which refer to Christ as the Logos, begotten of the Father from the beginning, and therefore existing before the Incarnation. For example, Justin says that "the Logos being made flesh became man" (*σαρκοποιηθεὶς ἄνθρωπος ἐγένετο*, *I. Apol.* 32); and elsewhere, "he existed previously and submitted to be born a man of like passions with us, having flesh" (*ποῦρπῆρχε, καὶ γεννηθῆναι ἄνθρωπος ὁμοιοπαθὴς ἡμῖν, σάρκα ἔχων . . . ὑπέμεινε*, *Dial.* 48), and elsewhere he

\* For a clear and succinct statement of these passages and the inferences derived from them, I am indebted to Dr. Ezra Abbot's *Authorship of the Fourth Gospel*, Boston, 1880.

repeats the expression *σαρκοποιηθείς* (*I. Apol.* 32, *ib.* 66), and repeatedly describes the Logos as "having become man," *ἄνθρωπος γενόμενος*, or *γέγονε*, *Dial.* 57, 68 *bis*, &c. (and see the Apologies also). Again, whereas John declares that "all things were made" by the Logos (*πάντα δι' αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο*, John i. 3), Justin similarly says that "through him God created all things," *δι' αὐτοῦ πάντα ἔκτισε* (*II. Apol.* 6, *Dial.* 56). Besides the evidence of these similarities, it is argued that "while Justin's conceptions in regard to the Logos were undoubtedly greatly affected by Philo and the Alexandrine philosophy, the doctrine of the *incarnation* of the Logos was utterly foreign to that philosophy, and could only have been derived, it would seem, from the Gospel of John;" and "since the Fathers who immediately followed Justin, as Theophilus, Irenæus, Clement, Tertullian, unquestionably founded their doctrine of the Incarnation of the Logos on the Gospel of John, the presumption is that Justin did the same."

The latter part of this reasoning will not convince any one who is not already, on other grounds, prepared to receive the Fourth Gospel as Apostolic. Before we can make such an assumption, we must first ascertain that the theory of the incarnation of the Logos could not naturally spring up in the Church from the influence of Alexandrine philosophy on Christian doctrine. It is highly probable, if not certain, that any Jew of the Alexandrine school, becoming a believer in Christ, must necessarily have accepted the doctrine of the incarnation of the Logos. As soon as the Church became convinced, with St. Paul, that Christ had been the Son of God before the incarnation, and that He was the first-born of Creation, it became necessary to acknowledge that this divine Son had not been inactive from the moment of heavenly generation till the time of the incarnation, but that He had been God's agent from the first, not only in his dealings with Israel (1 *Cor.* x. 4, "that

Rock was Christ"), but also in the Creation itself (*Heb.* i. 1, "by whom also he made the ages"). Now the divine Wisdom of God was recognised by every Jewish reader of the Scriptures—although the Alexandrine Jews laid special stress upon the doctrine—as having been "with God" at the Creation, delighting in His presence: "The Lord made me the beginning of His ways for His works. . . . Before all the hills He begetteth me. . . . When He was preparing the heavens, I was with Him, I was that in which He delighted, and I rejoiced daily in His countenance in every season" (*Proverbs* viii.). More often in the Jewish Scriptures the divine Agent is described as the "Word of the Lord," by whom the "heavens were made" and the prophets inspired. Who then can fail to see that, when the Christian disciples of St. Paul had been taught to recognise that Christ was God's Agent from the beginning, and when they combined herewith the Scriptural doctrine that the divine Agent was God's Wisdom or Word, they would inevitably be driven to say that Christ was that same Wisdom or Word, or, as the Greeks expressed it, the Logos of God, who, having been "with God" at the Creation, afterwards became incarnate on earth?

We are not left to conjecture on this point, for we find Justin (*Dial.* 61) quoting the very extract from *Proverbs* which we have given above, as being the utterance of "the Word of Wisdom, who himself is this God begotten from the Father of all, both Word and Wisdom, and Power and Glory of Him that begot him;" and he infers from it that "God has begotten from Himself a certain Logos-Power" (*δυναμὴν τινα ἐξ ἑαυτοῦ λογικὴν*) who is also called Glory of the Lord, but sometimes Son, sometimes Wisdom, sometimes Angel, sometimes God, sometimes Lord and Word; and this Logos-Power Justin asserts to have "become man" in obedience to the will of the Father. All this being perfectly clear and explicable without the inter-

vention of the Fourth Gospel, it follows that we cannot infer Justin's indebtedness to that document unless it can be shown that in his statement of the doctrine he has departed from the phraseology of the book of Proverbs and of Philo, and conformed with remarkable similarity to the thought and language of the Gospel. So far is this from being the case that, with the exception of the recognition of the fact that Christ was the Logos, Justin's theory has nothing that is peculiar to the Fourth Gospel, whereas he exhibits abundant differences; on the other hand, he will be shown to have very much in common with Philo, where Philo differs from the Gospel.

First, as regards the alleged similarities between Justin and the Gospel, it must be noted (1) that Justin, instead of using the Gospel phrase, "the Word was with (πρὸς) God," (John i. 1), prefers to use συνῆν, "lived with, conversed with," an expression more similar to that in Proverbs viii. 27, συμπαρήμην, "I was present with him;" (2) he always avoids the phrase σὰρξ ἐγένετο (John i. 14), "became flesh," and prefers ἄνθρωπος γέγονε.\* Again (3) whereas the Gospel says πάντα δι' αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο (John i. 3), "all things were made by him (the Logos)," Justin prefers the expression (II. Apol. 6), "God created and ordered (ἔκτισε καὶ ἐκόσμησε) all things by him;" † and speaks of the Logos as being (II. Apol. 6) "in the act of being generated at the time when God made all things" (γεννώμενος ὅτε

\* This divergence is explained (*Authorship*, p. 42) on the ground that Justin would naturally "prefer the term 'man' to the Hebraistic 'flesh.'" But it seems strange that, in arguing with a Jew who was proud of being a "Hebrew," he should avoid a Hebraistic phrase sanctioned by Apostolic authority, and use another phrase not found in the Proem of the Gospel, nor indeed, elsewhere, except applied to John the Baptist "ἐγένετο ἄνθρωπος" (John i. 6); nor does there seem sufficient reason why he should express the same thing elsewhere by a different word (σαρκοποιεῖν) if ἐγένετο σὰρξ had become as familiar to him as it is to us.

† But in the *Ad Græcos*, 15, there is "by whom (δι' οὗ) the heaven and earth and all creation were made (ἧ πάντα ἐγένετο κτίσις)."

ἐκτίσε).<sup>\*</sup> Be it remembered that the sole question here is, not of doctrine, but of phraseology. The doctrine that God made the world by the Logos cannot be alleged by any to be originated by the Fourth Gospel; and the only reasons for supposing that Justin borrowed it from the Gospel must be therefore based on similarities of expression. In the absence of such similarities, the hypothesis of borrowing falls to the ground.

Lastly, even though we do not accept the Epistle of Diognetus as being Justin's, we have evidence that Justin held an Alexandrine and undeveloped view of the agency of the Logos. For Bishop Lightfoot (*Colossians* i. 16) has shown that Philo, sometimes regarding the Logos as a merely passive instrument, allows himself to use the instrumental dative (ᾧ) to describe the relation of the Logos to the Creator, "which mode of speaking is not found in the New Testament." Now besides being found in the Epistle to Diognetus (ch. 7), ᾧ τοὺς οὐράνους ἐκτίσε, this Dative is also apparently found in *Dial.* 75: "If then we know that God has been revealed by him (ἐκεῖνον—for which

<sup>\*</sup> Although Professor Drummond, in his careful and valuable paper on Justin and the Fourth Gospel (*Theological Review*, April, 1877), dissents from this interpretation, which is adopted by Otto, it seems to me demanded by the Greek.

This doctrine seems to lie half-way between (1) that of Philo (I. 6), who declares that the world, regarded as perceptible to the intellect, is the Logos, apparently making the existence of the Logos simultaneous with Creation; and (2), that of the Fourth Gospel, which indicates that the Logos was co-eternal with God.

The intermediate opinion of Justin (which was also adopted by some later writers, e.g., Theophilus, *Ad Autol.* ii. 10, 22), appears to have been that, although the Logos existed in God's mind from the beginning (to express which Theophilus uses ἐνδιδότος, but Justin, less fitly, borrows συνῆν from the συμπράξιν of Proverbs viii. 2), yet God begot the Logos as a separate existence when He purposed to create the world, and contemporaneously (ἅτε) with creation. This is not, perhaps, inconsistent with the statement (*Dial.* 48, 61), that the Logos was "before the ages," just as it is not inconsistent to say that the clouds produced the lightning when they produced the thunder, and yet to say that the lightning preceded and made the thunder; but, if it were inconsistent, it would not be Justin's single inconsistency.

ἐκείνον has been unnecessarily suggested) to Abraham, Jacob, and Moses." It is also found in *I. Apol.* 59 (ὥστε λόγῳ θεοῦ γεγενῆσθαι τὸν πάντα κόσμον), "where," says Professor Drummond, "λόγῳ is most probably used in its special sense."\* Thus, even in the alleged similarities between Justin and the Evangelist, there are dissimilarities not easy to be explained on the supposition that Justin regarded the Fourth Gospel as authoritative.

Further, it can be demonstrated that Justin's whole theory of the Logos is not so developed as that of the Gospel, and approximates more closely to that of Philo. The Logos in the Gospel is the sole Mediator between God and man. But in Philo mention is made of other Logoi, Powers or Angels which are mediators and umpires (μεσίται καὶ διαιτηταὶ λόγοι, *I.* 642)†; when the three angels appeared to Abraham to predict the destruction of Sodom, one was the Logos, who "had a body-guard of two of the highest Powers" (δορυφορούμενος ὑπὸ δυνεὶν τῶν ἀνωτάτων δυνάμεων, *I.* 173); and when Isaac met God, it is asserted that he met "not God, but the Word of God" (*I.* 631); whence it is inferred that he met with "holy Words" emitted by the Supreme when directing visions that came not from Himself, but from *the Powers next to Him* (μηκέτι τὰς ἀφ' αὐτοῦ τείνων φαντασίας ἀλλὰ τὰς ἀπὸ τῶν μετ' αὐτὸν δυνάμεων). God's Powers are in earth, air, and water, but that Power which established and ordered the Universe is truly called God (*I.* 425). Elsewhere the Logos is spoken of, not as the chief of these Powers, but as the collective mass, or "fulness" of the immaterial Powers or Attributes of God (ὁ θεὸς λόγος, ὃν ἐκπεπλήρωκεν δι' ὅλων ἀσωμάτοις δυνάμεσιν αὐτὸς ὁ θεός), "the divine Word whom God himself has

\* *Theological Review*, April, 1880. But, if we accept Bishop Lightfoot's explanation of the instrumental dative, we shall be unable to regard as adequate Professor Drummond's comment that "there is here no room for advance upon the view contained in the Gospel."

† The references to Philo are to the volume and page of Mangey's edition.

filled altogether with immaterial Powers." Of all this there is no trace at all in the Fourth Gospel, but there are distinct traces in Justin. Christ is, with him, the sum of all the Logos-Power that has been from the Creation. The philosophers and all good men have had portions of the Logos (λόγος σπερματικός); but Christ is "the entire Logos" ο πᾶς λόγος (*II. Apol.* 8) or "the entire Logos-element," τὸ λογικὸν τὸ ὅλον (*ib.* 10).<sup>\*</sup> He, like Philo, asserts that the Logos appeared to Abraham (*Dial.* I. 56) "with the two angels in his company." He speaks of the Being (the Logos) who appeared to Moses in the flaming bush as a "Power" (*Dial.* 128) generated by the Father and distinct from the Father, and as "the first Power" (*I. Apol.* 32); and even claims for these Powers or Angels some kind of worship (*ib.* 6): "Both Him (God) and the Son who came from Him and taught us these things, and the host of the other good Angels that follow him and are conformed to him, and the Prophetic Spirit, we revere and worship."† This is intelligible as a remnant of the undeveloped Philonian doctrine, wherein the Logos is but the eldest and foremost of a number of Words, Angels, or Powers; but it is quite unintelligible on the supposition that Justin borrowed his Logos-theory from John.

The great difference between Philo and the Fourth Gospel is, that whereas the former regarded God as unknown and unknowable in His absolute essence, and the revelation of the Logos as inferior to that of the Supreme

\* So Philo (*I.* 122). The soul of the more perfect is nourished by the entire Logos (ἐλπὶ τῷ λόγῳ); but we should be content were we nourished by a part of it. Professor Drummond, who makes no mention of Philo's strikingly similar passage, regards this as one among several instances showing how "the clear doctrine of the Fourth Gospel is unfolded with greater amplification and precision by Justin."

But Philo, no less than Justin, recognises the cosmopolitan character of the "wise man," whose mind (*I.* 692, *II.* 661) is the "home of God."

† No other translation appears reasonable, unless the text is to be altered. See Otto's note on the subject.



Father or Maker of all, the Gospel on the other hand teaches us that we can see and know the Father in seeing and knowing the Son. Although the Son on one occasion (John xiv. 28) avows that the Father is greater than He, yet for the most part the Gospel insists rather on their identity of will and on the perfect revelation of the Father which can be conveyed to men by the Son: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father" (John xiv. 9). Justin, of course, parts company from Philo here. Yet it cannot be said that he has attained to the doctrine of the Gospel. His position is half-way between the two stages. He acknowledges the importance of the revelation conveyed by the Son, but he has not realised the necessity of speaking of it as all-sufficient, and the danger of using words which might encourage a belief that the Father had not been fully revealed by the Son, or that there are two Gods, or that one of the divine Persons is before or after the other. Hence he still imitates Philo in speaking of the Father as not only "unbegotten" (Philo, I. 173; Justin, *II. Apol.* 13), but also as "unspeakable" (ἀρρήτον, Philo, I. 580; *II. Apol.* 12). It is the peculiarity of the Supreme, says Philo—commenting on Exodus xxxiii. 23, "I am that I am"—to have no name. Even the ministering Powers do not reveal their full (κύριον) name, but still more is this true (I. 580) of Him "whose nature is to be, not to be called." Commenting on the same text, Justin says similarly (*Cohortatio ad Græcos*, 21) that "no name can be fully given (κυριολογεῖσθαι) for God." Philo says that God cannot be named because He is "older than existing things" τῶν ὄντων πρεσβύτερον (I. 580). Justin, using a similar argument, and the identical word, declares that a name cannot be given to the Father of all, for that which names is *older* (πρεσβύτερον) than that which is named. Philo (*ib.*) says that in order not to deprive men of some "appellation" (πρόσρησις) of

Himself, He revealed Himself as God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; Justin (*ib.*) similarly says that Father and God and Creator and Lord and Master are not names but "appellations" (*προσρῆσεις*). It will hardly be denied that Justin has imitated Philo here; nor is the imitation a mere matter of words. The result is to leave on the reader the impression that God is put further away from men by these two authors than by the author of the Gospel. Calling the "Father" a mere "appellation," Justin naturally does not show that preference for it which is manifest in the Gospel, and, as if to supplement its insufficiency, he frequently adds Master—"the Father of all and Master." This is alien from the character of the Fourth Gospel, which not only lays special stress on the term "Father," but also rejects the term "servants" as applied to disciples (xv. 15).

But if Justin and Philo agree in calling the Father unnameable, they also agree in attaching a long list of names to the Logos, so many indeed as somewhat to obscure His personality, and the mere mention of the names is enough to prove that the later author borrowed from the former. "Let a man," says Philo (I. 427), "strive to conform himself to God's first-born Logos, the Angel, Eldest, as it were Archangel, having many names; for he is called Beginning, and Name of God, and Logos, and *the Man according to the (Divine) Image*, and 'Israel seeing (God)'" (*καὶ ὁρῶν Ἰσραήλ*). Elsewhere he speaks of the Wisdom, or Logos, as (I. 82) "the Rock;" he also (*Confusion of Tongues*, 14) applies to the Logos the words of Zachariah vi. 12, "Behold a Man whose name is the East." Justin similarly says (*Dial.* 61) that Christ is the Beginning, Logos-Power, the glory of the Lord, Son, Wisdom, Angel, God, and Logos, and elsewhere (*Dial.* 126) he calls him "the Rock," "Israel," "Jacob," and declares that the Logos "took upon himself the *Man according to the Likeness and Image of God*" (*Ad Græcos*, 38).

Justin also thrice (*Dial.* 106, 121, 126) applies to Christ the words of Zachariah, "The East is his name." \*

Again, it has been noted by Bishop Lightfoot (*Colossians*, p. 146) that "the Christian Apostles, in speaking of Christ, preferred the title *πρωτότοκος* to *πρωτόγονος*, which, as we may infer from Philo, was the favourite term for the Alexandrians." The reasons for this preference may have been, in part, a desire to convey a Messianic allusion (which seems to have been generally understood in Ps. lxxxix. 28, *ἐγὼ πρωτότοκον θήσομαι αὐτόν*), partly perhaps to avoid a slight apparent inconsistency in "first-begotten" and "only-begotten;" but, in any case, the preference is undoubted, and *πρωτόγονος*, though common in Philo, is not found in the New Testament. Justin, however, not only calls the Logos *πρῶτον γέννημα τοῦ θεοῦ*, "the first-begotten child of God" (*I. Apol.* 21), but also uses the non-apostolic word itself (*Ib.* 58), "God the Maker and the First-begotten Christ" (*τοῦ πρωτοτόκου χριστοῦ*). Though Justin elsewhere uses the more orthodox *πρωτότοκος*, this deviation from Apostolic to Philonian usage tends—like the other Philonian imitations already enumerated—to show that the Logos-theory and vocabulary had not yet become defined.

Again, nothing is more noticeable in the Fourth Gospel than the spiritual discernment with which the statement of the Divine nature of the Son is prevented from passing into any suggestion that there are *two Gods*, or two Lords, or

\* Professor Drummond sees a similarity between Justin, *Dial.* 69, where Christ is described as "a fountain of living water," and John vii. 38, 39, and also John i. 4 ("in him was life"). But he does not mention Philo's comment (*I.* 249) on the "fountain" in Genesis ii. 6: "Even so the Word of God giveth drink to the virtues; for this (viz., the Word) is the source and fountain of good deeds." It is also remarked by Professor Drummond that Justin, like the Fourth Gospel, gives to the Logos the name of Light; but it should have been added that Philo's works are pervaded with the recognition that the visible light is the image of the invisible Light, which is "the image of God," the divine Wisdom or Logos (*I.* 7).

that one God is before or after another. The doctrine of the Gospel is, not that we adore the Son *next* to, or *after*, the Father, but that we adore the Father through, or in, the Son. But Justin, although he asserts that the Logos never did or said anything (*Dial.* 56) save what the Father willed that he should say and do, nevertheless does not disclaim the task set him by Trypho, who twice challenges him to prove that there is "another God beside the Creator of the Universe" (*Dial.* 50, ἄλλος; 55, ἕτερος). On the contrary, he undertakes to prove (*Dial.* 56) that "there is, and is said to be, another (ἕτερος) God and Lord, subject to the Maker of all," although he explains that he means "other in number, not in purpose." Herein he resembles Philo, who speaks (*Questions on Genesis* ii. 62) of "a second Deity (secundi Dei) who is the Word of God."\* And just as Philo speaks (*I.* 631) of the inferior visions of the divine nature which are not of the Supreme but of the Powers *next* to Him (τῶν μετ' αὐτὸν δυνάμεων), so Justin (*II. Apol.* 13) says "we adore the Logos *next* to God (μετὰ τὸν θεόν)," and speaks of the Logos as (*I. Apol.* 32) "the first Power *next* to (μετὰ) the Father of all," or as (*Dial.* 56) "*under* (ὑπὸ) the Maker of all." All these phrases, if not absolutely incompatible with the theology of the Fourth Gospel, seem to be at least less developed and more Philonian than the latter. And Justin's close imitation of Philo, in his account of the origination of the Logos by the Supreme, may be seen from the following identical illustration by which Philo explains the transmission of the Spirit from Moses and its division among the Seventy Elders,

\* Justin is not always consistent with himself, as might indeed be expected in the days when the Church was first feeling its way toward the reconciliation of the Philonian doctrine of the Logos with the Christian creed. For whereas he here undertakes to prove that there is "another God," he has before (*Dial.* 11) assured Trypho that "there never will be, nor was from eternity, another (ἄλλος) God, except Him who made and ordered this universe."

while Justin illustrates the emission of the Word: (1) Philo I. 266, "Do not suppose that the transmission (*ἀφαίρεσις*, *lit.* taking away) takes place in the way of severance (*κατὰ ἀποκοπήν*) and sundering, but as would happen from fire, which, even though it kindle ten thousand torches, remains in the same condition, in no respect diminished"; (2), Justin, *Dial.* 61, "He has begotten a certain Word-Power from Himself. . . . For when we emit a word, we beget a word, *not in the way of section* (*κατὰ ἀποτομήν*), so that the words in us (*i.e.*, the faculty of speech in us) should be diminished. And as, in the case of fire, we see another fire coming into existence, though that from which the kindling has taken place is not diminished but remains the same."\*

So much for the supposed similarity between the doctrine of the Logos in the Logos and the Fourth Gospel. It is not, of course, denied that Justin differed from Philo in his treatment of the Logos in all statements that bear upon the doctrine of the Incarnation, *e.g.*, *Dial.* 128. But even as to these, it has been shown that there are no grounds for assuming that Justin borrowed from the Gospel; and, as to the general doctrine, it appears that he dissents from the Gospel and agrees with the earlier author Philo.

## II. OTHER THOUGHTS APPARENTLY BORROWED BY JUSTIN FROM THE FOURTH GOSPEL.

We have shown that Justin's theory of the Logos is that which any Christian student of the school of Philo might naturally have formed, when first the Philonian doctrine was vivified by the recognition of the Incarnation of the Logos, and the identification of the Logos with the Messiah. Both in thought and in phraseology the theory

\* Professor Drummond, who makes no allusion to Philo, regards this passage of Justin as a development of the doctrine of the Fourth Gospel; but to this opinion the Philonian passage appears a sufficient answer.

of the Gospel has been shown to be a more spiritual and harmonious development than that of Justin, whose comparatively crude doctrine retains many clear traces of the thought and language of Philo. Reserving for future treatment minute similarities of language, we will now discuss three passages in which Justin appears to have borrowed thoughts from the Gospel. They are (1) the illustration of the Crucifixion by the Brazen Serpent of Moses; (2) the vindication of the non-observance of the Sabbath from the fact that the Sustainer of the world is Himself always working; (3) the mention of Abraham in connection with the pre-existence of Christ. These topics are altogether unmentioned in, and alien from, the Synoptic Gospels; and they appear so unlikely to have occurred independently to two authors, that an ordinary reader of the Bible may be pardoned for reasoning thus: "Since these three subjects are found in Justin and John, and since they could not have been derived independently by these two authors from the Old Testament, one must have borrowed from the other, and the probability is that Justin was the borrower."

We shall prove, however, that these three topics are treated by Philo (though, of course, without any reference to Christ) in such a mystical manner, and with such details, as make it probable that Justin borrowed his treatment of them either from Philo, or from some tradition of the Philonian school; and in any case it will be shown conclusively that the similarity between Justin and Philo is much greater than the similarity between Justin and the Gospel.

(1) The Serpent of Moses, in Philo, represents Temperance, and is contrasted with Eve's Serpent, which represents Pleasure. For those who are poisoned by the fangs of the Serpent of Pleasure, and thereby imbued with passion, there is no healing save through the creation of the hostile Ser-

pent Temperance, which he describes also as meaning the material expression of the gifts or graces (*χαρίτες*) of God: "If the mind, when bitten by Pleasure, *Eve's Serpent*, is able to discern with the soul the beauty of Temperance the Serpent of Moses, and, through this, God Himself, he will live" (*Allegories*, II. 20). Now the Fourth Gospel (iii. 14) merely says, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have eternal life." But Justin much more closely imitates the original in Philo by retaining the contrast between the two serpents, and in one passage expressly mentions the evil serpent in connection with Eve, as Philo does. God thereby proclaimed, he says (*Dial.* 94), "that he would break the power of the serpent which occasioned the transgression of Adam, and to those that believe on . . . him that was destined to be crucified, deliverance from the bites of the serpent, which are wicked deeds and other unrighteous acts;" again (*ib.* 100) he says that the Logos became incarnate by the Virgin "in order that the disobedience which proceeded from the serpent might receive its destruction in the same manner in which it derived its origin. For Eve, who was a virgin and undefiled, having conceived the word of the serpent, brought forth disobedience and death."

These passages afford surely no grounds for supposing that Justin imitated the Gospel. The contrast between the evil Serpent and the good Serpent being once originated by Philo, how natural for Christians sprung from the Alexandrine Jewish school to say that the good Serpent who destroyed the power of the evil Serpent was a type of Christ! It is a common saying with St. Paul that the salvation of Christ is "the gift or grace of God" vouchsafed to men. If therefore Philo had desired to prepare the way for a Christian to identify the Serpent with Christ, he could



hardly have described it better than as the "corporeal expression of the incorporeal graces of God." But it may be said that the Gospel introduces the notion of "belief," which is not contained in Philo, and that Justin must have borrowed this, at all events, from the Gospel. A closer examination, however, of Philo will show that "belief" is implied when he says that the sufferer was to "discern the beauty of Temperance, and, through this, God Himself;" and so natural is it to presume some mental act of faith in the gaze of the sufferer upon the Serpent, that Justin (*I. Apol.* 60), quoting Numb. xxi. 8 (*πᾶς ὁ δεδηγμένος, ἰδὼν αὐτὸν, ζήσεται*, "every one that hath been bitten, seeing it, shall live"), actually puts "belief" into the mouth of Moses: "It is written . . . that Moses said to the people, If ye look on this image and *believe*, ye shall be saved therein." The element of faith being therefore implied in Philo, and, indeed, necessitated by any spiritual interpretation of the incident, may be set aside in discussing the question of originality; and there remains the contrast between Eve's Serpent and the hostile Serpent, which suffices to show, if not that Justin borrowed from Philo, at all events that he approaches more closely to the Philonian traditions on this point than to the doctrine of the Fourth Gospel.\*

The next point is Justin's reference to the unceasing action of God, in defence of the Christians for not keeping the Jewish Sabbath, viz. (*Dial.* 29), "God has carried on the same administration of the Universe during

\* If Justin had accepted John iii. 14 as apostolic, he might naturally have appealed to it, on the question of *fact*, to show that this type was "not only predicted by the prophets but also taught by Jesus" (*Dial.* 48). But he makes no such appeal, and argues for the type of the serpent as being on the same footing as the types of the scape-goat and the outstretched hands of Moses. Professor Drummond,—while he admits that the use of this type "can hardly prove Justin's dependence on the Gospel, as he seized with avidity every type which a torturing exegesis could extract from the Old Testament,"—makes no mention of the previous very similar use of this type by Philo.

that day as during all others ;" and this is said (*Authorship*, p. 50, quoting Norton's *Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels*) to be "a thought so remarkable that there can be little doubt that he borrowed it from what was said by our Saviour when the Jews were enraged at his having performed a miracle on the Sabbath:—'My Father hath been working hitherto, as I am working.'" But Philo has precisely the same "thought" (I. 44). "God never ceases from making something or other, but as it is the property of fire to burn, and of snow to chill, so also is it the property of God always to be creating;" and elsewhere, speaking of the Sabbath (I. 155), "that which rests is one thing only, God. But by *rest* I do not mean inaction, since that which is by nature active, that which is the Cause of all things, can never desist from doing what is most excellent."

Moreover Justin himself declares that he is indebted for this thought to oral Tradition. For in a passage (*ib.* 23) preceding the above, introducing the same argument, "Do you see that the elements are not idle, and keep no Sabbaths?" he calls it "the divine message" "which I heard from *that man*," and going back (*ib.* 3) we find "that man" described (though not named) as an "elder of meek and venerable appearance," who accosted him in his solitude by the seashore, and who, after kindling in his heart the desire of seeking Christ through the prophets, went away and was never seen by Justin again. But it may be suggested that this "elder" is a mere fiction of Justin, and may possibly represent the Apostle St. John. Yet how improbable that an argument known by Justin to be ascribed by one of the leading Apostles to our Lord Himself in a written Gospel should be ascribed by Justin—and this, too, when arguing with an adversary who had read the Gospel (*Dial.* 10, 18)—to a casual

conversation with a nameless "elder" whom he saw but once in his life! \* Much more probably the doctrine came to Justin either from Philo's works or from some one of the school of Philo—perhaps from some nameless teacher in the very manner in which he describes.

(3) The third point is the connection between Abraham and the pre-existence of Christ as the Logos. The Fourth Gospel says (viii. 56): "Abraham your father rejoiced to see my day, and he saw, and was glad. The Jews then said to him, 'Thou art not yet fifty years old, and hast thou seen Abraham?' Jesus said to them, 'Verily I say unto you, before Abraham was, I am.'" We cannot, it is true, infer from the words of the Jews, "hast thou seen Abraham?" that Jesus meant to imply by "see my day" that Abraham had seen Him (the Logos) in a pre-existent state; for this may have been one of the misunderstandings of "the Jews" which the Author of the Fourth Gospel delights to introduce in his dialogues. But, by replying that He was "before Abraham," Jesus certainly encourages the Jews in believing that He meant that He had "seen Abraham." Thus much, at least, cannot be denied, that this passage connects Abraham with the Logos in a statement of the pre-existence of Christ before the Incarnation. Now the same two subjects are mentioned in the same connection by Justin. In answer to Trypho's challenge (*Dial.* 48) to prove that "Christ existed as God before the ages" (a challenge repeated under a different form, *ib.* 55), he undertakes to prove (*ib.* 56) that Christ, as Logos, appeared to Abraham.

Here then, undoubtedly, there is a certain similarity

\* Trypho says (*Dial.* 10) that he has taken care to read the precepts in the so-called Gospel (*τὰ ἐν τῷ λεγομένῳ εὐαγγελίῳ παραγγέλματα*), and Justin replies (*ib.* 18), "Since, Trypho, as you yourself confessed, you have read what was taught by our Saviour, I do not think I have done amiss in mentioning some of his short sayings in addition to those of the prophets."

of thought between the Gospel and Justin which requires explanation. But the explanation is that both the Gospel and Justin borrowed this tradition from Philo, or from some doctrine of Philo's school; and here, as elsewhere, Justin approaches much more closely than the Gospel to the original from which both were derived. The narrative (Gen. xviii. 2) speaks of "three men." Justin argues that one of these was the Logos with the two angels in His company, sent to judge Sodom by Another (*i.e.*, the Supreme) who ever remains in the supercelestial-regions, and who never appeared or conversed, in His own person, at any time with any one, and that this God is "distinct numerically from Him who made all things." Similarly Philo considers that one of the "three men" (Gen. xviii. 2) was the Logos, and makes mention of the two accompanying angels in a passage in which he describes the appearance as "God attended by His two highest Powers" (I. 173). Moreover, the antithesis found in Justin—"not the Creator, but the Logos"—is repeatedly insisted on in Philo (I. 631), "Isaac met, *not* God, but the Word of God, even as Abraham," and again (I. 581) "the expression, 'the Lord appeared to Abraham,' is not to be understood as though the Causer of all shone forth and manifested Himself to him, but as though one of the Powers that attend Him, viz., the Kingly Power, shone forth;" and Christ being once recognised as the Logos, it was natural that Christians should adopt the doctrine of Philo, or Philo's school, concerning the "three men" who appeared to Abraham, as a proof of the pre-existence of Christ. This application by Justin affords, therefore, no proof at all that he borrowed it from the Gospel; and, on the other hand, the antithetical way in which both Philo and Justin introduce the subject, and the mention in both of the "three men" as being the Logos accompanied by two

angels, afford strong proof that Justin is here borrowing from Philonian doctrine.\*

### III. SIMILARITIES OF LANGUAGE BETWEEN JUSTIN AND THE FOURTH GOSPEL.

Before discussing other similarities between Justin and the Fourth Gospel, a few remarks on Justin's method will be of use in preventing misunderstanding. The two treatises (if we consider the two *Apologies* as one) from which most of the following quotations will be taken, are addressed, the one (the *Apologies*) to the Roman Emperor and Senate, the other (*The Dialogue with Trypho*) to a Jew who has read the Gospel. In both there are two principal objects. The first is to show that Christ, before becoming incarnate as Jesus, pre-existed as the Logos, being begotten of God, and God. Some, he says, do not believe this; but he does not agree with them, because he gives less credence to the teaching of men than to the things predicted by the prophets and taught by Jesus (*Dial.* 48). The second is to show that Jesus is the Christ, not from his miracles, but from the prophecies fulfilled by Him, the argument running thus (*Dial.* 53): "It was predicted by Jacob and Zechariah that the Messiah should ride on an ass; the Memoirs of the Apostles relate that Jesus did thus ride; therefore Jesus was the Messiah."

This summary of one of Justin's arguments will show how far it came within his province to quote the Gospels. Quotations from them, as authoritative for *argumentative* purposes, would be useless in arguing with antagonists who did not recognise their authority. Justin can

\* Professor Drummond regards this as an instance in which an "obscure intimation of the Fourth Gospel is unfolded with greater amplification and precision by Justin;" but he makes no mention of the similar passage from Philo.

only quote them as testimony to *facts*, 1st, to show that the things "predicted by the prophets" were also "taught by Jesus"; 2nd, to show that the predictions of the prophets were fulfilled in the birth, life, sufferings, death, and resurrection of Jesus. Arguing with the Roman Emperor and Senate—who would, of course, be entirely ignorant of Christian documents and traditions—he will naturally make but a sparing use of the Gospels even as testimony to facts; but in the Dialogue with Trypho the Jew, who had read the Gospel, he may be expected to use them more freely. With this preface, we will now discuss in order the several passages alleged to prove that Justin accepted the Fourth Gospel as Apostolical.

(a) "There are some of our race," says Justin to Trypho (*Dial.* 48) "who confess that he (Jesus) is Christ, but declare him to be man, born of men; to whom I do not assent; nor would very many, agreeing with me, say (so) [οὐδ' ἂν πλείστοι πάντ' αὖ μοι δοξάσαντες εἴποιεν] since we have been commanded by Christ himself to give credence not to human teaching but to *the truths that were proclaimed by the blessed prophets and taught by him.*" It is asserted that this passage demonstrates Justin's use of the Fourth Gospel. For, "as Canon Westcott observes, 'the Synoptists do not anywhere declare Christ's pre-existence.' And where could Justin suppose himself to have found this doctrine *taught by Christ* except in the Fourth Gospel?" (Dr. Ezra Abbot, *Authorship, &c.*, p. 43).

According to this argument, if we can point to a passage where Justin asserts that Christ *revealed to His disciples that pre-existence to which the prophets bore testimony*, and where He quotes the Gospels in support of that assertion, it will follow that Justin must quote, not from the Synoptists, but from the Fourth Gospel, because "the Synoptists do not anywhere declare Christ's pre-existence." The following is such a passage (*Dial.* 100). After quoting Matt. xi. 27,

"No man knoweth the Son save the Father and those to whom the Son revealeth Him," he continues: "He therefore revealed to us all things, as many as we have also inferred (*νενοήκαμεν*) from the Scriptures by his grace, having ascertained that he was *the First-born of God, and before all creatures, and the son of the Patriarchs*—since through the Virgin, who had sprung from their race, he, being made flesh and becoming an unsightly man, endured to be dishonoured and liable to suffering." Justin proceeds first to justify one part of this statement by showing that Christ revealed Himself as the "Son of the Patriarchs through the Virgin"; this he does as follows: "Whence also in his words he (Jesus) said . . . 'The Son of man must needs suffer many things, &c.' He therefore called himself Son of man either from his birth through the Virgin (who was, as I have said, sprung from the race of David, Jacob, Isaac, and Abraham), or because, &c."\* This will appear to many a very inadequate argument of Justin's, the fact that Jesus called himself "Son of man" being quite insufficient to "reveal" that He was born of a Virgin or descended from the Patriarchs; but as the Synoptists nowhere represent Jesus as teaching this doctrine at all, Justin was forced to take the nearest approach to it that he could find. In any case, the argument, though weak, is clear. "We have ascertained from the Scriptures—i.e., the Old Testament—that Christ was to be the son of the Patriarchs, through the Virgin. But all things that we have ascertained from the Scriptures about Christ, Christ himself

\* The passage continues, "or because Abraham himself is the father also of those who have been enumerated, from whom Mary traces her descent; for also we know that the progenitors of female offspring are (considered) fathers of the children born to their daughters." Some have proposed to substitute "Adam" for "Abraham," but there is no authority for the change, and in any case there seems no doubt that Justin asserts (1) that Jesus called Himself Son of man because He sprang from the Patriarchs through the Virgin, and (2) that in thus calling Himself Son of man, He "revealed" His descent to the disciples.



*revealed to us.* Accordingly, Christ revealed to us in his words that he was the Son of the Patriarchs through the Virgin. How? By calling himself "the Son of man" in the Synoptic Gospels."

Having quoted the Synoptic Gospels in support of the assertion that Christ "revealed" His descent from the Patriarchs through the Virgin, what part of the Fourth Gospel will Justin now bring forward in order to justify the second part of his statement—viz., that Christ "revealed" that He was "the First-born of God and before all creatures"—in other words, that Christ taught His own pre-existence? Here, if anywhere, the Fourth Gospel must surely be quoted: "Before Abraham was, I am"; "I and the Father are one;" "I came forth from the Father, and have come into the world," or one of the many other passages in which the Fourth Gospel represents Jesus as teaching His Divine nature, and Eternal Sonship, from which His pre-existence follows as a necessary consequence. But instead of bringing forward any of these passages, Justin actually quotes those very Synoptists who—as Canon Westcott truly says—"do not anywhere declare Christ's pre-existence." In order to show that Christ revealed Himself as being "the First-born of God before all creatures," he can bring forward no other proof than that, first, Jesus blessed St. Peter for calling Him the Son of God; and, secondly, that He is entitled Son of God in the Memoirs. As this may seem hardly credible, it will be well to give the exact words: "For also when one of his disciples, formerly called Simon, recognised him, in accordance with the Father's revelation, as being Son of God (and) Christ, he changed his name to Peter. And whereas we find him written down in the Memoirs of his Apostles as Son of God, and whereas we call him Son, we have inferred (or understood, *νενοήκαμεν*) that he is,

and that before all creatures he came forth from the Father, &c." Here, again, the argument is as clear as it is weak. Justin wishes to quote from the "words" of Jesus some which shall show to this Jew who "has read the precepts (of Christ) in the so-called Gospel," that Jesus Himself taught His pre-existence; and he proceeds to omit that Gospel which abounds in this doctrine, and to quote from those Gospels which, by confession of our most orthodox scholars, contain no such doctrine. Why? Obviously because the Fourth Gospel, if known to him, did not seem to him to be a sufficient authority for quoting the words of Christ. Half conscious of the failure of his argument, Justin finally shifts his ground, and when at last he comes to the point—viz., that Jesus is "before all creatures, and came forth from the Father," he no longer appeals to the "words" of Christ but to inference (*νενοήκαμεν*) from the Synoptic title, "Son of God." Thus whereas he began with a promise to show that what was *inferred* from the Scriptures was *revealed* by Christ, he ends by declaring that what was *inferred* from the Scriptures may be *inferred* from an expression of Christ's. Is it possible that so complete a logical collapse could have been made by a disciple who accepted the Fourth Gospel—that rich storehouse of the doctrine of Christ's divinity and pre-existence—as an apostolic narrative written by the Disciple whom Jesus loved?

Returning, therefore, to the passage (*Dial.* 48) first quoted, wherein Justin refuses to believe that Christ is "man, born of men," and grounds his refusal on "the truths that were proclaimed by the blessed prophets and taught by him," we shall conclude that this by no means justifies us in supposing that he had the Fourth Gospel before him. It is a common-place with Justin that the same Logos who taught in Jesus, predicted in the prophets (*II. Apol.* 10), so that the predictions of the prophets are necessarily

identical in spirit with the teaching of Jesus. Hence, it being a settled belief with him that Christ *must* have taught "the truths proclaimed by the prophets," he is ready to strain each word of the Synoptic Memoirs to the uttermost so as to extract from them the essence of some prophecy; and as he believes that the prophets taught the pre-existence of Christ, he is bound to believe that "Christ taught" the same doctrine—and this even at the cost of arguing that "Son of man" implies "descended from the Patriarchs through the Virgin," and that "Son of God" implies "born before all created things."\*

(b) The following passage (*Dial.* 103) is quoted as showing that Justin refers to the Fourth Gospel as "Memoirs," his customary title for the Gospels:—"For that he was the 'only-begotten' of the Father of all, having been begotten by Him in a peculiar manner as His Logos and Power, and having afterwards become man

\* It has been urged that from the non-quotation of the Fourth Gospel we can infer no more than from the non-quotation of the Apocalypse, which was recognised by Justin as written by John the Apostle (*Dial.* 81), and which calls Christ "the Word," "the beginning of the creation of God," "the first and the last and the living one" (Rev. xix. 13; iii. 14; i. 17). But (1) Trypho had "read the precepts of Christ in the so-called Gospel," so that Justin might more naturally quote any works that were current in the Church under this title of "Gospel"! The Apocalypse, on the other hand, Trypho appears not to have read. It is at all events introduced by Justin, merely to show the currency of a belief in the millennium, as being written by "a certain man among us whose name was John, one of the Apostles of Christ" (*Dial.* 81), and Dr. Ezra Abbot himself admits that "he (John) is here introduced to Trypho as a stranger." (2) Justin is here attempting to prove that "Christ taught" His pre-existence. The passages in the Apocalypse might suffice as a proof of doctrine current in the Church; but they could not prove anything to Trypho as to Christ's teaching.

Again, if the Fourth Gospel in these times stood on as high a level as the Synoptic Gospels, it is not clear why Justin should assume that Trypho, who had "read the precepts of Christ in the so-called Gospel," had not read the Gospel written by "the disciples whom Jesus loved;" so that he feels it necessary here to introduce John to Trypho, not as "the author of one of the Gospels, which you, Trypho, have read," but as a "stranger."

through the Virgin, as we learned from the Memoirs, I showed before."

Justin has been previously quoting from the 22nd Psalm the words, "Deliver my soul from the sword, and my Only-begotten from the hand of the dog," and he now desires to show, in accordance with his usual method, that what was "predicted by the prophets" was "taught by Christ," or else fulfilled in His life. Now if Justin had recognised the Fourth Gospel as one of the Memoirs, he might have appealed to it thus: "For also in his words Jesus said, speaking of himself, God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whoso believeth in Him should not perish" (John iii. 16), or to another passage (*ib.* 18), in which Jesus appropriates this epithet. But as he did not thus recognise the Fourth Gospel, instead of appealing to it, he appeals to a preceding chapter, in which he says he has proved that Christ was the "Only-begotten." This preceding chapter is almost certainly the one quoted above (*a*), where Justin (*Dial.* 100) declares that Jesus revealed Himself "in his words" to have been Son of the Patriarchs, by calling Himself "Son of man," and also revealed Himself to be "the First-born of God and before all creatures" by blessing St. Peter for calling Him "the Son of the Living God." But as we have seen above, both these statements are supported by reference to the Synoptists, nor is there in the context any reference whatever to the Fourth Gospel.

Therefore, so far from supporting the view that Justin used the Fourth Gospel, this passage has the opposite tendency. It shows that the omission to quote the Fourth Gospel in proof of the eternal Sonship of Christ was not an oversight in chapter 100; for now, in chapter 105, recurring to the same subject, he has no

better proof to give than before, and though the epithet "only-begotten" of the Psalmist appears absolutely to necessitate a reference to the only Gospel which contains it, still that Gospel remains ignored.

Lastly, let it be noted that here, as above, Justin is reduced, by his avoidance of the Fourth Gospel, to a proof from inference when the Gospel could have given him a proof from the very words of Jesus. The main burden of *proof* lying on the Old Testament, and the Memoirs being only quoted to show the conformity of the acts and words of Jesus thereto, Trypho could have accepted the "words of Jesus" about His own nature quite as readily as a statement in the Memoirs about Him. There can be therefore no reason why—instead of proving indirectly that Jesus was "only-begotten" by referring to a previous proof showing him to have been "begotten in a peculiar manner"—he should not have proved it directly by quoting the words of Jesus about Himself. In chapter 100, he quotes to Trypho the words of Jesus about Himself extracted from the Synoptists, and strains their meaning to make them suit the words of prophecy: why should he not in the same way, without any straining, have quoted the words of Jesus about Himself extracted from the Fourth Gospel? The argument could then have run thus: "The Psalmist, speaking of Christ, says, Deliver my soul from the sword and my only-begotten from the hand of the dog. But that Jesus taught his disciples that he was the only-begotten we know from the Memoirs, wherein it is written that he himself said, speaking of himself, God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whoso believeth in him should not perish." From Justin's point of view, could there have been a more complete proof that "what the prophets predicted Jesus taught"? And does not this omission, like others, tend to show that Justin, while

sympathising with some of the traditions embodied in the Fourth Gospel, was not aware of the existence of it as an Apostolic document?\*

The other instances of similarity of language, and the unique quotation alleged to have been made by Justin from the Fourth Gospel, must be reserved for subsequent discussion.

*(To be continued.)*

\* Whatever be the rendering of this passage, the argument from the omission to quote John iii. 16 remains unaltered. But it is possible that the passage should be punctuated thus: "That he was the 'only-begotten' of the Father of all, having been begotten by Him in a peculiar manner as His Logos and Power—and (only) afterwards having become man through the Virgin, as we learned from the Memoirs—I showed before." Should this punctuation be adopted, it would follow that the Memoirs are referred to only for the proof of the birth through the Virgin; and all grounds would disappear for supposing that by Memoirs Justin meant the Fourth Gospel.

### *THE TEMPLE OF SORROW.\**

THE Minster glory lies engulfed in gloom,  
With mournful music throbbing deep and low,  
And all the jewelled joy within her eyes  
Slumbers suffused ; the saint, the warrior  
On tomb recumbent, kneeling panoplied,  
Blend far away mysterious presences  
With a wide-seething multitude, alive  
Through all the pillared grandeur of the nave,  
A human sea ; the gorgeous full pomp  
Of civil, militant, imperial pride,  
And sacerdotal splendour, cloth of gold,  
Chalice bejewelled, silks imbued with morn  
Flow in blue twilight of a perfumed air,  
Flow flashing into momentary gleam  
By altar and shrine, for lustre of the lamps,  
Silver and gold suspended, or mild shine  
Of tall white wax around a central Night  
In the mid-transept : there the Catafalque,  
The Shadow dominates, reigns paramount  
O'er all the temple ; 'tis the hollow Heart,  
Dispensing Darkness through the frame supine  
Of that colossal Cross, which is the Fane.  
The huge vault under yawneth, a deep wound,  
Filled full with Horror ; Death abideth there :  
Aye, with our lost Ideals, our lost Loves,

\* Suggested by the funeral of some of the poorer victims of the recent great fire in the Ring Theatre, Vienna, when to their relatives, as chief mourners, was allotted the post of honour in the Cathedral.



Baffled Aim, palsied Faith, Hope atrophied !  
All the circumfluent glory-glow of Life  
Mere tributary to the awful throne  
Of this dread Power ; all cast their crowns before It.  
Yea, as blithe waters from the abysmal womb  
Of caverned Earth dance buoyant into Day,  
So here from fountains of primeval Night  
In very deed Life seemeth effluent.

And some there be most honoured in the crowd,  
For whom illustrious prince, with emperor  
And noble stand obeisantly aside.  
Who are they ? for they wear no bravery,  
Nor badge of high estate within the realm,  
Whose garb uncourtly sombre shows and mean.  
No confident bearing, claiming deference,  
As of right full conceded, suns itself  
Proudly on these ; we judge them of the herd  
Of rugged toilers, whom the stroke of Fate  
Despoils of floral honours and green leaves,  
Fells for rough use, not leaves for leisured grace,  
Or putting forth the loveliest that is theirs.  
Lowly their port, whose dull and earthward eyes,  
Heavy with weeping, droop beneath rude brows,  
Whose light is with their heart, quenched in the abyss  
That holds their best beloved, torn from them  
In fierce embraces of devouring fire ;  
Whose souls were so inextricably involved  
With these that perished, in the ghastly fall  
They too were wrenched low from the living light  
Of placid, self-possessed familiar day  
Down to a desolate disconsolate wild,  
Haunt of grim Madness, hollow Doubt, Despair :  
Only the dead, more happy, seem to glide  
Lower to nether caverns of cool sleep.

Grief is their patent of nobility;  
Sorrow the charter of their right to honour.  
Smitten to earth, behold them cowering,  
Mocked, buffeted, spurned, spat upon, effaced  
Under the blood-red executioner,  
Whom some name Nature, and some God, the Lord.  
These do but threaten feebly with a mouth  
Or hand, more feeble than a delicate beast,  
Lashed for hell-torment by a learned man,  
Lashed for hell-torment in the torture-trough;  
The unregarded Sudras of the world,  
Bleeding to slow death from an inward wound,  
Deep and immedicable evermore.

To these the proud and prosperous of earth  
Pay reverent homage! it is marvellous!  
And yet no marvel! such fate-stricken men  
Are armed, and robed imperially with awe!  
Who flame sublime to momentary wrath,  
Peal with mad mirth, then grovel impotent;  
Who affirm not their own selves, who falter lost,  
Like foam blown inland on the whirlwind's wing  
From ocean, there dissolving tremulous  
Where kindred foam evanished only now,  
So they in the lapsed being of their dead.  
They are one with these they cherished and adored,  
Not separate, individual any more:  
Liegues are they of Sorrow, pale crowned Queen  
Over man's miserable mad universe.

What might have been fair Body grows to Soul:  
From false-appearing palace halls of sense  
They are delivered, into mournful worlds  
Of Peradventures all unfathomable,  
Forebodings infinite, wild hope, surmise,  
Faith, Love, sweet longing; yea, they are disturbed

From dull content with earth's inanities  
By revelation of what hollow hearts,  
And loathly shapes they hide ; afire with thirst,  
Now will they sound the eternal deeps within  
For living water, clouded and disused,  
Cumbered with ruin ; their dull eyes are roused  
From low rank plains to interrogate the height  
Of perilous attainment, or endeavour,  
Where snows hold high communion with stars,  
Where from aerial eyrie sails the eagle,  
Calm in clear air, familiar with Heaven.  
They are made free of God's eternal spirit,  
Ever abounding, inexhaustible ;  
Consumed, that they themselves may truly be.

Behold ! the Minster cruciform and grand,  
Grows human, more than human, as I muse,  
The Holy House of Life, the Crucified !  
What seems the World, the Body of the Lord !  
Expanded arms, and frame pulsate with blood,  
Close-thronging individual lives ; His Heart,  
Death, haloed with pale anguish and desire.  
Even so the Sun eclipsed, a sable sphere,  
Is ringed around with his corona flame,  
Wherein appear weird members of red fire.  
But as the Sun behind this ominous orb,  
That is the spectral shadow of our moon,  
Smiles evermore beneficent, so Love  
Veils Him in gloom sepulchral for awhile,  
That we who sound the abysses of Despair  
May weave pure pearls, Her awful bosom hides,  
Into a coronal for our pale brows,  
And He Himself, descending to the deep,  
Bearing our burden, may win lovelier grace  
Of Love's own tears, which are the gems of God.

Ever the plangent ocean of low sound  
Fills all with midnight, overwhelms my heart.  
Lit tapers faint around the Catafalque,  
And fair-wrought lamp in sanctuary and shrine.  
The wan expanse seems labouring confused  
With what feels like some glutinous chill mist,  
Close cobweb-woof; the great Cathedral quakes,  
As from sick earthquake throes; the pillars tall  
Heave, like huge forest-peers, that agonize  
In tides of roaring tempest; will the pile  
Vanish anon to assume an alien form?  
For all the pillars hurtle aloft to flame  
Flamboyant, cloven, pallid, while the roof  
Reels riven; yet there is not any sound.  
Lo! every Christ on every crucifix  
Glares with the swordblade glare of Antichrist!  
While on the immense-hewn flanking masonry,  
Scrawled, as by finger supernatural,  
As in Belshazzar's banquet-hall of old,  
Behold the "*mene! mene!*" but the realm  
Divided is the royal realm, the soul!  
The guilty soul, ingorged by the dim fiend  
Of loathsome, limbless bulk, Insanity!  
In dusk recesses how the shadows wax  
Palpable, till they palpitate obscene,  
Clinging, half-severed; our sick souls are ware  
Of some live Leprosy, that heaves and breathes  
Audibly in the impenetrable gloom.

Hear ye the moans of muffled agony  
By yonder altars of the infernal aisle?  
Marmoreal pavements slippery with blood!  
While all the ghastly-lit ensanguined space  
Quickening teems with foul abnormal births;  
Corpse faces scowling, wound about with shrouds,

Sniffing thick orgy fumes of cruelty,  
Steal out, or slink behind in the shamed air.  
Vast arteries of the dilating pile  
Pulsate with ever denser atom-lives  
Unhappy ; do mine eyes indeed behold  
Those holy innocents, whom she of yore,  
The Voice in Ramah, wept so bitterly,  
Rachael, sweet spirit-mother of their race ?  
They are holy innocents of many a clime,  
And many a time, some murdered yesterday,  
And some still languishing in present pain :  
Dumb women, with marred faces eloquent,  
Hold their wan hands ; while all around, beneath,  
Among their feet, what seems a harried crowd  
Of gentle beings, who are man's meek friends.  
They in the reeking shadow yonder fawn  
Upon dyed knees of things in human shape,  
All hell's heat smouldering in lurid eyes,  
And Cain's ensanguined brand upon their brow,  
Who on Christ-altars, prostitute to sin,  
Offer these innocents to fiends whose names,  
Obsequious to the inconstant moods of man,  
Vary elusive, and deluding ; now  
They are called Moloch, Baal, Ashtaroath,  
Hatred, Revenge, War, Lust, Greed, Might-is-Right,  
Now Church, the Truth, the Virgin, or the Christ,  
But in a later time Expediency,  
Weal of Man, Nature, Lust of Curious Lore.  
The accurst oblation of fair alien lives,  
None of their own, they pour to satiate  
The hydra-headed, demon brood obscene.  
These are devoured with ever subtler pangs  
Cunningly heightened, fuelled, nursed, prolonged  
By cold, harsh hearts, one adamant to woe,  
Or cruel, infamous appetite of pain.

Ay, and of horrors loathlier than these  
The verse dares name not, thrust on beautiful  
Maidens and babes defenceless, of such feasts  
The God-deserted souls are gluttonous—  
All Nature pales at Satan's carnival!

Who are the lost souls? Legion is their name.  
Noble, pope, cardinal, king, refuse vile  
Of crime-infested cities. I beheld  
Borgia, Caligula, Napoleon,  
Marat, De Retz, and he that did to death  
The royal child, who heard the angels call  
Him home, soft singing, dying, ere he died.  
And some are here who cumber earth to-day  
Flesh-girt; their name shall not profane the page.  
There go seducers, they who lightly break  
Warm simple hearts who trust them; there are some  
Who wither women slowly with harsh looks,  
Ill words, or blows, inflamed, obsessed by fiends,  
Wearing the semblance of a flask of fire.  
Yonder fair dames white-bodied and dusk-souled!  
Mothers, we find, who can withhold unshamed  
The high and holy dues, that all beside  
Of animated nature punctually,  
With rapturous devotion, consecrates,  
The dear debt to the fruit of our own womb,  
What strength owes to dependent feebleness,  
Reason full-orbed to shyly-opening sense,  
Confided and confiding: even now  
Their mothers gave themselves for these, and God  
Bestows Himself on every living thing  
For ever: these will starve, or drown their babes,  
Enthral them to a ghastlier than death,  
That he may work on them his loathly will,  
Corrupting soul and body. Drop the veil!

All here, foul traitors ! all betrayed the trust  
Nature imposed, while only dyed less deep,  
Who, passing, drawled, " Am I my brother's keeper?"

White victims, immolated for the world !  
Ye tyrants, ye alone are miserable !  
For whom Hate hath left loving, though a beast,  
Is nearer God than you, removed from Him  
By all the hierarchies of all worlds !  
But these have fallen to abysses of pain,  
And you to sloughs of inmost infamy,  
That all the spheres may learn for evermore  
The treachery of sweet ways that are not Love.  
Yet if some God be lingering in you,  
Your own eternal selves consenting not,  
(Which are by lapse, and by recovery)  
Touching the lowest deep ye shall recoil !  
When in the furnace heated sevenfold  
More than the wont, fierce furnace of God's wrath,  
Blasted ye shrivel, your inhuman pride  
Stern, stubborn metal swooning to weak air  
In the white heat of Love's intolerable,  
Ah ! then will not the innocence ye wronged,  
Leaving her own bliss for you, fly from heaven  
To heal you by forgiveness? May it be !

Yea, there are fleeting gleams from the All-fair,  
Playing of children, larks, and lovers gay,  
Beautiful image, grand heroic deed,  
Cheery content ; but ah ! the grim World-woe  
Absorbs all vision, overwhelms the heart !  
A few, with seraph pity in clear eyes,  
And flashing sword retributive unsheathed,  
Sore-pressed and wounded, wrestle with the foe,  
Defeated, slain, delivering ; while aloft



We seize anon some glimpses of august,  
Benignant countenances, with white wings,  
As of Heaven's host invisible drawn up  
For battle ; but I know not who prevail.  
A few pale stars in chasms of wild storm !  
Aliens, alas ! no potentates of ours.  
We are in the power of Darkness and Dismay,  
Anguishing God-forsaken on the cross !  
Yea, sons of Belial with jaunty jeer  
Ask where Thou hidest, Lord ! the Avenger ! God !  
Devils a priestly scare to them, who know not  
Devils allure them blind into the pit.  
Could they but hear low ghastly mirth convulse  
Shadowy flanks of these live Plagues in air !

Mine eyeballs seared with horror, and my heart  
One writhing flame, I prayed that I might die,  
And lay me down to sleep with *him* for ever !  
A sevenfold darkness weighs upon my soul :  
I hear no groans, no music ; all is still,  
Even as the grave : one whispers of the Dawn :  
Once I surmised the morning gray, not now :  
Nor in the chancel, whose wide wakeful orb,  
Solemnly waiting, ever fronts the East,  
Nor in the cold clerestories of the nave.  
One whispers of the lark ; I hear no bird.  
And yet I know the seraph eyes of Dawn  
Find in her last, lone hollow the veiled Night.

Hearken ! a long, low toll appals the gloom !  
Like a slow welling blood from a death wound  
In the world's heart, that never will be staunched,  
Crimsoning the void with waste expense of pain !  
Another, and another, vibrating !  
A phantom bell tolls in the abysmal dark

The funeral of all living things that be.  
I, turning toward the Catafalque, desire,  
Plunging within the gulf, to be no more. . . .

When, lo! some touch as of a healing hand.  
For while I knew the mourners only saw  
Flowers on fair corpses and closed coffin-lid,  
I grew aware of souls regenerate  
Afar, sweet spirits raimented in white,  
Who leaned above the Terror with calm eyes;  
And for a moment their purged vision cleared  
Earth-humours from mine own, till I beheld  
No deadly Dark—a lake of living Light,  
A mystic sphere, the Apocalyptic main!  
Heaving with happiness that breathes, a home  
For all dear spirits of the faded flowers  
Outrageous men have pulled and thrown away;  
Clouds in blue air reflected in a mere,  
Or roseflush in roseopal, a shy dawn  
In lakes at morning, so the souls appeared.

My little children, do I find you here?  
All here! Among you smiles our very own.  
Each little one hath, nestled in his bosom,  
A delicate bird, or elfin animal.  
White-clustered lilies, beautiful as morn,  
In wayward luxury of love's own light  
Eddying, abandoned to love-liberty!  
Joy-pulses of young hearts unsulliable  
Weave warbling music, a low lullaby.  
I fancy they have syllabled a song:

We are fain, are fain,  
Of mortal pain,  
We are fain of heavenly sorrow,

As a gentle rain,  
She will sustain,  
Wait only till "to-morrow!"

Among death-pearls  
Of dewy curls,  
O little ones in anguish!  
The Lord hath kissed,  
I would ye wist  
For all the world ye languish!

The loveless world  
Lies love-impearled  
From innocence weeping;  
Wan wings be furled,  
And you lie curled  
In Love's warm haven sleeping.

For when ye know  
What glories flow  
For all from childly sorrow,  
A flower will blow  
From your wan woe  
Within the wounded furrow.

We are fain, are fain  
Of mortal pain,  
We are fain of heavenly sorrow;  
As a gentle rain  
She will sustain,  
Wait only till to-morrow.

So pure, pellucid fays enjoy the calm  
Of summer seas, and woven waterlights  
In faëry cavern, where the emerald heart  
Lies heaving, or blue sheen on a warm wave.

And ye are fair surrounded with lost Love,  
Celestial Vision, vanished Hope, Desire,  
Lovelier recovered, gloriously fulfilled  
With a Divine fulfilment, more than ours.

There, in the midst, the likeness of a Lamb,  
That had been slain, whose passion heals our hurt,  
Wearing a thorn crown, breathing into bloom !  
Lo ! if ye listen intently by the light,  
Ye hear a winnowing of angel wings,  
Nearing, or waning : while from far away,  
I'the Heart of all, what revelation falls ? . . . .  
A sound, oh marvel ! like a sound of tears !

Pain ever deepens with the deepening life,  
Though fair Love modulate the whole to joy.  
A myriad darkling points of dolorous gloom  
Startle to live light ; subtle infinite nerves  
Of world-wide Anguish glow, a noonlit leaf.

All vanish : there is dawn within the fane ;  
Born slowly from the wan reluctant gloom  
Conquering emerges a grand Cross of Gold,  
And all the nations range around serene.

RODEN NOEL.

## NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS.

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### THE LAW OF PARSIMONY AND THE ARGUMENT OF DESIGN.

IN a Review of Dr. Roux's work on *The Struggle of Parts in the Organism*, which appeared in *Nature* a short time back, Dr. Romanes refers to the problem presented "by the endless number and complex variety of apparently purposive adaptations of structures to functions which are everywhere met with in Organic Nature," and proceeds to say:—

"Until within the last few years the solution of this problem was all but universally sought in the hypothesis of a Designing Mind, and as no other cause had been suggested as adequate to produce such a multitude of seemingly teleological effects, it became a habit of philosophical thinking to regard these effects as evidences of a Creating Intelligence." This tendency "attained to its highest level in the Argument from Design, as elaborated by the natural theologians of the past generation. Then, with a suddenness only less surprising than its completeness, the end came; the fountains of this great deep were broken up by the power of one man; and never in the history of thought has a change been effected of a comparable magnitude or importance."\*

This led first to a controversy in the pages of *Nature*, in which the Duke of Argyll and Dr. Carpenter took part; and then to the publication, in the *Fortnightly Review*, of an article by Dr. Romanes on "The Scientific Evidence of Organic Evolution," in the course of which, and elsewhere, he lays down the following propositions:—

1. Innumerable illustrations of the adaptations of organisms to their environment occur in Nature.

2. There are *only* two hypotheses to account for these phenomena—Intelligent Design manifested in Creation, or Natural Selection operating through the countless ages of the past.

\* *Nature*, September 29, 1881.

3. Either of these hypotheses accounts for all the facts of the case.

4. By the law of Parsimony the operation of lower causes, excludes the operation of higher causes. Hence, if physical causes are deemed adequate, there is no residual effect to be carried over to metaphysical design.

5. To affirm that there is, is to be guilty of childishness, of the prostitution of the rational faculty, of superstition, of fetishism.

Now, if all these premises are true, and if the law of Parsimony is properly applied in this case, I contend that the logical force of the reasoning is irresistible, and that the denunciation of the Argument of Design as superstition is just. Unfortunately, however, during the last twelve months and more, Dr. Romanes has denied every one of his premises except the fact of adaptation in Nature; he has resisted his own conclusions; he has deprecated his own anathemas.

In the first place, he has deprecated his own anathemas, when issuing from the lips of others. In a Review of Dr. Aveling's *Student's Darwin*, he takes Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant to task thus:—

“Several months ago we reviewed the first volume of this series, and now, in reviewing the second, we are still of opinion that the promoters of the series are mistaken, so far as they may have the interests of science at heart, in associating their endeavours to render science popular with their systematic onslaught against theistic beliefs.”\*

But, surely, if it be “childish to rush into a supernatural explanation wherever a natural explanation is found sufficient to account for the fact”; † and if a natural explanation is possible in the case before us; if it be “a very prostitution of the rational faculty” to say that the phenomena of Nature may be accounted for by Intelligent Design as well as by Natural Selection; if, by neglecting the law of Parsimony, “we use the logic of Superstition instead of the logic of Science;” if “natural theologians can no longer adhere to the arguments of such writers as Paley, Bell, and Chalmers, without deliberately violating the only logical principle which separates Science from Fetishism” (p. 743), ought not these things to be denounced? Why should the warning voice be withheld? Can the interests of science be promoted by such silence?

\* *Nature*, September 8, 1881.

† *Fortnightly Review*, Dec., 1881, p. 741.

As the result of the application of the law of Parsimony, Dr. Romanes asserts that the theory of Natural Selection excludes the theory of Design in Nature. If the material universe is sufficient to produce all things which we see without and experience within, then, so far as Nature is concerned, the idea of God is excluded. Mr. Leifchild says:—

“By Naturalism I mean the explanation of Nature by natural causes entirely, or nearly so. It looks at things only, and always on their natural side; and though it may not absolutely exclude the name or idea of God, makes little or no use of it. Thus Nature, which is merely a summary expression for a scheme of things to be explained, itself becomes the general explanation of all its special phenomena. Strict Naturalism is, therefore, equivalent to Atheism; but the latter term is courteously disused. Of course there are degrees and differences in Naturalism; but strict Naturalism dispenses with Personal Deity.”\*

But rather than draw this inference, Dr. Romanes throws the law of Parsimony to the winds. From this denial as a scientific man he shrinks, because it is not the function of Natural Science to deal with such a subject at all. “In itself Science has no necessary relation to any such (*i.e.*, theistic) belief. It is neither theistic nor atheistic; it is simply extra-theistic.”†

The effect of Dr. Romanes' argument is to charge the advocates of the Design Argument with childishness, with prostitution of the rational faculty, with superstition, with fetishism; and yet in another place he admits the difference between himself and them to be a legitimate difference.

“The question is, whether the new light which science has shed on biology by the theory of descent is compatible with the older theory of design, and, if so, to what extent. It is useless in these columns to discuss this question, because it is one upon which opinions differ, and may legitimately differ through all points of the intellectual compass.”‡

The argument which we are considering depends altogether upon the sufficiency of the theory of Natural Selection to explain all the phenomena. “As all these cases of apparent design consist only in the adaptation which is shown by organisms to their environment, it is obvious that the facts are covered by the theory of Natural Selection no less completely than they are

\* *The Higher Ministry of Nature*, p. 341. Note.

† *Nature*, Sept. 8, 1881.

‡ *Nature*, May 5, 1881.



covered by the theory of Intelligent Design" (p. 741). "The evidence in favour of Natural Selection as a cause is simply the evidence in favour of organic Evolution as an effect" (p. 742). But elsewhere Dr. Romanes says:— . . . "It soon became apparent that Natural Selection alone was not adequate to explain all the facts of adaptation that are met with in organic Nature. . . . Many cases of adaptation which occur in the parts of individual organisms cannot possibly be explained by the theory of Natural Selection as this is applied to explain cases of adaptation which are presented by specific types."\*

"Even Mr. Darwin himself does not doubt that other causes besides that of Natural Selection have assisted in the modifying of specific types" (p. 743). Yet in this article, "written to be spoken rather than printed," Dr. Romanes says:—"For the sake of simplicity I shall not go into this subject." He must have relied greatly on the simplicity of his former hearers and present readers. His whole argument depends upon the sufficiency of Natural Selection to explain all. He admits that it does not explain all; but, for the sake of simplicity, will take for granted that it does, or rather argue as though it did.

Nor can Dr. Romanes be considered happy even in the phrase which he uses to convey the idea of the sufficiency of Natural Selection. "Let us then weigh the evidence in favour of organic Evolution. If we find it wanting we need have no complaints to make of natural theologians of to-day; but if we find it full measure shaken down and running over we ought to maintain that natural theologians can no longer adhere to the arguments of such writers as Paley, Bell, and Chalmers, without deliberately violating the only logical principle which separates Science from Fetishism" (p. 743). In the Quarterly Statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund (October, 1881, p. 325) Dr. Romanes will find a description of the process to which he refers—how the professional measurer uses his wooden *timneh*; how, seated cross-legged on the ground, he shovels in wheat or barley till it is partly full, then shakes it from side to side, and twirls it round, repeating the process till it is full to the brim, when the corn is firmly pressed down and the measurer proceeds to build a cone of corn on the well-filled *timneh*. difference of 3lb. weight, involving a loss of 6 per cent. to the purchaser, can be made by the skilful operator. But this is cunning manipulation, not accurate measurement; and the writer

\* *Nature*, Sept. 29, 1881.

who passes off Natural Selection as accounting for *all* the facts of the case, and rears thereon a most damaging argument, while elsewhere he admits that the theory will not explain all things, has built his cone very cunningly, and I have no doubt very innocently, but not so carefully that from the apex of it he is justified in denouncing the fetishism of Paley, Bell, and Chalmers.

Dr. Romanes asserts that there are only two possible hypotheses to account for the phenomena of Nature; one of these being, "Intelligent Design manifested in Creation" (p. 742). He defines "*created*," as "*suddenly* introduced into the complex conditions of their life." Thus, the whole question between Natural Selection and Supernatural Design resolves itself into this: Were all the species of plants and animals separately created, or were they slowly evolved?

Any candid reader of the passage (p. 742-3) must admit that "Intelligent" and "Supernatural" are used as interchangeable terms, and that we have to choose between sudden creation by an Intelligent Being on the one hand, and gradual development without an Intelligent Being on the other. So far as the article in the *Fortnightly* is a refutation of this exploded idea, all must heartily agree with it who are at all conversant with the subject. The evidence is simply overwhelming. The structural affinities of related organisms, the modification of structure in cases which need such modification, the dwarfed and useless representatives of organs which, in other and allied kinds of animals and plants, are of large size and functional activity, the fossil remains which are intermediate links between species now living, the progressive development to which geology bears testimony, the geographical distribution of animals and plants; and last, but certainly not least, the series of changes undergone by the embryo previous to its birth—all these leave upon the mind an indelible impression that the doctrine of the sudden creation of the fully-developed plant or animal, completely adapted to the circumstances in which it was placed by the contriving intelligence of the Creator, is no longer tenable. Hence if the doctrine of Sudden Creation be untenable, and if this be the only form of conceiving the action of Intelligent Design in Nature, then we are compelled to deny the existence of Intelligent Design there. But Dr. Romanes comes, himself, to the rescue. We may, if we please, according to him, believe in ultimate Design. "Whether or not, there is an ultimate design pervading all Nature—

a *causa causarum*, which is the final *raison d'être* of the cosmos—this is another question, and one which I take to have no point of legitimate contact with Natural Science" (p. 737, Note).

Again, Dr. Romanes emphatically assures us that it is only sudden creation which the doctrine of evolution positively condemns:—"The name (evolutionist) therefore has no direct reference to any ulterior belief or opinion as to whether behind the natural causes producing evolution there is any supernatural design, provided only that this design is not supposed to display itself by breaking out into miracles or interference with these natural causes."\*

In the third place, it should be observed that while Dr. Romanes defines creation with emphasis, as a sudden operation, he also recognises the possibility of a creation which takes place by slow processes. "The best idea of the whole process will be gained by comparing it with the closely analogous process whereby gardeners and cattle breeders create their wonderful productions; for just as these men, by always selecting their best individuals to breed from, slowly, but continuously, improve their stock, so Nature, by a similar process of selection, slowly, but continuously, makes the various species of plants and animals better and better suited to the conditions of their life" (p. 740). So that instead of one conception of Design in Nature—Intelligent or Supernatural Design, in the sense of instantaneous creation—we have ultimate Design, the hypothesis that Mind is behind the evolution of Nature, with which Science, as Science, has nothing whatever to do; and human Design, working through the slow processes of animal Growth, affords the best idea of the whole process of Nature.

The present writer has spent many weary hours in trying to ascertain what Dr. Romanes means. But this, at least, is certain: in the argument based upon the law of Parsimony he attempts to exclude all design: in the body of the article in the *Fortnightly Review*, he opposes only one kind of Design, the design of a Creator who introduces highly organised beings into the World at once, which is a Doctrine that no one but the believer in the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures would now maintain, while in the introductory note to that article the possibility of ultimate Design is admitted. Whether there was any use in urging the law of Parsimony so long as the theory of

\* *Nature*, May 5, 1881.

Natural Selection does *not* explain all the facts; whether, in an article published "to place in a tolerably clear light the bearing of Darwinism on the doctrine of Design," it was fair, in the body of the paper, to dwell upon one form of Design, as shown in the instantaneous creation of highly-organised beings, as though that were the only method of Design; whether the law of Parsimony, *which forbids all theories of Design*, and the profession of faith in ultimate Design and in metaphysical Design, are consistent with one another, are questions which we would leave to the candid consideration of the reader.

Let us now sum up, in another order, some of the statements of Dr. Romanes, which go far to overthrow the argument based on the law of Parsimony.

I. The most wonderful adaptations of organisms to their environment abound in Nature.

II. No scientific theory, nor any combination of scientific theories can, on physical grounds, account for the phenomena of Nature.

III. If we could account for all phenomena on physical grounds there would be no residual effect to carry over to what is called metaphysical Design.

"If the physical causes are deemed adequate to furnish a scientific explanation of the effects, then there is no residual effect to be carried over for explanation by any metaphysical theory of Design."\*

The converse of this argument ought to be true. And if Science does *not* explain all on mere material considerations, then there is a residual effect requiring explanation.

IV. That solution is indicated when it is averred that the best explanation of the processes of Nature is to be found in the methods of the florist and the cattle-breeder—*i.e.*, in a method in which *intelligence* is the *directing influence* of vegetable and animal growths.

In formulating these opinions, it seems as though the Balaam who had come to curse had been constrained to bless; as if the critic who had accused us poor defenders of the Argument of Design, of childishness—of the prostitution of the rational faculty, of superstition, of fetishism—had said all that he could, almost more than he had a right, by his own showing as a scientific man, to say, to assist the work of the natural theologian, and through the desert of material atheism to make straight a highway

\* *Nature*, Nov. 10, 1881.

to our God, and for our God, by which the soul of man may journey through Nature to the Will and Mind, which are the ultimate explanations of Nature.

CHARLES CLEMENT COE.

#### THE ORIGIN OF THE NAME "JEHOVAH."

TO the student of Israel's earlier religious history there is perhaps no inquiry which can surpass, or even rival, in interest and importance the questions relating to the origin and significance of the name "Jehovah." I speak of the name "Jehovah," for usage and association still plead for this familiar word. Without at all maintaining its formal correctness, there is yet sufficient reason for ordinarily employing it. *Jahveh*, or *Yahweh*, may be far superior in approach to accuracy; but the sound and pronunciation seem likely to offend our ears for a good while to come. According to the narratives of Genesis, the employment of the name began in the earliest times (Genesis iv. 1, 26). But, apart from other considerations, philology forbids us to regard the statements of these verses as literally true. Whatever may have been the origin of language, we can no longer conceive of paradisiacal conversations in Hebrew. And as to the famous passage in Exodus (iii. 14) the opinion seems to be gaining ground that it gives an adaptation of the name rather than its true etymology and meaning. Thus Professor Robertson Smith remarks, in his work just published, *The Prophets of Israel*, "It must, of course, be remembered that Exod. iii. 14 does not give the original sense of the name *Iahvé*, which is still obscure, but an adaptation of the name, so that we need not be surprised to find a little awkwardness in the expression" (p. 387). And Dr. Friedrich Delitzsch observes in his recent work, *Wo lag das Paradies?* (1881) that the name of no Semitic deity could have originally conveyed so abstract an idea as that of Being or Existence. And Dr. Kuenen says in his *Religion of Israel*, "In the eighth century that name was already regarded by many, rightly or wrongly, as a derivative of the verb *to be*" (vol. i., p. 42, Eng. Trans.)

Recent scholars, too, have evinced a tendency to seek the source of the name in some branch or family of the Semite race

other than the Hebrew, or even to find for it an extra-Semitic origin. Thus, on grounds apparently not very substantial, it has been regarded as a Canaanitish name (Land), or, as it would seem, scarcely with better reason, the Jehovah-cultus has been looked upon as transmitted from the Arabian Kenites (Tiele).<sup>\*</sup> Certainly this theory finds a very slender basis in such poetical passages as, "God cometh from Teman, and the Holy One from Mount Paran" (Hab. iii. 3); and "Jehovah, when thou wentest forth from Seir, when thou marchedst from the land of Edom" (Judges v. 4). In relation to the former passage the context (Hab. iii. 7—15) makes pretty apparent an allusion to the journeying of Israel from the Desert. Comp. also Deut. xxxiii. 2—5. Dr. Fried. Delitzsch, in his recent work already mentioned, traces the name to a supposed Accadian designation of deity, *i*, which, in the mouth of the Babylonian Semites, became *Ia-u*, a name which, however, he admits, has not, from some accidental cause, been yet proved from actual evidence to have been used as a Babylonian name of God. This admitted fact is of great importance, considering the number of tablets already examined, and the antiquity of some of them. Moreover it tends to show that the name "Jehovah" cannot have been from the first common to the Semites. But Dr. Delitzsch's Accadian foundation for the name (*i*) cannot be allowed to pass unquestioned. Dr. Tiele in the March number of the *Theologisch Tijdschrift* regards this Accadian theory as a daring hypothesis maintained on weak and insufficient grounds.

To connect *Jehovah* with *Jov-is* is no new thing; but this appears to have been done for a good while with no very solid or adequate reasons. The analogy, however, assumed a new aspect when *Jov-is* was traced back to its Sanscrit and Aryan ancestry (J. G. Müller, *Die Semiten in ihrem Verhältniss zu Chamiten und Japhetiten*, 1872). To this view I am strongly disposed to assent, only I should very specially connect *Jehovah* (*Yahweh*) with the divine name *Dyaus* found in the Vedic hymns—a name on the important and interesting character of which Prof. Max Müller has, it will be recollected, strongly insisted (comp. *Chips from a German Workshop*, vol. iv. p. 221; *Hibbert Lectures* for 1878, pp. 216, 276). Looking at the widely-diffused words and names derived from *Dyaus*—as *Jupiter*, *Dispiter*, *Jovis*, *Zeus*, *Dios*, *Ziu*—it would seem that there must have been a time

<sup>\*</sup> Mr. Cheyne also appears to regard this view with favour. See *Encyclopædia Britannica*, New Edit., art. "Circumcision."

when *Dyaus* had, in view of the Aryans, a prominence of personality greater than that which the Vedic hymns would suggest. And the difference of the derived forms just mentioned would be sufficient—if refutation were needed—to refute any objection based on the want of perfect formal agreement between *Dyaus* and *Yahweh*, *Jahveh*, *Jah*, *Yahu*, *Jo* in *Jochebed*, etc. And as to the final letter of *Dyaus* (which is not an essential part of the name), its disappearance would entirely accord with the process which has resulted in the terminations of *Moses*, *Esaïas*, and many other names, though in these cases the process is, of course, reversed. The fact is, that *Dyaus* would tend, in accordance with a well-known law, to become conformed to the usage and analogy of the language into which it had been introduced, and so to assume the garb of an indigenous name. But, it may be asked, is not such a theory out of harmony with the dissimilarity between Semitic Monotheism and Aryan Polytheism? And, besides, in what way can we reasonably suppose that the Aryan name was introduced? What historical indications are there agreeing with the idea of such introduction? These questions will be found, I think, to admit of answers more satisfactory than may, perhaps, at first sight seem probable.

First, as to a supposed fundamental Semitic Monotheism, this alleged distinctive belief of the Semites might have been plausibly maintained, perhaps, in the days antecedent to cuneiform decipherment; but the numerous deities of the Babylonian pantheon whose names are recorded on tablets referring back to a high antiquity, have now given the matter quite a different complexion. Nor do the monuments, so far as I know, discover any very marked and distinctive tendency to Monotheism. If such a tendency is inferred from the designation of any particular deity as highest or supreme, we may with equal reason speak of an Aryan tendency to Monotheism as manifested by the supremacy ascribed to Zeus in the Homeric poems. Moreover—and the fact is an important one—the many gods of the Babylonian records agree perfectly with the statement of Jos. xxiv. 2, “On the other side of the river dwelt your fathers of old, Terah, the father of Abraham, and the father of Nachor; and they served other gods.”

Then, with regard to the means or channel by which the name *Dyaus* was introduced, if there is really any difficulty, it is far, indeed, from insuperable. The original abode of the Hebrews is spoken of in the passage from Joshua just quoted, as “on the



other side of the river," meaning, of course, the Euphrates. In Genesis the locality is more precisely described as "Ur of the Chaldees," a place which, whether it be identified, in accordance with the opinion of Sir Henry Rawlinson, with Mugheir, or with Warka, was not very far from the Persian Gulf; and three or four thousand years ago the distance was probably much less than at present. To the Indus and the country of the Rig Veda, the Punjaub, access might be had either by land or sea; and the distance cannot be regarded as forming any insurmountable obstacle. Moreover, Taylor, in his explorations at Mugheir, found what appeared to be Indian teak.\* And Mr. Rassam recently informed me that he also had found Indian wood at or near Babylon. He mentioned also the shortness of the journey from Kurrachee, and the fact of the Indian elephant being represented on the black obelisk of Shalmaneser. M. Lenormant, in his recent work, *Les Origines de l'Histoire d'après la Bible*, etc., ascribes to relations which had been established for purposes of commercial intercourse, the resemblance of the Indian form of the deluge tradition to that which existed in Chaldea (Part I., p. 429).†

That the Jehovah-cultus in the family of Abraham was something new and strange is entirely in accordance with the passage from Joshua, and still more clearly with the tradition as given in Judith v. 6-9: "This people is of the offspring of the Chaldeans; . . . wherefore, forsaking the ceremonies of their fathers, which consisted in the worship of many gods, they worshipped one God of heaven, who also commanded them to depart from thence and to dwell in Charan."‡ And, according to the Jewish tradition, religious persecution preceded the departure of the Abrahamidæ

\* "Just below the cylinder were two rough logs of wood, apparently teak, which ran across the whole breadth of the shaft."—*Journal of Royal Asiatic Society*, Vol. XV., p. 264.

There are interesting collateral questions as to the alleged intercourse in ancient times between Egypt and India, or Ceylon, and also as to the destination of Solomon's Tarshish-ships in their triennial voyages (1 Kings x. 22).

† It is not unlikely that a communication by sea with foreign countries is implied in the myth recorded by Berosus of an amphibious animal, Oannes, who came up daily from the sea to teach the inhabitants of Chaldea letters, science, and the arts of civilisation.

‡ Following the Latin version. The Latin and Greek texts, as is frequently the case in Judith, differ considerably; but the Greek text adds that the Chaldeans "cast them out from the face of their gods."

from Chaldea—a result not unlikely to ensue from the worship of a new and foreign Deity. And that Jehovah and his worship were thus new and foreign is not disproved by the occurrence of a few proper names compounded with “Jehovah” among peoples contiguous to the Hebrews in Palestine, as at Hamath, where we find, according to the Assyrian monuments, a king *Yahu-bidi*, or *Jahu-bidi*. Similarly we read in 2 Sam. viii. 10 of *Joram*, son of the Hamathite king, *Toi*. But such cases as these have been well explained in accordance with the supposition that the name and worship of Jehovah were, in course of time, introduced from the Hebrews—an explanation which does not at all necessarily imply the abandonment of deities previously worshipped at Hamath or elsewhere.

It is, at least, a curious fact that the first occurrence of the name Jehovah (Gen. ii. 4) is in close proximity to the mention of the land of Havilah, producing gold, *bedolach*, and the *shoham* stone, and encompassed by the Pishon. The Pishon was regarded by Josephus as denoting the Ganges. More recently, and with greater probability, it has been identified with the Indus—a view which suits very well the theory I have been maintaining, though exact geographical knowledge is not, of course, to be required of the writer in Genesis. It is certainly difficult to recognise either of the products mentioned as exclusively Indian, but the quadrilateral word *bedolach* has been, with probability, referred to an Indian origin.

If Jehovah is connected with *Dyaus*, the god of heaven, of the bright sky, then the perplexing expression, *Jehovah Tsebaoth*, “the LORD of hosts,” will lose, perhaps, somewhat of its difficulty. Looking at the “hosts” as the stars, and other heavenly bodies, there will be a fitness in the combination, which is wanting if *Jehovah*, according to the common view, has the fundamental signification of Being, or Self-existence. Whether the *Dyaus* of the Rig-Veda could be similarly connected with the starry hosts, it is not, perhaps, necessary to inquire. But that Jehovah was actually conceived of as dwelling above the firmament seems clear (comp. Gen. xix. 24, *al*). And thus his supremacy over the starry hosts would seem naturally to follow (comp. Isa. xl. 22, 26).

At first sight the derivation from *Dyaus* may possibly appear scarcely congruous with those feelings of reverence with which the name “Jehovah” is usually regarded. But this seeming incongruity may be diminished, or may possibly disappear, if

*Dyaus* is regarded as the name by which the early Aryans recognised a Great Father of mankind, dwelling in the shining heavens. Besides, it should be recollected that in St. Paul's address at Athens, as given in Acts xvii., God is identified with *Zeus* in a quotation from the Greek poets (ver. 28). And the ordinary New Testament word for God, *θεός*, is derived, if not from *Dyaus*, in all probability from *deva*, a word of kindred signification.\*

The solution thus presented of one of the most difficult problems within the range of Biblical science may be regarded as a probable hypothesis which, if not as yet absolutely and finally proved, may at least serve to show that the problem need not be abandoned as one altogether desperate and hopeless.

On the supposition that "Jehovah" is of extraneous origin, the name must, it seems to me, have had two or more significations assigned to it as a Hebrew word, and with results of high importance to the History of Religion; but into this department of the subject I cannot now enter.†

THOMAS TYLER.

\* This derivation of *θεός* (which also connects it with *deus*) seems in every way probable, notwithstanding the objections of some philologists.

† As to the probability of *Jehovah* having thus two or more significations, compare, for example, the interesting passage, Gen. xxx. 23, 24, where there are probably implied two distinct etymologies of the name *Joseph*.

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

### M. RENAN ON ECCLESIASTES.\*

IN a postscript to the article on Ecclesiastes, in the last number of this Review, we were enabled to append, from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the conclusions of M. Renan, with regard to the three fundamental questions concerning this very interesting portion of the Old Testament. Having discussed these questions with some fulness, we do not think it necessary to revert to them in connection with M. Renan's work on Ecclesiastes, which has since appeared. The work consists of a translation of the Book, accompanied here and there by scanty notes, and preceded by an Introduction, which is identical substantially with the article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* already alluded to. That this Introduction is a most brilliant piece of French writing need scarcely be said. It is from the pen of M. Renan. But beyond this we are afraid that the work has very scanty claim to the regard of either scholars or the public.

In M. Renan's opinion Ecclesiastes is, as to its general drift, not at all difficult to understand. It is a work of elegant scepticism, apparently with a rather strong Gallic flavour. In its relation to the general contents of the Bible, Ecclesiastes resembles a little *brochure* of Voltaire, which has lost its way among the folios of a theological library. And as to the passage on old age, towards the end of the book—a description, M. Renan says, full of enigmas and allusions, resembling the dazzling passes of a professor of legerdemain juggling with sculls—one might think it to be the workmanship of Banville or Théophile Gautier. But, while Ecclesiastes is thus so remarkably French, it is also, strange to say, fundamentally and profoundly Jewish. Its author very much resembles the modern Israelite, the Israelite of that class which the great commercial cities of Europe have come to know so well during the last fifty years. The Proteus-like Koheleth does, indeed, here assume a new form, or rather, we suppose, appears at last in his true colours. His philosophical pride and contempt of worldly pursuits were but a sham.

\* *L'Ecclesiaste, traduit de l'Hébreu, avec une Étude sur l'Âge et le Caractère du Livre.* PAR ERNEST RENAN, Membre de l'Institut, etc. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1882.

Trafficking in *Rentes* would have been his delight ; he would have found a true home in Capel Court. The modern Israelite, M. Renan himself tells us, *ne croit plus qu'à la richesse*.

*Ecclesiastes* being a profoundly Jewish work, it was reserved, according to our author, for Jewish critics to discern its character and meaning. Mendelssohn and Luzzatto understood it a great deal better than the Protestant theologians. But it was for Graetz to make the most considerable advance in the exegesis of the book. M. Renan does not, however, accept Graetz's Herodian theory, nor his explanation of the two last chapters. If this explanation were true, *Ecclesiastes* would become a book of immoral tendency, not merely one of elegant, or even free and bold, scepticism. Of English interpreters of *Ecclesiastes* M. Renan makes no mention ; but we doubt whether this proceeds from his being altogether ignorant of what has been done in this country for the elucidation of the book. In more than one place we discerned coincidences with Dean Plumptre's recent work, which seem somewhat remarkable, if they are accidental.

Of the performances of previous translators M. Renan seems not to have a very high opinion. To render literally a book like *Ecclesiastes* may be, he thinks, the worst of treasons. A pedantic translation in heavy theological prose is as bad as turning Béranger into homilies, or the Sermons of Bossuet into madrigals. M. Renan has certainly not erred by translating too closely and literally, nor has he adhered too tenaciously to the ordinary text, which, in his judgment, swarms with errors of copyists. To the presentation of the book, partly as prose and partly as poetry—as M. Renan presents it—there can scarcely be any valid objection, except that which arises from the difficulty of determining the form which should be sometimes adopted. M. Renan, however, goes very far beyond all reasonable limits when he renders xii. 11, after the following fashion :—

Les dires des sages  
Sont des aiguillons,  
Des clous qui soulagent  
Les efforts volages  
De l'attention.

Le concile antique  
Nous les a transmis  
Comme œuvre authentique,  
Vraiment canonique,  
D'un unique esprit.

This is, indeed, like turning the Discourses of Bossuet into madrigals ; but to call it translation would be absurd. The Authorised Version renders the passage thus :—"The words of the wise [are] as goads, and as nails fastened [by] the masters of assemblies, [which] are given from one shepherd." This is not very poetical ; but it may be doubted whether the Hebrew, in this verse, ought to be regarded as poetical in

form, though there is true poetry in the rural imagery of the "goads," the "nails," and the "one Shepherd." The "one Shepherd," the great ἀρχιποιμην, has become, in M. Renan's version, *un unique esprit*! The reading of the present Hebrew text, we are told, *n'est pas satisfaisant*; but we doubt whether M. Renan's arbitrary alteration will satisfy a single competent scholar. There is at the end of the volume an appendix giving some forty or more critical alterations, to be referred to by the reader, with regard to places where M. Renan's version differs from the received text. But the reader is likely to consult it not unfrequently in vain. Take, as an example, the last part of ii. 8: *Je me procurai des troupes de chanteurs et de chanteuses, et toutes les délices des fils d'Adam de quelque genre que ce fût*. The student may wonder how *shiddah veshiddoth* can possibly mean *de quelque genre que ce fût*; but he will refer to the appendix in vain for information. In other places readings pregnant with significance are suppressed or changed into trivialities. The verses iv. 15, 16 of the present text may be thus translated: "I saw all the living that walk under the sun, with the second child who is to stand in their stead. There is no end to all the people; as to all that was before them, even those who come next rejoice not therein; so that this also is vanity, and a pursuit of the wind." The general subject of the fourth chapter may be said to be, that men are left to themselves in the world; that there is no evidence of a Divine Agent, caring for men and providing for their wants. The down-trodden and oppressed have no comforter. Success and prosperity excite the unsocial passion of envy. When united, men are strong; but the solitary individual falls alone, with none to help him up. The old and foolish king who shuts himself off from the lessons of experience is not restrained from inflicting mischief on his subjects. There is no all-pervading harmony, no equable adjustment in the world; it is a world of disorder and disorganised isolation. We are now in a position to understand the verses quoted above. On a survey of three generations ("all the living . . . with the second child") Koheleth observes that the number of the people is not designed and definite, but seemingly unlimited: "There is no end to all the people." The successive generations are not moulded into one whole; but each with its separate interests is isolated from the rest: "As to all that was before them, even those who come next rejoice not therein." Now, let us turn to M. Renan:—*J'ai vu tout le monde s'empresse à la suite du jeune héritier qui doit succéder au vieux roi. Infinis ont été les maux qu'on a soufferts dans le passé; mais, dans l'avenir, on n'aura pas plus à se réjouir de celui-ci. . . . Toujours vanité et pâture du vent*. M. Renan is certainly not alone in supposing the passage to speak of an obsequious attendance on the heir or successor to the throne. But if this view were in other respects unobjectionable, one would be tempted to ask, Why should the heir be spoken of as "the second child"? M. Renan, however, gets over this difficulty by suppressing the word "second" and giving us *du jeune*

*héritier*.<sup>\*</sup> Instead of "There is no end to all the people," and its reasonable accord with the context, we have *Infinis ont été les maux qu'on a soufferts dans le passé*; to gain which sense, or something approaching it, the text has to be violently altered. We were intending to discuss another of M. Renan's conjectural emendations, at viii. 10, *on entend faire l'éloge de ces misérables dans la ville, etc.*, instead of (in accordance with the present text), "They were forgotten in the city," etc., the word "forgotten" having probably a special emphasis. But we forbear. M. Renan's performance does not suggest the conclusion that he has given to Ecclesiastes that special and long-continued study which its difficulty and profundity of thought demand. Other onerous undertakings may have prevented his so doing. But, however this may be, we fear that his work, whatever its charms of style and diction, can scarcely be regarded as other than a failure.

THOMAS TYLER.

#### LENORMANT ON THE ORIGINS OF HISTORY.†

THE first instalment of M. Lenormant's second volume on the ancient sources of the myths in the early part of the Book of Genesis contains only four chapters; but they are rich in learning and suggestiveness. Each constitutes, in fact, a dissertation by itself. The first comprises a discussion of Ararat and Eden, and the investigation of the original locality of Eden and its mysterious rivers. In the second a series of comparisons brings before us the various fathers of humanity from India to Greece who may be placed by the side of Noah; while a striking, if adventurous, set of combinations carries back the forms of his three sons into the recesses of the earliest mythology of Babylonia. The third chapter, which is very short, lays down the general principles on which the Table of Nations in Genesis x. must be interpreted. The fourth and last is devoted to three of the sons of Japhet, Gomer, Magog, and Madai. Here are, as before, the same affluence of illustration, the same command of the literature of the vast ranges of mythologic lore, the same brilliance and dash in the solution of difficulties, the same prodigious industry of accumulation, the same ardent zeal for the advance of truth. The rapidity of M. Lenormant's productiveness and his fertility of suggestion naturally lead him occasionally into conjectures which ripen thought sets aside. Thus, for instance, he withdraws (p. 72)

\* Dr. Ginsburg, who, of course, would not treat the text as M. Renan has done, gives the extraordinary rendering "the sociable youth." Dean Plumptre feels the difficulty, and remarks, "The clause may point either to the wise young ruler of the previous verse, as succeeding (*i.e.*, coming second to) the old and foolish king, or possibly to his successor"—a rather awkward alternative. A more reasonable conclusion would have been, that this view of the passage is altogether erroneous.

† *Les Origines de l'Histoire d'après la Bible, et les Traditions des Peuples Orientaux*. Par FRANÇOIS LENORMANT. Tome 2me, 1ère partie.



the assimilation which he supported ten years ago of Moriah with the great mountain of Indian mythology, Meru. But in these retractations, or, rather, in the tentatives which give occasion to them, there is nothing to regret. It is by such bold proposals that thought is stimulated, and from the conflict of ideas a more stable view emerges.

The result of M. Lenormant's investigations into the story of the Garden of Eden is, perhaps, somewhat different from what might have been anticipated. He allows, indeed, that it is immediately derived from Babylonian sources, though he rejects the tempting identification of Gan-Eden with Gan-Dunyas (p. 106). But he does not regard the myth as native to Mesopotamia. He lays great stress on the difficulty of finding any satisfactory equivalents for the Pishon and the Gihon in the neighbourhood of the Tigris and the Euphrates, though he thinks it probable that the missing names will yet be discovered in the cuneiform inscriptions (p. 115). This theme is enforced in an interesting appendix dealing with the treatise of Dr. Friedrich Delitzsch on the site of Paradise, and it is rather surprising that, under these circumstances, M. Lenormant should be in such haste himself to supply a possible Assyrian representative for Havilah by the audacious conversion of it, through Havlah and Harlah, into the Assyrian Aralu, near the mountain of the north (p. 137). Its wealth of gold certainly corresponds to one necessary element in the description; but, to say nothing of the orthographic assumptions by which the change is effected, the fact that Arali is the land of the dead seems to mark it off from proximity to any of the Eden rivers. M. Lenormant's general conclusion is that the existing representation contains two historical strata superposed one over the other; the older marked by the names Pishon and Gihon, and the later by the Hiddekel and Prath. The story was transported to Babylonia, and there localised much in the same way that the Musulmans placed one of their four earthly paradises between Lebanon and Antilebanon. In this he does but follow the views slowly elaborated by a long series of his predecessors, among whom he finds himself most in accord with M. Renan, regarding the Pishon as the Indus, and the Gihon as the Oxus. M. Lenormant cannot, however, handle even this well-worn topic without adding fresh suggestions of his own. Accordingly, after comparing the Indian and Iranian stories of the sacred mountain, and the mysterious rivers issuing from it, which formed the cradle of humanity, he points out that though the narrator in Genesis is silent on the subject, yet Ezekiel (xxviii. 13 sqq.) identifies Eden with "God's holy mountain" sparkling with precious stones. From this, by a series of dexterous transitions, we are led to the deluge mountain, on which the ark rests. Here M. Lenormant notes that whereas the Chaldean account places it in Mount Nizir, east of the Tigris valley,\* the Elohist

\* So, thinks M. Lenormant, did the Yahvist also. But this is an inference of his own from the translation of *miqqedhem*, "from the east" (Gen. xi. 2). It seems probable that this should rather be "eastward," as in Gen. xiii. 11, which would make against M. Lenormant's view.

narrator fixes it at Ararat. Resisting the temptation to derive this name (with Renan and others) from Iranian sources, inasmuch as it appears on cuneiform inscriptions of the ninth century anterior to the establishment of any Aryan population in Armenia (p. 37), he still regards it as an adaptation by the Elohist of the Iranian Airyaratha, or Aryâratha, and offers a striking example of the introduction of Iranian names into Babylonia in the seventh century B.C., by referring to a cuneiform inscription where the gloss *Mitra* accompanies the name of the sun-god. The result is that Eden and Ararat must be sought in the same places as the Meru of the Brahmanic Indians and the Airyana Vaedja of the Mazdean books; and the group of ideas common to the inhabitants of Mesopotamia and the dwellers north and south of the Hindu Kush, points to their origin on the great highland plateau not far from the steppes of Pamir. M. Lenormant frankly places the Elohist in the period of the Captivity; but he claims for the Yahvist story of the Garden of Eden an antiquity anterior to the migrations of the Terahites to Syria (p. 63). His vague allusions to the familiarity of the prophets with its details do not, however, lend any support to this early appearance of the story in Palestine. The only references are in Ezekiel, in the second Isaiah, and in Joel, all three comparatively late in date, and exposed to powerful foreign influences; and though M. Lenormant endeavours to maintain the Isaianic authorship of Isaiah xiv., with its striking allusions to the "mountain of assembly" in the far north (p. 121), not many, probably, will find this an adequate guarantee of the possession of the Eden story by the remote ancestors of the Hebrew people.

The discussion on the significance of Noah and his three sons is conducted with the same wide outlook. In this M. Lenormant's method differs from that of other writers on Hebrew mythology such as Dr. Goldziher. He does not rely nearly so much on purely etymological considerations; he compares groups of traditions, instead of analysing single names. Sometimes, indeed, he seems to throw out hints which can hardly be taken for serious views. Thus he compares Noah with one of the Indian progenitors of humanity, Nahusha; admitting, certainly, that the names are not philologically identical, yet suggesting their ultimate unity in some primitive tradition, from which different peoples had adopted them (cf. the resemblance of Eden and Udyâna, p. 59) in their own way. We cannot think this a sound method, particularly when the end of Nahusha's story—viz., his transformation into a serpent—immediately suggests an assimilation with the Hebrew *nachash*! In establishing a connection between Japheth and Japetos our author stands, doubtless, on firmer ground, though we are not convinced that he is right in deriving the Semitic figure from the Aryan, as neither the Indian nor the Iranian books present any counterpart to the Titan of Hesiod and Homer.

Perhaps the most brilliant portion of the present volume is that in which M. Lenormant endeavours to penetrate to the origins of the story of Noah's three sons amid the dim hints of the Chaldean and Mazdean

mythology. Three half-divine brothers who divided the world between them, loom through the fragments of Berossus, through the stanzas of the Zend Avesta, and the national histories of Armenia. They are pursued by our author through a succession of changing forms, till they are provisionally identified with the three great Chaldean gods of the upper cosmic triad: Anu, Bel, and Hea, presiding over the three divisions of the world—heaven, earth, and the abyss. Their struggles represented various forms of elemental strife, but in the Biblical narrative these mysterious personalities are reduced to human level, and no conflicts mar their good understanding. What historic truth, however, can such stories possess? M. Lenormant does not shrink from a frank declaration of his opinion. His business is that of a critic, employing the best aids of his science; the results are beyond his control. In a striking note (p. 265 sqq.) he pleads earnestly as a Catholic for his right to the independent study of the Scriptures, and affirms his belief that it cannot in any way alter the religious, dogmatic, and moral authority of the Bible. No candid inquirer can any longer maintain that the existence of Babylonian, Phœnician, or Iranian myths corresponding with those of Genesis, is any confirmation of their historical reality. Wherein, then, lies the special character of the Hebrew stories entitling them to be received as inspired? In their monotheistic character, in the profound difference of their animating spirit, in the unconscious selection out of the mass of ancient material of such narratives as possessed deep moral or religious significance, or served as the obvious parables and allegories of higher truths. In this way M. Lenormant slips through the declaration of the Vatican Council, that the Scriptures, “written by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, have God for their author.” At present, Rome is indulgent to her somewhat wayward child. But her forbearance may be too severely strained. The seventh of the erroneous propositions condemned in the Syllabus of Pius IX. asserted that the books of both Testaments contained certain mythical stories. M. Lenormant’s bold analysis of the opening chapters of Genesis leaves no doubt about his belief that one book of the Old Testament unquestionably contains such stories. How far will the Church tolerate such a view? We may at least hope that as M. Lenormant’s first volume has done no worse than excite here and there a little suspicion of his orthodoxy, he may be able to pursue his labours undisturbed.

J. E. C.

SEYDEL ON THE GOSPEL OF JESUS IN ITS RELATIONS TO THE TRADITION  
AND TEACHING OF BUDDHA.\*

THIS book is an elaborate essay in Comparative Religion, having for its special subject the parallels of Buddhist and Christian legend. The main theme is introduced by two preliminary essays, on the Chris-

\* *Das Evangelium von Jesu in seinen Verhältnissen zu Buddha-sage und Buddha-Lehre.* Von RUDOLF SEYDEL. Leipzig, 1892.

tian right to a free comparative history of religion, and on the tendency of every religion (which the author erects into a general law) to carry back its origin to deities worshipped within it, and to attribute to this origin various miraculous events, especially at the birth of those who serve as media of revelation. The writer next passes to a dissertation on the "Gospels of Buddhism," with the view of determining approximately the age of the components of the Buddhist Scriptures. The Southern Buddhist Canon, as it is preserved in Ceylon, is shown to contain the oldest elements, and the date of its final redaction is placed at about 80 B.C.; while place is found for the Northern tradition as an independent stem, at an earlier period, though the actual composition of the *Lalitara Vistara* is assigned to a hundred years later. We may not stay to criticise the details of this scheme. It is sufficient to say that of the general priority of the Buddhist legend to the Christian no doubt can be entertained. This preliminary investigation was necessary, however, for our author's purpose. No profitable comparison between the details of two great groups of stories can be instituted in his fashion as long as there is any uncertainty about their chronological relations. Many other questions must also be determined, if any fruitful result is to be reached; but until this has been decided all such labour is vain. The way is clear, therefore, for the main object of the book.

For this end the writer pursues his way through the Gospels, elaborating through upwards of fifty sections what he ventures to call a "Buddhist-Christian Harmony of the Gospels." The incidents of the Birth Stories, as is well known, present numerous resemblances; but many of the other points selected for illustration are either too general, such as must of necessity be common to all religious teachers travelling from place to place, or they have no point of contact whatsoever. For instance, § 19 is headed "the Baptism," with references to Matt.iii.13 sqq. and parallel passages. Beside this is set the story of the Buddha's bathing in the river Nairanjana after he had abandoned his ascetic life. It is plain at once that there is no real correspondence here at all. Such moral significance as the Buddha's act possesses is totally different from that implied in the baptism administered by John, and the attempt to connect them can result in nothing but delusion. In the case of the bread and wine chosen by Jesus as the symbols of his body and blood (§ 46), the author, finding no parallel in Buddhism, is obliged to resort to Parsee elements, boldly makes Antioch a centre of Mazdean influences, and finds his analogue in the rites of the Haoma sacrifice! Learned trifling such as this sends the critic impatiently onward to know what results can be founded upon it. Seydel sums up his resemblances under three heads (p. 296), (1) those explicable without difficulty from sources and motives common to each; (2) those which show such sudden and unexpected harmony that the explanation from the similar working of like causes appears too artificial, so that the dependence of one on the other must be naturally assumed; (3) those in which the origin can only be conceived within one circle of religious ideas, or at

least is more easily explained out of one, so that the relation of dependence is here clearly fixed. Of these it is plain that the third group are the most important; they supply the real test cases. We look with some interest to see what they are. There are five. (1) The presentation in the Temple, for which the author finds in Luke's Gospel no sufficient occasion, while the story in the *Lalita Vistara* has quite a natural motive.\* (2) The forty days' fast of Jesus in the desert, quite contrary to his real attitude towards the abstinence of John the Baptist; while Buddha's asceticism found a natural point of departure within the Indian religion. But with the forty days' sojourn of Moses on Sinai and the forty days' journey of Elijah to Horeb, it is not necessary to go off to the Ganges for an explanation, and Seydel wrongly emphasizes the fast as if that were the essential element in the story of the Temptation, whereas its place is quite subordinate. (3) The pre-existence of Jesus "before Abraham." It is difficult to see why this should be specified, as our author himself admits that its direct filiation is with elements of the Hellenistic philosophy, and that it can be only remotely linked to Oriental influences; while it may be added that even if such influences were in operation, which is highly doubtful, there is no reason for regarding them as exclusively Buddhist. (4) The fig-tree. The legend represents Gotama as assuming Buddhahood, after his final struggles, under a fig-tree. So Jesus at the beginning of his ministry sees Nathaniel under a fig-tree, and this is accepted by Nathaniel as a sign of marvellous knowledge which only Messiah could possess (John i. 46). Why a fig-tree? Why not a palm or a sycamore? It is a trace, replies Seydel, of a foreign origin, of a far-off connection with the Buddhist tree of knowledge! (5) The question, "Has this man sinned?" in the story of the man born blind (John ix). The circle of ideas in the Old and New Testaments yields no explanation of this, while the doctrine of transmigration interprets it at once.

These are the crucial instances of Seydel's scheme. Having thus established, to his own satisfaction, a clear relation of antecedence and sequence, he excites no surprise by throwing the large number of resemblances between Buddhist and Christian legend, which may be read either way, into the scale of Buddhist originality. The story of Gotama had made its way to the countries round the Mediterranean, and exerted a powerful influence on the early traditions about Jesus. These took their shape after the type thus presented, and in addition to the primitive elements out of which our synoptical Gospels were constructed, our author con-

\* This story relates that the elders of the Sakya race ask the king that the child may be solemnly conducted to the temple of the Gods. The king consents, but the child smiles at the proposal, saying, "Is there a God that is higher than I, who am the God of Gods?" The procession is formed, and a hundred thousand Gods draw the infant Buddha's car. When it reaches the temple, an earthquake takes place, heavenly music sounds, showers of flowers fall, and the statues of the Gods, including those of Indra and Brahma, leave their places to come and do homage to the new arrival. And this is the origin of Luke ii. 22-24!

jectures that there was a sort of poetic-apocalyptic work belonging to the earliest age, in which the material supplied by the reminiscences of disciples was cast into the mould of Buddhist legend. In order, however, that this transforming power might be exerted, it is at least necessary to prove that it was actively in the field. This Seydel, in our judgment, wholly fails to do. He advances no new evidence beyond that proffered by Lassen and Weber, and in triumphantly stationing his intelligent followers of Buddha at Antioch, Athens, and Rome between the reigns of Augustus and Claudius he ascribes to the possible presence of one or two Buddhists on small Oriental embassies an energetic influence of which contemporary history exhibits not a single trace. The book must be pronounced, in spite of its author's pains, a piece of wasted labour. He has not studied the gospels with sufficient critical discernment, but alights accidentally on this resemblance or that, without exhaustively seeking out the roots of the incidents which he discusses in the circles of thought and feeling whence the gospels sprang. We say this with regret; for his evident aim, as his thoughtful concluding section shows, is to relieve Christianity of fictitious accretions, and restore it to its simplest form, as it sprang from its founder's mind and was realised in his life and teachings. His comparison of the fundamental motives of Buddhism and Christianity contains many true and searching thoughts. But the weakness of historical criticism cannot be covered by the perception of spiritual differences, however keen and clear, and it must be frankly recognised that the fundamental object of this book is not achieved.

J. E. C.

#### RECENT ENGLISH BOOKS ON KANT AND HIS PHILOSOPHY.

IN welcoming another volume\* of Blackwood's 'Philosophical Classics,' we venture to say that the only fault of Dr. Wallace's admirable treatise is that there is not enough of it. It is to be regretted that Messrs. Blackwood and Sons have somewhat marred the execution of their well-conceived idea by insisting that all the treatises in the series shall be limited to a little over two hundred pages, so that they may be uniform in price. It is self-evident that adequate presentations of the life and teachings of different philosophers cannot all be forced within the same amount of letterpress; and the application of this Procrustean method must often be as vexatious to the writers as it is injurious to the interest of their readers. In this volume, for example, we miss the exposition of Kant's views on religion, as set forth in his noteworthy treatise, *Religion within the Boundaries of Mere Reason*, and we can only suppose that this important topic was crowded out by reason of the

\* *Kant*. By WILLIAM WALLACE, M.A., LL.D. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. 1882.

too narrow space to which Dr. Wallace was confined. It can hardly be doubted that to many readers an account of this essay would have been very acceptable, both by reason of its intrinsic worth, and also because, as Dr. Wallace mentions in the biographical portion of his book, its rationalism brought down upon Kant the King's rebuke, a rebuke to which Kant humbly submitted, with the solemn declaration, that "*as his Royal Majesty's most faithful subject*, he would henceforth, both in lectures and in writings, completely refrain from all public deliverance on the topic of religion, natural as well as revealed." Kant adds, in a note: "I chose the words in italics purposely, so that I did not resign the freedom of my judgment on this religious question for ever, but only during the life of His Majesty." On this incident Dr. Wallace remarks:—

It is clear, at least, that in Kant's opinion there was in this reservation no quibbling, nothing that was morally unjustifiable. And yet the language leaves behind in the reader a feeling of dissatisfaction and disapproval. There is sophistry in the argument, and unnecessary surrender in the attitude. The old man, so courageous in his books, was a coward before his King. Let age and infirmity plead for him; and let his teaching wipe away the evil of his example.

This undue reverence for kingly authority, which Kant thus displays in his seventy-first year, is the only unattractive feature in Dr. Wallace's graphic sketch of the orderly, industrious, conscientious, and kindly life of the sage of Königsberg. Is it pleasant to read of Kant's insatiable love of all kinds of knowledge, of his mastery of the natural sciences, of his interest in current events, of his habit of having a few guests daily at his dinner-table, with whom he spent three or four hours in conversations "in which politics was a frequent subject; but anything of the nature of metaphysics was rigorously excluded." His servant—Martin Lampe, an old soldier, who waited on him for forty years—forms a picturesque figure in the story of the philosopher's life.

Kant, we are told, grew deeply attached to this old servant. When some of his friends said, jestingly, one day, that they feared Kant would leave them in the next world, and seek more congenial society among the departed philosophers, he replied, "None of your philosophers; I shall be quite happy if I have the society of Lampe."

Heinrich Heine, in his brilliant essay, *Religion and Philosophy in Germany*, with sarcastic humour, suggests that it was mainly for the sake of poor old Lampe, who couldn't be happy without a belief in God and Heaven, that Kant considerably resuscitated through the "practical" reason the theistic notions which the "pure" reason had so pitilessly slaughtered. Dr. Wallace shows, however, that Kant's religious views were an integral part of his philosophical system, and that the *Criticism of Pure Reason* does not disprove theological beliefs, but simply maintains that the existence of God and the immortality of the soul are questions that lie outside the scope of scientific evidence. "Around the ideas of religion his metaphysics throws the bulwark of invisibility; and the sword of the sceptic, and the battering-ram of the materialist, fall harmless on vacuity."



Kant's own religious belief rested upon his moral consciousness, and his theological position was evidently not far removed from that of many Unitarians, though his faith, from its too exclusively ethical character, appears to have missed in some measure that spiritual element of personal communion with the in-dwelling Father, which enriches the religious utterances of Channing and Martineau. That he took no part in public worship is no doubt to be explained from the circumstance that he could find in Königsberg no congregation with whose forms and ideas he was in sympathy.

"Of the Church," writes Dr. Wallace, "he had a noble idea; but he did not find it realised in the Churches of his day. Sacerdotalism, even in its mildest forms, was as abhorrent to him, on the one hand, as a superstitious and sensuous supernaturalism was on the other. . . . To the free soul of Kant the sectarianism which had an eye for nothing higher than professional interests in its performance of the sacred duties of keeping body and spirit sound, could only be abhorrent in the extreme."

Dr. Wallace's exposition of Kant's philosophy is as clear and complete as the too limited space allows. 'Kant's Speculative Physics and Biology,' is the subject of a very interesting chapter, and the relation of his views to recent doctrines concerning Force and Evolution is very ably presented. The philosophical environment of Kant is also well described, and the chapter in which Kant's great *Kritik* is expounded is quite a model of perspicuous exposition. We were struck particularly with the account of the Schematism of the Categories, for this difficult portion of the *Kritik* becomes, we think, decidedly more intelligible in Dr. Wallace's presentation of it than it is in the original.

We could have wished for a more complete sketch of the contents of the *Criticism of the Practical Reason*, and Kant's doctrine on the Freedom of the Will certainly calls for fuller treatment than the passing notice which Dr. Wallace accords to it; but, taken all in all, this little book seems to us to be by far the simplest and clearest English introduction to the Kantian philosophy, and the reading of it will probably awaken a desire to pursue the subject further in the more detailed expositions of Adamson, Stirling, and Edward Caird.

Mr. Andrew Seth's Essay\* on 'The Development from Kant to Hegel' is the work of a scholar who is not only well read in recent German philosophy, but is also gifted with no small amount of talent for metaphysical investigation. This essay and the companion essay by Dr. Schurman, which we shall presently notice, were written while their authors were Hibbert Travelling Scholars, and each treatise seems to us to be a really valuable contribution to philosophical and theological literature. The present influence of Hegel's writings on

\* *The Development from Kant to Hegel, with Chapters on the Philosophy of Religion.* By ANDREW SETH, M.A., Assistant to the Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, and late Hibbert Travelling Scholar. Published by the Hibbert Trustees. Williams and Norgate. 1882.

British and American thinking is not, perhaps, over-estimated by Professor William James, when he says, in the April number of *Mind* :—

Hegelism, so entirely defunct on its native soil that I believe but a single young disciple of the school is to be counted among the privat-docents and younger professors of Germany, and whose older champions are all passing off the stage, has found among us so zealous and able a set of propagandists that to-day it may really be reckoned one of the most potent influences of the time in the higher walks of thought. Not only in heavier books by professors, but in magazine literature, anonymous book-reviews, and the like, we cross the trail of its path.

It may be added that most recent expositions and critical treatises on Kant's philosophy which have appeared in this country have been written by Hegelians, and the late Professor Green's profound introduction to David Hume's philosophical writings can hardly be understood without some acquaintance with Hegelian ideas. There is needed, then, for English readers, a clear and reliable sketch of the development of philosophical thought from Kant to Hegel, and this desideratum Mr. Seth's treatise opportunely supplies. He appears to be himself a pronounced disciple of Hegel; but he does full justice to the views of Kant, Fichte, and Schelling, and his account of the organic connection between these four philosophies displays much philosophical insight, and seems to be in the main correct.

The second half of this essay, in which the Philosophy of Religion is discussed, is also a very serviceable piece of work, which will help to supply the chief omission in Dr. Wallace's book. Mr. Seth first treats of the ethical foundation of Kant's religious philosophy, and then gives a very good analysis of Kant's above-mentioned treatise. Passing over the special views of Fichte and Schelling as being of secondary importance, he proceeds to expound the main features of Hegel's religious philosophy, and to indicate its characteristic differences from the Kantian view.

The relation, he says, of Hegel to Kant in his theory of religion is, indeed, an exact parallel to the relation between them, in respect of the doctrine of knowledge. In both cases the sameness is more striking than the difference. Kantianism seems everywhere on the point of casting off the presuppositions which bind it to the old metaphysic. In evidence of this it is only necessary to specify in the present case, Kant's whole attitude to positive religion, his treatment of the Fall, and even, to some extent, of the idea of Reconciliation. But the new metaphysic, developed by Hegel out of Kantianism, does away with the abstract distinction between God and man, which still remains at the Kantian standpoint. God is recognised, Hegel says, "not as a Spirit beyond the stars, but as Spirit in all spirits;" and so the course of human history is frankly identified with the course of divina self-revelation. The culmination of this religious development is reached in Christianity; and Christianity reveals nothing more than that God is essentially this revelation of Himself. In this connection it is that a new significance is given to the doctrine of the Trinity, which thereby becomes fundamental for the Hegelian Philosophy of Religion. This attitude towards the course of history, and towards Christianity in particular, is the only one which is permissible to an Absolute philosophy. However fenced about with explanations, the thesis of such a philosophy must always be—"The actual is the rational."

In estimating Kant's doctrine of Moral Freedom Mr. Seth follows the Hegelians. Admitting that Kant's attempt to reconcile Liberty and Necessity is a failure, and that it must be conceded that man is either phenomenally free or not free at all, he accepts the latter term of the alternative, and holds that though man is self-determined, there is only one line of self-determination possible, and consequently man could not have acted otherwise than he has done. Yet Mr. Seth seems to feel that this view is not altogether satisfactory; for he allows that it appears "to leave no room for that possible alienation from God which is the subjective root of religion," and he adds that "where there is no estrangement, reconciliation, in the ordinary sense of the term, can have no function."

The chief strength of Dr. Schurman's able treatise \* lies, we think, in the direction in which we find the main weakness of Mr. Seth's criticism. Dr. Schurman gives an excellent exposition and criticism of Kant's ethical theory, particularly in reference to the doctrine of Moral Freedom. He shows that the Kantian doctrine that man is phenomenally determined, but metaphysically free, is inconsistent and untenable, and that it was bound to lead to that doctrine of thorough-going Determinism which appears in the later German philosophies. The Kantian view can only be made consistent with itself by accepting the hypothesis put forth by Schelling that the moral choice which determines the character of a man's life does not fall in time, but in eternity. What man now is in time he is in virtue of his own act out of time. In the original creation (teaches Schelling), when the eternal yearning gave birth at once to God and nature, man, who now appears determined, was an undetermined being, and by an act of his own he took to himself the definite character with which we now find him here. What he was to be he alone could, and did, decide, and though all memory of this act be vanished, a consciousness of it yet remains in man's self-accusation and remorse. Dr. Schurman remarks that on this theory "freedom must be held as a mere idea of the reason which, however valuable for the speculative thinker, has no worth or validity for the moral agent, and can have no bearing on our life and conduct, which follow necessarily the laws of the natural world!"

As this view, which thus banishes freedom to a timeless creation, and delivers this life wholly over to necessity, affords no satisfaction to the moral consciousness, and yet is the only view that a Kantian can consistently hold, Dr. Schurman rejects the doctrine of Kant on this subject, and, accepting the opposite alternative to that taken by Mr. Seth, maintains that man's personality is really free, that is, exercises original causation in its acts of moral choice. His reply to Kant is quite in the

\* *Kantian Ethics and the Ethics of Evolution*. A critical study by J. GOULD SCHURMAN, M.A.Lond., D.Sc.Edinb., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Acadia College, Nova Scotia, and late Hibbert Travelling Scholar. Published by the Hibbert Trustees. Williams and Norgate. 1881.

spirit of Kant's own teaching; for whereas Kant declares that the mind imposes the category of necessary causation or *phænomena*, Dr. Schurman very pertinently asks on what rational ground Kant can apply to the acts of the mind that category of necessity which owes its very existence to the mind's own act.

This criticism of the Kantian Ethics is followed by a constructive section in which Dr. Schurman sets forth his own ethical doctrine.

While he agrees with Kant that "the perfecting of the will through the reason is the final cause of our existence," he regards Kant's Categorical Imperative as merely formal, empty, and subjective. "According to Kant (he says) the individual is supposed to be the source and standard of all moral good, and no account is taken of morality already existent in the world. But this wholly ignores the development of the individual consciousness, which is made up for the most part of the moral and intellectual substance it has assimilated from its environment, *Unus homo, nullus homo*." So far as we can understand Dr. Schurman's theory (which he regards as in the main at one with the ethical teaching of Aristotle) he appears to hold that the inner activity of reason in the soul responding to the objective conscience already embodied in social institutions, fashions in the mind an ideal of the true end of humanity, and to this advancing moral standard man feels that he ought to conform his life.

Believing that every true system of Ethics is driven to a teleological conception of the universe, Dr. Schurman proceeds, in the concluding section of the Essay, to criticise, under the title 'Evolutionistic Hedonism,' Mr. Herbert Spencer's 'Data of Ethics,' which rests on the mechanical conception of the universe. At the outset he protests against "the illogical method of importing into the sphere of morality an hypothesis of causation taken from physical phenomena." He then attacks in succession all the main positions laid down in the 'Data of Ethics,' and we are acquainted with no criticism of that work in which the attack is conducted with greater fairness or with greater success. As one of the most forcible of his strictures on Mr. Spencer's ethical doctrine we may mention his examination of Mr. Spencer's attempt to find a passage in his theory from *prudential* self-restraint to *moral* self-restraint, where Dr. Schurman shows quite conclusively, we think, that no such transition is possible from the restraint of the savage to the restraint of the evolutionist except on assumptions quite foreign to Mr. Spencer's theory.

We cannot in this short notice do justice to this thoughtful essay; but we would recommend it to the earnest attention of those who fancy that old-fashioned ethical ideas have been entirely overthrown by recent science.

C. B. U.

## HEINE'S 'RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY IN GERMANY.'

THE substance of the work under notice \* was originally contributed in a series of articles to the *Revue des deux Mondes* in 1834. These articles were afterwards republished in a German dress by Hoffmann and Campe, of Hamburg, in 1835, but in so mutilated a form, owing to the action of the Censor of the Press, that a second German edition was necessitated. This second German edition was, however, never revised by the author; while the French work was probably, judging from the practice of Heine in other cases, not the sole and unassisted work of Heine himself. The problem, therefore, presented itself to the translator, which edition should form the basis of the English version. He has practically solved the problem as follows. He has used the French version, finally revised by the author, as decisive in cases of discrepancy in regard to the question, what was the definitive form in which he desired the work to appear, but the actual translation in all other cases has been made rather from the German than from the French. Whatever opinion may be held as to the justice and wisdom of this course, the result is one of the raciest and most amusing volumes that have for a long time appeared on the most serious of all questions that could engage the human mind.

Another circumstance lends interest to the book. Between 1835 and 1852 Heine had recanted his atheism (if that be the term which properly describes his negative attitude towards the popular Deism of his day), and announces himself a Deist. But all the same δ γήραφα γήραφα is still his motto, and beyond a warning word in the preface, nothing in the second German edition of his work appears to intimate his recantation. Perhaps he was dimly conscious that his strength lay after all rather in his criticisms than in his affirmations; that Heinrich Heine was Heinrich Heine, and that his personality was of far more value than his particular opinions. And this is probably the truth. Heine's judgment may be often at fault; his wit is never so. The good things which cram this volume would admit of being diluted to the advantage of many hundred ordinary books. Let the following extracts suffice as examples:—

By France I mean Paris, and not the provinces; for what the provinces think is of as little consequence as what one's legs think. It is the head that is the seat of our thoughts. I have been told that the French of the provinces are good Catholics. I can neither affirm nor deny it. The men of the provinces with whom I have conversed have impressed me like mile-stones bearing inscribed on their foreheads the distance, more or less great, from the capital. . . . In Paris itself Catholicism ceased, in fact, to exist at the Revolution, and long previous to that event it had lost all real importance. It still lay in wait in the recesses of the Churches, crouching like a spider in its web, ready to spring precipitately from its retreat, whenever it had a chance of seizing a child in its cradle or an old man in his

\* *Religion and Philosophy in Germany: A Fragment.* By HEINRICH HEINE. Translated by John Snodgrass. Trübner and Co. 1882.

coffin. It was only at these two periods of life, on arriving in the world and on quitting it, that a Frenchman fell into the hands of the Christian priest. During all the intermediate period of his existence he was the servant of reason, and laughed at holy-water and consecrated oil.

This is in the preface to the first French edition. At its close Madame de Staël is dismissed as the "grandmother of doctrinaires." Some people hold that the true wit never makes a pun, but surely when Heine wrote in German "*Feige Feigenblätter*," which we presume to be the original of Mr. Snodgrass' "cowardly figleaves," on p. 11, he meant a pun, and not a bad one either, as such things go. The language in which he describes his conversion to Deism is so redolent of his own inimitable humour, for Heine was humorous as well as witty, that we cannot forbear quoting it at some length:—

This fine-spun Berlin dialectic (he means the Kantian philosophy) is incapable of enticing a dog from the fireside. It has not power to kill a cat, how much less a God. I have in my own body experienced how slight is the danger of its killing. It is continually at its work of killing, and yet folk remain alive.

The doorkeeper of the Hegelian school—the grim Ruge—once obstinately claimed that he had slain me with his porter's staff in the *Halle Chronicle*, though at that very time I was strolling along the Boulevards of Paris healthy and gay, and more unlike dying than ever. Poor worthy Ruge! He himself, at a later period, could not restrain the most honest outburst of laughter when I made him the confession here in Paris that I had never so much as seen that terribly homicidal journal, the *Halle Chronicle*; and my full, ruddy cheeks, as well as the hearty appetite with which I swallowed oysters, convinced him how little like a corpse I looked. In fact, in those days I was still healthy and sleek. I stood in the zenith of my fat, and was as arrogant as Nebuchadnezzar before his fall. Alas! a few years later a physical and mental change began to take place. How often since those days have I thought of the history of the Babylonian king, who esteemed himself no less than God, but who, having miserably fallen from the summit of his infatuation, crawled like an animal on the ground, eating grass, which would, no doubt, be salad! This story is to be found in the grandiose and splendid book of Daniel—a story which I recommend to the edifying contemplation not only of the worthy Ruge, but to that of my far more unregenerate friends, those godless self-gods, Feuerbach, Daumer, Bruno Bauer, Hengstenberg, and whatever else be their names.

Scarcely less charming than the above extraordinary collocation of men like Feuerbach and Hengstenberg, in which there is as much truth as satire, is the following:—

Besides this one there are, indeed, many other beautiful and noteworthy narratives in the Bible, as, for example, just at the beginning there is the story of the forbidden tree in Paradise and of the serpent, that little private tutoress [we suppose *Privat-docentin* is the word] who lectured on Hegelian philosophy six thousand years before Hegel's birth. This blue stocking without feet demonstrated very ingeniously how the absolute consists in the identity of being and knowing; how man becomes God through cognition, or, what is the same thing, how the God in man thereby attains self-consciousness. This formula is not so clear as the original words: When ye eat of the tree of knowledge ye shall be as God. Mother Eve understood only one thing in the whole demonstration—that the fruit was forbidden, and because it was forbidden the good woman ate of it. . . . O Paradise! Strange that as soon as woman attains reasoning self-consciousness her first

thought is of a new dress! . . . Pious souls thirsting after a miracle have desired to know whether, like Saul on the way to Damascus, I had seen a light from heaven, or whether, like Balaam, the son of Beor, I was riding on a restive ass, that suddenly opened its mouth and began to speak as a man. No, ye credulous believers; I never journeyed to Damascus, nor do I know anything about it, save that lately the Jews there were accused of devouring aged Franciscans; and I might never have known even the name of the city had I not read the Song of Solomon, wherein the wise king compares the nose of his beloved to a tower that looketh towards Damascus. Nor have I ever seen an ass—at least, any four-footed one—that spake as a man, though I have often met men who, whenever they opened their mouths, spake as asses. . . . I owe my conversion simply to the reading of a book.

This book, it is needless to say, was the Bible, and we recommend to the British and Foreign Bible Society an expurgated account of this wonderful conversion from atheism. It is pretty plain that Heine had never read the Bible before, and that for him, in his unregenerate condition, it had at all events the rare charm of novelty. So, too, we think has his subsequent treatment of the sacred narrative for his readers. Equally curious is the fact that previous to his conversion Heine would appear to have read almost everything except the Bible, and conducts his French readers in a most edifying manner through the entire course of ecclesiastic history down to the time of the publication of Kant's '*Critic of Pure Reason*.' We have only space for Heine's brilliant characterisation of the relation of Kant's "*Practical Reason*" to the rest of his philosophy:—

You fancy, then, that we may now go home! By my life, no! There is yet a piece to be played. After the tragedy comes the farce. Up to this point Immanuel Kant has pursued the path of inexorable philosophy. He has stormed heaven and put the whole garrison to the edge of the sword. The theological, cosmological, and physico-theological bodyguards lie there lifeless. Deity itself, deprived of demonstration, has succumbed. There is now no all-mercifulness, no fatherly kindness, no other-world reward for renunciation in this world. The immortality of the soul lies in its last agony—you can hear its groans and its death-rattle—and old Lampe [Kant's *famulus*] is standing by with his umbrella under his arm, an afflicted spectator of the scene, tears and sweat-drops of terror dropping from his countenance. Then Immanuel Kant relents, and shows that he is not merely a great philosopher, but also a good man. He reflects and, half good-naturedly, half ironically, he says: "Old Lampe must have a God, otherwise the poor fellow can never be happy. Now, man ought to be happy in this world. Practical reason says so [does it, according to Kant?].—well, I am quite willing that practical reason should also guarantee the existence of God."

After this Heine is unkind enough to suggest that Kant brought about this resurrection not merely for the sake of old Lampe, but also through fear of the police.

Reading Heine's estimate of Schelling in his later development, we are forcibly reminded of the hackneyed proverb about glass-houses and throwing stones. When Heine accuses Schelling of having "slunk back to the religious kennels of the past," and goes on to say that his conversion proves nothing but that man "turns to religion for support when



he is old and weary, when his physical and intellectual powers fail him, when he can no longer enjoy or reason," one wonders how he could have the face to write his second preface to the German edition of this work, in which he glories in his own recantation of atheism.

The close of the book is at once the most eloquent and the most prophetic, but as with all truly prophetic visions, the seer's perspective is somewhat confused. This fact, if the authorship were ever to become doubtful, would save it from suspicion of being a *vaticinium post eventum*. Heine evidently looked forward to a great democratic upheaval as the prelude or the accompaniment, rather than the sequel, to the renewal of German nationality. But this twist in the perspective of his forecast, so far from divesting it of interest, rather suggests the question, May we not well look forward, perhaps at no distant date, to the fulfilment of so much of his prophecy as yet remains unfulfilled, seeing that the rest has been realised in so remarkable a manner? We will conclude this notice with one more extract, which, for splendour and force of diction, ranks, even in Mr. Snodgrass' translation (which, as far as we can judge in the absence of the original, seems exceedingly well done), among the finest specimens of modern prose.

Christianity—and this is its fairest merit—subdued to a certain extent the brutal warrior ardour of the Germans; but it could not entirely quench it, and when the cross—that restraining talisman—falls to pieces, then will break forth again the ferocity of the old combatants. . . . The old stone gods will then arise from the forgotten ruins, and wipe from their eyes the dust of centuries; and Thor, with his giant hammer, will arise, and he will shatter the Gothic cathedrals. . . . When ye hear the trampling of feet and the clashing of arms, ye neighbours' children, ye French, be on your guard, and see that ye mingle not in the fray going on amongst us at home in Germany. It might fare ill with you. . . . Smile not at my counsel—at the counsel of a dreamer who warns you against Kantians, Fichteans, Philosophers of Nature. Smile not at the fantasy of one who foresees in the region of reality the same outburst of revolution that has taken place in the region of intellect. The thought precedes the deed, as the lightning the thunder. German thunder is of true German calibre. It is not very nimble, but rumbles along somewhat slowly. But come it will, and when ye hear a crashing such as never before has been heard in the world's history, then know that at last the German thunderbolt has fallen. At this commotion the eagles will drop dead from the skies, and the lions in the farthest wastes of Africa will bite their tails and creep into their royal lairs. There will be played in Germany a drama compared to which the French Revolution will seem but an innocent idyl. At present, it is true, everything is tolerably quiet, and though here and there some few men create a little stir, do not imagine these are to be the real actors in the piece. They are only little curs chasing one another round the empty arena, barking and snapping at one another, till the appointed hour, when the troop of gladiators appear to fight for life and death. . . . Take heed then! I mean it well with you. Therefore it is, I tell you the bitter truth. Ye have more to fear from a free Germany than from the entire Holy Alliance, with all its Croats and Cossacks.

Is not, however, the converse equally true, that Germany has more to fear from Republican France than from either Czars or Napoleons?

E. M. G.

## LEOPARDI'S ESSAYS AND DIALOGUES.

THE seventeenth volume\* of the 'English and Foreign Philosophical Library' is an eminently readable book, and likely to suit the taste of the day, but whether this fact is to our credit, and whether many people can possibly be the better for reading the book, are altogether different questions. It is a bright and lively exposition of pessimism, set forth with all the inventive fancy and vivid colouring of one of Italy's really great poets. His conclusions are sufficiently dark and depressing: "The universe is an enigma, totally insoluble. The sufferings of mankind exceed all the good that men experience, estimating the latter in compensation for the former. Progress, or, as we call it, civilisation, instead of lightening man's sufferings, increases them, since it enlarges his capacity for suffering, without proportionately augmenting his means of enjoyment." Such are the results arrived at by one who distinguished himself alike as a philologist, a philosopher, and a poet. We naturally want to know something of the life of the man, to see if it will at least partially explain his beliefs, and we are grateful to Mr. Edwardes for the biographical sketch he has prefixed to the present volume, and only complain that it does not give us more detailed information.

In the character of Arthur Schopenhauer, with its impetuous impulses continually overpowering his better judgment, it was easy to find the origin of his philosophy. The temperament and the career of Byron go a great way towards explaining the one-sidedness of his views of life; and if people will ask the question, "Is life worth living?" we are inclined to think no better answer will ever be found than "It all depends upon the liver." Certainly in Leopardi's case there is no difficulty in connecting his pessimism with his character and fortune. His family was very noble and very poor; his father was a martinet of the "old school;" his mother a shrewd housekeeper; neither of them appreciated the brilliant powers of their son, who was made miserable by being forbidden to leave the obscure country town in which the family resided. He early began to study hard, setting himself when eight years of age to read in chronological order the Greek authors in his father's library. In 1815, when seventeen years of age, he wrote a long "Essay on the Popular Errors of the Ancients," in which he quotes more than 400 authors; he shows how the various philosophers opposed and contradicted one another, "while the truly wise laughed at them all. The people, left to themselves during this hubbub, were not idle, but laboured silently to increase the vast mound of human error." He ends this essay with the declaration that "To live in the true Church is the only way to combat superstition." But for him the true Church meant the Church of Rome, in Italy, in the early part of the present century; and we do not wonder

\* *Essays and Dialogues of Giacomo Leopardi*. Translated by Charles Edwardes. London: Trübner. 1882.

that Leopardi gave up his first intention of becoming a priest of that Church, and in so doing cut himself off, as far as we can judge, from all religious hope and trust. Living this solitary studious life in a thoroughly uncongenial atmosphere produced its natural consequence. He writes, "Added to all this is the obstinate, black, and barbarous melancholy which devours and destroys me; which is nourished by study, and yet increases when I forego study. I have in past times had much experience of that sweet sadness which generates fine sentiments, and which, better than joy, may be said to resemble the twilight; but my condition is now an eternal and horrible night. A poison saps my powers of body and mind."

A very dangerous thing, that "sweet sadness which generates fine sentiments." But his whole health was now most seriously affected by "seven years of immoderate and excessive study," and it is not too much to say that he had thrown it all away by the age of twenty, and that from then till the day of his death, in 1837, he was a permanent invalid, and seldom free from suffering. In 1819 he published two odes, one addressed to Italy, the other on a monument to Dante, which at once secured him a place among the greatest of his country's poets; but it was not till three years later that he first extorted permission to leave home. Five months spent at Rome disenchanted him of all his illusions concerning the Eternal City. He derives no pleasure from the great things he sees, because he knows they are wonderful without feeling them to be so. The great scholar is discovered to be a conceited, wearisome pedant; nothing is cared for there but archæology; living thought is nowhere beside a bit of ancient stone or copper. Some really eminent men at Rome, Niebuhr, Reinhold, Mai, highly esteemed Leopardi, and tried to procure him an official appointment; but Papal intrigue and prejudice were too much for their influence. He did some work cataloguing Greek manuscripts, and discovered a hitherto unknown fragment of Libanius, but even this little ewe lamb of credit was stolen from him, and he resolved to leave a place of which he writes:—"I visited Tasso's grave, and wept there. This is the first and only pleasure I have experienced in Rome."

The rest of his life is spent in wandering about in Northern Italy, earning what money he can by literature, sometimes the poetry and essays which have made his fame, sometimes much drudgery for bread. At the last he finds friends, a brother and sister, who devote themselves to taking care of him, put up with his habits of turning night into day, breakfasting at three p.m. and dining at midnight, disobeying his doctor and clinging to old clothes; they take him from place to place in search of health, and tenderly nurse him during his last illness at Naples. He never married, though, if one may trust his poetry, he loved deeply and unsuccessfully. Certainly, he had an affectionate nature, which craved for a return of affection; he writes thus from Rome to his brother Carlo, the only one of his family with whom he seems to have had much real sympathy, "Love me, for God's sake. I need love, love, love, fire, enthusiasm, life." He did crave for life, full, eager, sensational life, as

affording what he defines as the only constituents of pleasure in existence. But "his body proved little else than the sensation of suffering. All his vitality was concentrated in his mind." He suffered much from cold, but could not bear fire, and passed "the winters three parts submerged in a sack of feathers, reading and writing thus the greater part of the day."

Under conditions of life such as these the only wonder is that his philosophical essays and dialogues are written in a bright and lively style. Here his literary genius asserted itself, and compelled him to become interesting, but it is a profoundly melancholy fact that such powers were not devoted to higher purposes. One good may indeed come from the study of pessimistic writings. They show how untenable is any theory of life which makes happiness the main object of existence. We hear comparatively little of utilitarianism now; it shrivels up in the presence of pessimism. Who can work with ardour to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number if it is a fairly debatable question whether civilisation does increase the sum of human happiness? Who can be content to regard happiness as the highest good after all optimistic dreams are rudely dispelled? You are likely enough to come to the conclusion that "'tis better not to be," that this is a bad world and tending to become worse, unless you have a stronger faith and a higher inspiration than utilitarianism can afford. And the cure for pessimism, where is that to be found? Surely only in the perception of a higher good than happiness, in the recognition of an aim so desirable that it may be sought through and in spite of much misery, in the consciousness that, given human free-will, much misery is a needful means to the attainment of that great end, a righteous soul that loveth righteousness. Armed with this interpretation of life, one may stand in the presence of much suffering, and experience some share of it oneself, without losing faith in the divine greatness and goodness. It is terrible to witness the sufferings caused by depression in trade, but it is still more terrible to see high wages causing increased intemperance, and, from the moral point of view, none need regret the check our national prosperity received after the days in which "we drank ourselves clear of the *Alabama* indemnity." The pessimist should listen to the confession often made in wretched homes, "I brought it on myself; it's my own fault; I've no one to blame but myself;" still better is it to witness the unconscious heroism by which suffering is turned into a school of fortitude, of resignation or renewed endeavour, of faith either to do or to bear. It is most noteworthy that our pessimistic philosophers should be men of little knowledge of the actual existence of their fellow-creatures, and that it is possible to turn to the recorded experience of many who have the closest acquaintance with the daily conditions of life's struggle for the great mass of humanity, to find the most hopeful views of progress, and the most thankful testimony to the way in which all things, even things evil, are made to work together for good.

H. SHAEN SOLLY.

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U of M

## HARTMANN'S 'RELIGIOUS CONSCIOUSNESS OF HUMANITY.' \*

WITH the exception of Mr. Herbert Spencer, there is, perhaps, no English writer with whom Dr. von Hartmann may be compared. Indeed, these two philosophers stand alone in an intellectual range which, combined with a flexibility and complexity of grasp, can only be described as encyclopædic. Horace's advice of *nonumque prematur in annum* does not apply to such men, for, however quickly done, all they write is not only worth reading, but demands attention, whether friendly or otherwise.

The remarkable structure known as the Philosophy of the Unconscious may now be said to be fairly complete. Having shown us how the unconscious Absolute is manifested in the intellectual and moral worlds, v. Hartmann now proceeds to point out in what way it is made known to us in the evolution of the religious consciousness.

Unlike most writers on the phenomenology of religion, v. Hartmann finds it to consist of naturalism and supra-naturalism. By the former he means a more or less complete identification of God with nature, by the latter, not what one is accustomed to understand by it, namely, an immediate and supernaturally-given revelation of God, but the qualification of Deity as "the sublime cause of nature," "the One spiritual Absolute or the One absolute Spirit." The chief stages of naturalism are, he considers, but modifications of what is known as *henotheism*, a phase of religion first worked out by Max Müller, and called by him *kathenotheism*. By thus extending the meaning of henotheism so as to include "the æsthetic refinement of Hellas," "the utilitarian secularisation of Rome," and "the tragico-ethical religious glow of our Teutonic ancestors," to say nothing of its "systematisation" in the "naturalistic monism" of Egypt and the "seminaturalism of the Parsis," our author seems to us to have defeated the very object for which the term was framed. The three phases through which supra-naturalism passes are—abstract monism, or the idealistic religion of emancipation; theism; and what v. Hartmann calls *concrete monism*, which, if we start from an ontological basis, amounts to little more than the religion of Humanity.

On the hypothesis of man's evolution from some lower organism, the question naturally presents itself, Is a pre-human religious consciousness possible, or, have the animals religion? And here it seems to us that our author looks at the subject too much from an anthropopathical point of view, which leads him to confound the "natural virtues" with "right reason," to overlook the fact that, owing to its lack of verbal symbols, animal consciousness must necessarily be too fleeting for the attitude of even a domestic pet towards man to be of a religious nature.

Curiously enough, Dr. v. Hartmann accepts the degeneration-theory as

\* *Das religiöse Bewusstsein der Menschheit im Stufengang seiner Entwicklung.* Von EDUARD VON HARTMANN. Berlin: C. Duncker, 1882.

regards what are known as the savage forms of religion. Ancestor-worship, fetishism, and the rest, are looked upon as a decline of the naturalistic process. Accordingly it is only in historical man that the life and growth of religion can be observed. In naturalistic henotheism we may, he thinks, distinguish three principal cycles of divinity, which alternate and interact—namely, the cycle of heaven and earth, that of sun and moon, and the weather-cycle. This stage of identification of God and nature is succeeded by “zoomorphisation,” in which every striking natural phenomenon is looked upon as assuming an animal shape. Upon this follows “anthropomorphisation,” with its gods in human form. At this stage the separation of the god from nature is in no way definitive, but it is felt that the human is a form more adequate than the animal to express divine attributes. Ere long, however, henotheism is destined to lapse into polytheism and polydemonism. Then comes the re-action. With the progress of human wisdom naturalism wanes, and we enter upon supra-naturalism.

The transition was effected in India, “where, on account of the peculiar tendency to speculative depth of thought, the religious consciousness of the most pious and cultured could no longer be content with the plurality of the nature-gods, but found the Divine, which had been manifest in the nature-gods only in a gross and half-hidden way, immanent in the inmost being of its own devotional fervour.” In passing to the supra-naturalistic stage we find the type of abstract monism in Brahmanism or Acosmism, and in Buddhism or Absolute Illusionism, and, of the chapters on these two great forms of Asiatic faith, particularly as regards the doctrine of the Maja, it may be truly said that they are masterpieces of philosophic exegesis.

Theism is the next theme. Under this head are discussed—1. Primitive monotheism; 2. The religion of the law or the religion of heteronomy; and, 3. The realistic religion of salvation.

Nowhere is v. Hartmann more interesting than in his exposition of Judaism and Christianity, and yet it is precisely here that he is specially open to criticism. In the first place we are told that “there is not the slightest ground for the assumption that the ancestors of the Israelites in Egypt worshipped other gods than those of the Hyksos, of whom they formed part. Accordingly, the name of their chief divinity at that time must have been Seth; and, indeed, this name is met with in the genealogical table of the Elohist immediately below Adam.” We are then informed that Adam himself was an older sky-god! What mythologist, philologist, or anthropologist would be prepared to admit this? On the whole, we are inclined to doubt whether our author is sufficiently acquainted with the latest Dutch researches in the field of Israelitism. But the revolution worked by the Prophets is brought out with a wonderful delicacy of literary skill.

As regards that “sweet Galilean vision” to which we would turn with reverent eyes, v. Hartmann is much in the dark. In so far as it is a universal religion, he tells us, Christianity is the creation of St. Paul, who

never thought either of what Jesus was or taught, except in so far as it agreed with his own standpoint. The religion of Judaism being that of the Father, the higher development of the religious consciousness v. Hartmann calls the religion of the Son and the religion of the Spirit. Hitherto, he says, men have been satisfied with the religion of the Son, but they must now turn to that of the Spirit, which, indeed, has been immanent all along, though they have been "unconscious" of it.

Shall it then be the Spirit of Man, as he would have it in "concrete monism"? Nay, in God's name, let it be the Spirit of God.

H. M. BAYNES.

#### DR. RITTER ON LEIBNIZ'S DOCTRINE OF MONADS.\*

THIS essay on Leibniz's Monadology is the *opus juvenile* of a distinguished Leiden student, Heer Pierre Henri Ritter, by which he has obtained the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Of the three sections into which it is divided, the first describes the transition from Descartes to Spinoza, the second treats of the monadology of Leibniz, and the third gives us a criticism of idealism generally, and more particularly of the monistic evolutionary theory.

Now, what is Leibniz's place in the history of philosophy, and what value has his monadology for our time? In order to answer these questions we must know his intellectual ancestors, and what was said before him on the questions which never fail to disturb the philosophical atmosphere, whether of our own or other days. That is to say, if we want to understand Leibniz we must go back to Spinoza and Descartes. Leibniz's celebrated saying: "Spinoza aurait raison, s'il n'y avait point de monades," shows at once that he had grappled with the great monistic thinker, and had broken loose from the spell of the *tyrannus*. In Spinoza's grand and beautiful system Leibniz felt that the great principle of *individuality* had been overlooked; individual beings were not mere modifications or affections of an endless and everlasting God-world. Nor did he find Descartes' solution of the problem more satisfactory. Admitting the permanent gain to philosophy made by the Cartesian starting-point, he was nevertheless unable to believe in a gulf between mind and matter, or thought and extension, which could only be bridged over by a *concursum divinum*. Leibniz was, therefore, led to postulate, not one substance, like Spinoza, nor the two—or rather three—of Descartes, but an infinite number of what he called *monads*—a term first used in philosophy by Giordano Bruno. In the *Principes de la Nature et de la Grace*, we read: "La substance est un être capable d'action. Elle est simple ou composée. La substance simple est celle qui n'a point

\* *De Monadenleer van Leibniz*: academisch Proefschrift, door P. H. Ritter. Leiden: Doesburgh. 1882.



de parties. La composée est l'assemblage des substances simples ou des Monades. Monas est un mot Grec, qui signifie l'unité, ou ce qui est un." The Monads, which are the elements of things, are all different, yet have they neither extension, form, nor divisibility. Since nothing outside can affect the Monad, we must admit an "internal principle," which effects the continuous monadic changes. In this way we arrive at the various stages of the monadic evolution, which Leibniz describes as *perception*, *apperception*, and *appetition*.

All this is clearly and forcibly put by Dr. Ritter, and we cannot but congratulate him upon the careful and scholarly way in which he has done his work. As regards a system of philosophy there are, as he points out, two kinds of criticism which are applicable. The first endeavours to find out, from the standpoint of the system to be judged, its internal contradictions; the second places itself outside the system, and passes judgment objectively. Employing the first method, Dr. Ritter finds that a system which affirms:—

1. That it gives a clear conception of Being,
2. That a clear conception of Being can never be possessed by any one,

is a system which annihilates itself.

In discussing the origin of the Monads, Leibniz contradicts himself. He says:—

1. That the Monads can only arise "*tout d'un coup*," that they must have been created (*Mon. 6*); and yet he affirms,
2. That the Monads are born by "*fulgurations continuelles*" of the Deity.

Similarly, with regard to his theology, Leibniz expressly says that God is not the central Monad of the world, the *anima mundi*, and yet he calls Him "centre par-tout."

Nevertheless, Leibniz did excellent service to philosophy. He laid the foundation for a better view, a juster interpretation, of nature. With him everything was living force, and in everything he perceived an organism, an evolution. Whoso has known the depths of the wisdom of Spinoza's "love to God" will find it difficult to pass on to a world of Monads, which changes the "because" into the "in order that;" yet, as Dr. Ritter so well says: "If we may translate the word 'poetry' by 'comprehension,' then Leibniz has fully earned the lovely name of *poetic philosopher*."

H. M. BAYNES.

#### MR. RODEN NOEL'S PHILOSOPHY OF IMMORTALITY.

MR. RODEN NOEL is one of the poets of these latter days who feel the stress of modern thought and speculation on the great problems of existence, and who have striven to give expression in their verse to the real significance of the revolution that is going on, partly in

the forms, partly in the substance, of faith and knowledge and belief. In his book on 'A Philosophy of Immortality,'\* he has taken up one of the great questions in debate, and made it the subject of a prose treatise; and when he leaves off singing, and begins to argue, he asks from us a more sustained attention, and also puts us into a more argumentative and critical attitude with regard to what he has to say.

Mr. Noel has taken very seriously to heart the conditions of the problem, a solution of which he endeavours to give or to suggest, and there is much that is original, sometimes in the doctrines he propounds, and sometimes in his way of putting them. After reading the whole treatise carefully through, however, we confess that what is of most value seems to us to be that which is least new, either in substance or in form; and we have found less profit in the endeavour to follow him in what constitutes the main topic of about three-fifths of the book, a more descriptive title of which would have been 'A Philosophy of Spiritism, in its Relations to the Doctrine of Personal Immortality.' After defining his principal purpose as being "to furnish some arguments for what is by Materialism denied, and by Agnosticism doubted, the *permanent reality of human personality*," the author goes on to say that his attention here "has been largely directed to that branch of the evidence derived from phenomena, known in England as *spiritualist*, and on the Continent by the preferable name of *spiritist*—offering a contribution toward a philosophy of these from an idealistic standpoint." He thinks that "the evidence published in connection with them is sufficient to convince an unprejudiced person of their genuineness—that they are not all conjuring tricks." "They fitted," he says, "into the scheme of thought which had independently commended itself to me on other accounts, and in their turn threw light upon the general system of belief to which I had gradually been impelled by the combined influence of reason, feeling, and external circumstance." Accordingly Mr. Noel discusses, or brings in by way of illustration (amongst other things), the Soul-Body, Materialisation, Obsession, Re-incarnation, Psychic Force, Psychography, and all the familiar phenomena and theories of modern spiritism. It is true he does not *base* any of his arguments on them. He is an idealist, believing in the validity of the moral intuitions and spiritual aspirations, by which comes a real faith in personal immortality, and an individual consciousness of it. But, to our mind, he does not do much to clear up and illustrate his position by the use he makes of the alleged facts of spiritism. Whatever may ultimately be ascertained and accepted with regard to them, it seems premature, as yet, to treat this obscure field of human experience as furnishing any facts which safely can be assumed as data of a philosophic argument. Mr. Noel, no doubt, may say, and does in effect say, that the force of his argument does not in any way depend on his reader's acceptance of the theories of spiritism which he

\* *A Philosophy of Immortality*. By the Hon. RODEN NOEL, author of 'House of Ravensburg,' 'A Little Child's Monument,' &c. London: W. H. Harrison. 1892.

propounds. He writes very much in the potential mood. *If* certain things are so, it *may be* that they are evidence of certain other things; and, generally, it is his philosophy which prepares him to accept these things as facts, reinforcing the evidence of his own senses and the testimony of other observers. If you don't believe them, he would say, or are in doubt about them, leave them out of the question, and consider my philosophical scheme apart from them, and on its own merits. We think, however, that for the unbelievers or sceptics in this matter the effect of the whole is weakened by the very close interweaving of the spiritist speculations into the texture of so large a proportion of the argument. It is only in the last three chapters, forming about one-fifth of the book, that we get fairly clear of the more disputable matter, and find ourselves on the purely moral and philosophical ground. And we fear that Mr. Noel's book, earnestly and carefully as it has been thought out, will be read with cordial satisfaction and intellectual assent by few who are not either unhesitating believers in spiritism, or, at least, are strongly inclined to believe it. There are many ingenious suggestions and hypotheses put forth in the book, which may be considered on their own merits; but there are many the exact point of which is difficult to perceive without a somewhat minute acquaintance with the literature of spiritism.

It is impossible, in the course of such a brief review as we can here give, to go into any of the questions which the author raises with regard to the alleged outward manifestations from the spirit world; and without some such discussion it would not be much use bringing forward instances of the way in which Mr. Noel uses his materials for his special purpose. We should be glad to believe, with him, that by the working of "the spiritualism inaugurated by the raps in the house of the American Fox family, some thirty-six years ago, in America," "the long self-complacent reign of Materialism is going to break up in confusion;" but much of the current "spiritism" seems to us in some sense (not altogether a paradoxical one) the offspring of the materialism which has no faith in that which "eye hath not seen nor ear heard;" and whatever conclusions respecting it may ultimately be established, it hardly shows, as yet, much sure sign and testimony of having been sent of God to liberate the soul from the fetters of sense to clear the inner vision.

While accepting Mr. Noel's book, then, as a thoughtful and original contribution to the argument for personal immortality, we think it is unfortunate that he has weighted it with so much matter which will long be in more dubious debate than the position which he uses it to illustrate. The attention of the reader is likely to be diverted from the surer grounds of faith and hope with regard to the unknown future, which we come to when the appeal is made to our inner experience, our moral intuitions, our affections, and spiritual aspirations. These moral grounds for faith and hope in a future life are, in the later pages of the book (and, incidentally, elsewhere), set forth so clearly and effectively, that we cannot help wishing that the author had devoted more space to

the development of his subject in this direction. So far as his general argument and the underlying principles of his philosophy are concerned, his work cannot fail to be of service in the great controversy concerning the origin and destiny of the human soul.

DR. ROBERTSON SMITH ON THE PROPHETS.

WE have another volume of lectures \* from Dr. Robertson Smith, and we are given to understand that the subject-matter may probably be taken up and continued by him on a future occasion. We heartily congratulate both the "large popular audiences" who listened to these lectures "in Edinburgh and Glasgow," and the larger but less popular audience now addressed in print, on the aids which Dr. Robertson Smith has given and is to give them towards understanding and appreciating the prophets. The author is no ordinary scholar, and the lectures are no mere popular presentation of results already familiar to students. They contain the fruits of a study singularly patient, minute, and penetrating, in which an exhaustive knowledge of the labours of others serves only to direct and in no way to encumber the powerful and original investigations of the author himself.

In the present volume the prophets dealt with are Amos, Hosea, Micah, and Isaiah. Each one of these is presented in living colours. The portions of the prophetic work common to them all and those characteristic of each individually are pointed out with masterly precision; and the reader, having been prepared by the introductory chapters to understand the religious atmosphere in which the prophets had to work, is made a participator in the movement of the national life with which they stood in relation, and feels the impress of each one of their personalities stamped upon his heart as they appear successively upon the field. Where the author touches upon controversial questions of criticism, his brief utterances are invariably weighty; and he has a wholesome dread of laying down the law or asking his readers to take anything on trust, which, in his case, is happily combined with a rare power of concise and clear controversial statement. Thus the objections he urges to the theory of a double invasion of Judæa under Sargon and Sennacherib (supported by the Assyriologists and adopted by Cheyne), and his defence of the substantial authenticity of Isaiah xix., though very brief, are extremely forcible.

Most readers will be impressed in this as in former works of the same author by the very unusual combination of a perfectly frank and fearless criticism, accepting the historical as well as the literary results of modern scholarship, with a conscientious use of the terminology of the old scriptural school and a doctrinal orthodoxy which appears to be unimpeachable. "A mechanism is studied by taking it to pieces, an

\* *The Prophets of Israel and their Place in History*, &c. By W. ROBERTSON SMITH, LL.D. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. 1892.

organism must be studied by watching its development from the simplicity of the germ to the final complexity of the finished structure," says our author (p. 6), and this pregnant sentence might be taken as the motto of his whole theory of "revelation." But in becoming an "organism" rather than a "mechanism," the "revelation" which Dr. Robertson Smith expounds with such profound insight and sympathy remains in his eyes something essentially distinct from the process by which religious and moral truth became and becomes known, in some measure elsewhere than in Palestine. In what this distinction consists, however, we are not told. In an admirably lucid passage in the first lecture (p. 12) we read, "All true knowledge of God is verified by personal experience, but it is not exclusively derived from such experience. There is a positive element in all religion, an element which we have learned from those who went before us. If what is so learned is true we must ultimately come back to a point in history when it was new truth, acquired as all new truth is by some particular man or circle of men, who, as they did not learn it from their predecessors, must have got it by personal revelation from God Himself." But on page 14, our author continues, with almost incredible naïveté, "It is not necessary to encumber the argument by comparing the way in which individual Divine communications were given to Israel with the way in which the highest thinkers of other nations came to grasp something of spiritual truth." Until Dr. Robertson Smith "encumbers his argument" by answering the question, why when an Israelite acquired a new religious truth he "must have got it by personal revelation from God Himself," whereas a high-class thinker of another nation may have acquired a new religious truth by some other means, into which it is unnecessary to inquire, and until he further encumbers his argument by precisely indicating how and why—in this case, and in this alone—the *acquiring* faculty is something other and more than a higher degree of the *verifying* faculty, it appears to us that his "argument" is simply no argument at all.

It must, however, be added at once that his doctrine of revelation does not prevent our author from pointing out in great detail, and with keen spiritual discernment, the living connection between the personal temperament, experiences, and surroundings of each prophet, and the special aspects of Divine truth which he more especially apprehended. Those who adopt a truly "organic" view of the growth of religion and the acquisition of religious truth will find a guide in Dr. Robertson Smith whose theory they may dispute, but on whose observations and directions they will hardly ever be able to point out that that theory has exercised an undue—or, indeed, any perceptible—influence.

In one case, however, we cannot help thinking that Professor Robertson Smith's uncertainty of fundamental position has told upon his treatment of the subject matter. In Isaiah's time, he says, the preservation of the Judean community was a religious necessity. Isaiah saw this, and, therefore, confidently foretold the failure of the Assyrian attempt on Jerusalem. In Jeremiah's time, on the other hand, the captivity was

in its turn a religious necessity, and Jeremiah accordingly confidently foretold the success of the Babylonian attempt on Jerusalem. Now we are never quite clear as to whether and in what sense our author holds that there really is a direct causal connection between the religious requirements and the military results of any special situation; but this is not our present point. The fact is that Micah, a contemporary of Isaiah, nevertheless agreed with Jeremiah. Dr. Robertson Smith makes an attempt to disarm this remarkable difference between the two prophets, Micah and Isaiah, on a point which he has explained to be essential, by maintaining that Micah did not really mean to predict a total suspension of the national life of Israel, and that to Isaiah the fall of Jerusalem would have involved this; but here his argument appear to us strained and unconvincing. On the contrary, when he shows how this difference of view was connected with the personal surroundings and the social positions of the two prophets he carries us completely with him.

In the treatment of the "Messianic" passages in Isaiah our author is at his best, and the fine analysis of the essential difference between Isaiah's hopes of a nation collectively "righteous" under existing forms of life and the New Testament conception of individual "re-birth" makes us look forward with keenest interest to his treatment, in a future volume, of Jeremiah's "new covenant."

PHILIP H. WICKSTEED.

#### A SHORT PROTESTANT COMMENTARY.\*

A SHORT Protestant Commentary on the Books of the New Testament answers well to its name. It is short—indeed, only too short to be always entirely satisfactory—and it is Protestant, not vangelical, in the sense of being unbiassed by theological assumptions of any kind. The Preface to the first edition, by Professor von Holzen-dorff, is itself a protest against the tendency which for a long time prevailed to "take the Bible as a single divine utterance, delivered, as it were, in one unbroken discourse," while the admirable Introduction, by Professor Paul Wilhelm Schmidt, after tracing the origin of the different New Testament writings, and pointing out the circumstances under which they were composed, goes on to affirm that "the literal historical method of interpretation is the only one that has any proper place in the Protestant Church." It is on these lines, then, that the entire work is written. The reader will not expect to find in it elaborate attempts to reconcile the two contradictory legends of the childhood of Jesus, or to establish the authenticity of both the genealogies; nor will he be

\* *A Short Protestant Commentary on the Books of the New Testament, with General and Special Introductions.* Edited by Prof. P. W. SCHMIDT and Prof. FRANZ VON HOLZENDORFF. Translated from the Third Edition of the German by Francis Henry Jones, B.A. Vol. I. London: Williams and Norgate. 1882.

surprised to find the temptation compared to the choice of Hercules, or to be informed that the census in Luke, unhistorical at that particular time, has been introduced simply for the sake of bringing Mary from Nazareth to Bethlehem, or that the mention of Lysanias as tetrarch of Abilene, seeing that, according to Josephus, he was a King of Iturea who died as early as 86 B.C., is an error of the evangelist. But he will find, compressed into a small compass, nearly everything that is essential for the elucidation of the text, while the introduction prefixed to each book, or (as in the case of the Synoptic gospels) set of books, will enable him to understand the writer's point of view and the object which he proposed to accomplish. Such a work as this, written in a calm, critical, and perfectly reverent tone, and intended to encourage a rational study of the Bible, as remote from idolatrous worship of the letter on the one hand, as from contemptuous rejection on the other, is a *desideratum* in this country. The work has reached a third edition in Germany, and it will be a good sign if Mr. Jones's well-executed translation attains a like success in this country.

R. B. D.

#### A DEFENCE OF THE REVISED GREEK TEXT OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.\*

THIS is a temperate and conclusive reply to the charges brought against the New Testament Company by the *Quarterly Reviewer*, especially in his first article—'The New Greek Text.' The Two Revisers sufficiently refute the allegations of wilful eccentricity in the choice of readings, on the one hand, and of a blind following of Westcott and Hort, on the other. But the pamphlet is more than a defence of modern critical procedure against the attacks of a scholar who estimates a MS. as corrupt in direct proportion to its divergence from the Received Text, and suspects that the preservation of our oldest codices has been due to their having been, immediately on their first appearance, condemned and withdrawn from use, as hopelessly depraved. It is the best and clearest exposition we have seen, at once scholarly and popular, of the Revisers' work, in so far as it was concerned with textual details; and we heartily commend it to a widening circle of intelligent readers, now turning, we believe, with a new interest from the Version to the Text of the New Testament.

J. E. O.

#### MR. FROUDE'S LIFE OF THOMAS CARLYLE.†

"MR. CARLYLE expressed a desire in his will that of him no biography should be written. I find the same reluctance in his Journal. No one, he said, was likely to understand a history, the secret

\* *The Revisers and the Greek Text of the New Testament.* By Two Members of the New Testament Company. London: Macmillan and Co. 1882.

† *Thomas Carlyle: A History of the First Forty Years of his Life (1795-1835).* By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A. In two volumes. With Portraits and Etchings. London: Longmans. 1882.



of which was unknown to his closest friends." These words of his biographer might seem a curious introduction to nine hundred pages of a history of the first forty years of Carlyle's life, reminding us, as they do, of his saying, "How happy it comparatively is for a man of any earnestness of life to have no Biography written of him; but to return silently with his small, sorely-foiled bit of work, to the Supreme Silences, who alone can judge it or him, and not to trouble the reviewers, and greater or lesser public, with attempting to judge it. The roll of 'fame,' as they call it, posthumous or other, does not inspire one with much ecstasy in these points of view." With regard to his own life, however, Carlyle was forced to recognise that there were would-be biographers waiting to tell his story, with more or less of inevitable guess-work or misunderstanding; and "since a 'Life' of him there would certainly be, he wished it to be as authentic as possible." "If he was to be known at all, he chose to be known as he was, with his angularities, his sharp speeches, his special peculiarities—meritorious or unmeritorious—precisely as they had actually been." Accordingly Carlyle made over to Mr. Froude a mass of personal *mémoires pour servir*, including letters, journals, and memoranda, and the ever-memorable *Reminiscences*, to be used as he might think good.

"In the papers thus in my possession," Mr. Froude says, "Carlyle's history—external and spiritual—lay out before me as a map. By recasting the entire material, by selecting chosen passages out of his own and his wife's letters, by exhibiting the fair and the beautiful side of the story only, it would have been easy, without suppressing a single material point, to draw a picture of a faultless character. When the Devil's advocate has said his worst against Carlyle, he leaves a figure still of unblemished integrity, purity, loftiness of purpose, and inflexible resolution to do right, as of a man living consciously under his Maker's eye, and with his thoughts fixed on the account which he would have to render of his talents."

And this fairly describes the portrait which is drawn in the two volumes before us, especially if we allow the personal memorials which the biographer gives us, in the form chiefly of letters and extracts from Mr. Carlyle's journal, to tell their own story, and if we do not always accept the inferences and generalisations which Mr. Froude himself has drawn from them. We certainly think that in some way his anxiety to "extenuate nothing," to soften none of the shadows, has induced him unconsciously to exaggerate some of the faults which he discovers, and to make the harsher features of Carlyle's rugged nature more repellent than they really were. Especially in his comments on the relations between Carlyle and his wife, the story of which forms a prominent feature in Mr. Froude's pages, he seems to us determined to minimise the brighter aspects of the case. He has a theory that if two people of genius marry they must be content to do without happiness; and he presents the story of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle's married life as an illustration of this theory. And if he only means that they were not happy, "in the roseate sense of

happiness," there is nothing more to be said. But one would be inclined to imagine, if the grounds for modifying this conclusion had not been supplied in his own pages, that the six years spent in the solitudes of Craigenputtock were years of almost unmitigated loneliness of spirit, and of wearying toil and household drudgery, for the bright, refined, and delicately-nurtured woman, who, after years of agitation and anxious doubt, had bravely ventured to cast in her lot with that of the grim genius, whom she began by admiring and reverencing, and whom she ended by loving truly and well. We feel very strongly, however, that Mr. Froude has not altogether succeeded in getting at the inmost truth of the situation. He lays hold of all the indications of the trials and hardships which had to be endured in the long and often disheartening struggle against actual poverty, with the determination to maintain a proud independence while waiting and working towards better days; and he makes too little of the frequent glimpses of the brighter side of it all, given especially in some of Mrs. Carlyle's own letters. In one of them, for instance, written after four years of her banishment, she gives an amusing picture of the sufferings of the "fine lady who should find herself set down at Craigenputtock, for the first time in her life left alone with her own thoughts—no 'fancy bazaar' in the same kingdom with her; no place of amusement within a day's journey; the very church, her last imaginable resource, seven miles off." And then she says: "For my part I am very content. I have everything here my heart desires that I could have anywhere else, except society, and even that deprivation is not to be considered wholly an evil . . . My husband is as good company as reasonable mortal could desire. Every fair morning we ride on horseback for an hour before breakfast." Then follows a description of her household occupations, which certainly does not countenance Mr. Froude's dismal picture of her "being obliged to slave like the wife of her husband's friend Wightmann the hedger, and cook, and wash, and scour, and mend shoes and clothes for many a weary year." These rides together (Carlyle on Larry "the Irish horse of genius," and his wife on her pony, Harry), which are several times mentioned, Mr. Froude reduces to "an occasional ride;" and in the same way—with no foundation, apparently, except Miss Jewsbury's story, published in the *Reminiscences*, of a winter's adventure, when the servant had been prevented from coming home, and Mrs. Carlyle amused herself with scrubbing the kitchen floor, after fetching a chair for her husband to sit and watch her while he smoked his pipe—we are told that "It might happen that she had to black the grates, or even scour the floors, while Carlyle looked on encouragingly with his pipe."

That Mrs. Carlyle had in many respects a hard and trying time of it, a life burdened by anxieties and saddened by ill-health, and one which her husband might have made lighter for her, is plain enough; and his biographer is right in not extenuating his want of consideration, and his failure to reconcile his devotion to his great idea, with a more minute and tender care for the woman who so nobly upheld him in his long

effort of renunciation. But when we put Mr. Froude's mere assertion to the question, we certainly find no justification, in all the intimate personal revelations which he has thought fit to publish, for such statements as that Mrs. Carlyle's life at Craigenputtock "had been a life of menial drudgery, unsolaced (for she could have endured, or even enjoyed, mere hardship) by more than an occasional word of encouragement and sympathy from her husband." Or, again, "Her life was the dreariest of slaveries to household cares and toil." Mr. Froude, we feel sure, has made too much of the expressions that do occur of loneliness and disappointment; and he only occasionally stumbles upon the idea that she may have found a higher happiness in the sacrifice she so nobly made to her husband, and *with* him, than in that life of ease and pleasant things, the loss of which the good, kind-hearted Jeffrey thought such a terrible thing for her.

With regard to the whole of the very full and detailed account that is given of the relations between Carlyle and his wife both before their marriage and afterwards, we cannot help feeling that we have no right to be reading all this revelation of what in most lives would be the inner secrets of two hearts, which could not be divulged without desecration. Perhaps Carlyle himself had said at least as much as could with propriety be told to the world about the woman who had so faithfully shared his life-work, encouraged his aspirations, and lightened his burdens, and who, even more completely than himself, had learned the deepest meaning of his great word "renunciation" (*Entsagen*). Even then we had a sort of uneasy feeling in overhearing the words of "tenderness and infinite pity and repentant love" uttered by an old man in his deep sorrow; and there is surely a want of natural reserve in the way in which the whole story is now told by his biographer, with the private history of Jane Welsh's first passionate love for Edward Irving, the analysis of her feelings towards Carlyle, the details of their painful heart-searchings, their doubts of themselves and of one another, almost up to the day of their marriage. We cannot help asking ourselves whether it is probable that Carlyle would have been altogether satisfied with the way in which, in this part of the history, his friend has exercised that discretion to which he entrusted all his secrets; or, still more, whether Mrs. Carlyle would have tolerated it. It is all deeply interesting, but had we any right to know it all?

Another chief interest of the book, which had also been in some measure anticipated in the *Reminiscences*, we can enjoy without any drawback. We may have smiled at Carlyle's declaration that he should have found it difficult to say whether his father or Robert Burns had the greater natural faculty; but no one could forget the picture of his early home, with his vivid portraits of all the different members of the family. Between himself and his mother the tie was peculiarly close. A good many of their letters to one another are given by Mr. Froude. It is delightful to hear of the old peasant mother, whose knowledge of literature had not gone much beyond the Bible, sitting down to read

her "son Tom's" translation of "Wilhelm Meister," and, if not actually learning to write, yet getting over the difficulties of it for the sake of keeping up a correspondence with him. His letters to his brother John are full of various interest, the earlier ones generally abounding in brotherly counsel, with not unfrequent admonition, made palatable by offers of ever-ready pecuniary help in his studies and struggles. Carlyle was always as generous in giving such help, even in his own most anxious days, as he was always stiff and proudly independent if his best friend ventured to press a favour upon him.

The record of the forty years embraced in the present volumes only brings us down to the beginning of Carlyle's assured and successful career of literary work. It is full of high discontents and unrest and "judicious desperation." It shows very impressively indeed the hard conditions of his long struggle for utterance of the truths which he felt he must either speak in his own way or for ever hold his peace. At one time, indeed, there seemed to be some risk that he would be condemned to do the latter. For, when *Sartor Resartus*, after two years' weary quest for a publisher, began to come out in bits in *Fraser's Magazine*, it met, as the editor told him, with "unqualified disapproval"; and though his earlier chapters on German Literature, and other Essays now included in his *Miscellanies*, had found decided favour, and had helped him to live, all the editors began to be afraid of having anything to do with him, unless he would condescend to write like other people to suit the literary fashion of the day. The ever friendly and generous Jeffrey, especially, tried hard to cure him of the extravagance which made him "intolerable to many, and ridiculous to not a few," and to persuade him that he had no mission on earth, whatever he might fancy, "half so important as to be innocently happy." Such advice was certainly thrown away on a man who "had said a thousand times that the trade of literature was worse as a trade than that of honest street sweeping," and who had declared, "I know not how a man without some degree of prostitution could live by it, unless he were situated like me, and could live upon potatoes and point if need were." As to Publishers and Editors! there was "the infatuated Fraser, with his dog's-meat tart of a magazine;" Cochrane, "what one might call an *Editing Pig*, as there are learned pigs, &c.," and generally, "Dog's-meat bazaar, which you enter muffled up, holding your nose, with 'Here, you master, able editor, or whatever your name is, take this mess of mine and sell it for me—at the old rate, you know!'"

This, indeed, was not the way to make literature "answer;" and it was only by his faculty of what he called "judicious desperation," that the proud determined spirit won the fight at last, unaided except by the splendid devotion and heroic faith of his wife. As Mr. Froude says, in his concluding estimate of Carlyle's character and work:—

He had imposed conditions on himself which might make the very keeping himself alive impossible; for his function was sacred to him, and he had laid down as a fixed rule that he would never write merely to please,

never for money, that he would never write anything save when specially moved to write by an impulse from within; above all, never to set down a sentence which he did not in his heart believe to be true, and to spare no labour till his work, to the last fibre, was as good as he could possibly make it.

It is impossible within the limited scope of a necessarily brief review to give any detailed criticism or description of the many other points of interest which Mr. Froude's volumes contain. There are numerous extracts from Carlyle's journals, in which he often wrote down the thoughts which afterwards were embodied in his published writings, besides many personal records which help to illustrate and explain his own opinions and purposes. Mr. Froude says that he has found ample verification of the accuracy of all the details mentioned in the *Reminiscences*, except in the case of one matter of small importance. It is less satisfactory to find that the harsh and intolerant sayings about the people he met, which appeared in the *Reminiscences*, have many parallels in Carlyle's letters and journals from very early days. Our admiration for the essential characteristics of his strength and greatness cannot blind us to the intellectual arrogance and wilful prejudice which so constantly warped his judgment and cramped his sympathies. He was ready to set down a man's character in some half-dozen incisive words on the strength of a few traits which had struck him at a first encounter; and, considering how eloquently and persistently he has preached, as the first of all duties, absolute loyalty to the inner truth of things, it is strange what little pains he seems to have taken to verify the correctness of his first impressions.

The history of Carlyle's life after he had left "the wilderness" and settled in the home at Chelsea, where he spent his last forty-seven years, has yet to be told, and it is to be told in a singularly interesting way. He had, as mentioned in the Preface to the *Reminiscences*, collected his wife's letters, covering the whole of the period of his settled literary work, from 1834 to the time of her death in 1866, and "prepared them for publication, adding notes and introductory explanations, as the last sacred duty that remained to him in the world. He intended it as a monument to a character of extreme beauty, while it would tell the public as much about himself as it could reasonably expect to learn." The publication of these letters is not to be long delayed, and we look forward to them with the keenest expectation. To complete the record, Mr. Froude will add a brief account of Carlyle's last years, during which he was in constant intercourse with him. We are not informed yet what is to be done with the "many thousands of letters" which are in the editor's hands; but we suppose that some manageable proportion of them will be given us in due course.

For one who would fain have been allowed to commit his life-work to the "Supreme Silences," and to have spared the reviewers and the greater or lesser public the trouble of judging it, there is a sort of irony of fate in the discordant judgments which were provoked almost, we

might say, by the very side of Carlyle's grave. The present volume will hardly do much in the way of reconciliation; but we wait for the conclusion of the whole matter.

REMINISCENCES, CHIEFLY OF ORIEL AND THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.\*

"THE story of the Oxford Movement has yet to be told," says Mr. Mozley, in his Preface, "and there is much reason to fear that it never will be told as it should be. The greater part of those at all concerned in it, whether as friends or as foes, or as spectators, and likely or competent to contribute matter for the historian, have passed away—many of them, indeed, long ago. Of the survivors nearly all have disqualified themselves, more or less, one way or another. They may make most praiseworthy, most interesting, and most valuable contributions; but those contributions will have to be most carefully sifted and largely discounted, and a mean will have to be struck between their conflicting utterances." When Mr. Mozley's own contribution to the yet unwritten record comes to be put through the sifting process, it will be found to supply a good deal of material which will be most useful to the historian. If we find in his pleasant volumes few new and unexpected revelations, and if we might have looked, perhaps, for a little more light occasionally on the deeper principles which were involved in the movement in which he had a part, we are impressed by the moderation and candour which mark the whole record. We should say of Mr. Mozley that he was mixed up in what was going on, was on friendly and more or less intimate terms with the leaders and many of the active workers in the movement, falling in with their views and helping in their schemes, rather than that he was one with them, or was ever really carried away by enthusiasm, or had a full appreciation of what it all meant, and what it involved. After reading, with the greatest interest, these reminiscences of the period which to his memory "is as a golden age," we feel that he has not done himself any injustice in his own description of the position he had taken up.

But why did I go so far, and why did I not go farther? Why enter upon arguments and not accept their conclusions? Why advance to stand still, and in doing so commit myself to a final retreat? The reasons of this lame and impotent conclusion lay within myself, wide apart from the great controversy in which I was an intruder. I was never really serious, in a sober business-like fashion. I had neither the power nor the will to enter into any great argument with the resolution to accept the legitimate conclusion. Even when I was sacrificing my days, my means, my prospects, my peace and quiet, all I had, to the cause, it was an earthly contest, not a spiritual one. It occupied me, it excited me, it gratified my vanity; it identified me

\* *Reminiscences, Chiefly of Oriel and the Oxford Movement.* By the Rev. T. MOZLEY, M.A., formerly Fellow of Oriel, Rector of Plymtree, Devon, and Rural Dean of Plymtree and of Ottery. In two volumes. London: Longmans. 1882.

with what I honestly believed to be a very grand crusade ; it offered me the hopes of contributing to great achievements. But, good as the cause might be, and considerable as my part might be in it, I was never the better man for it, and, not being the better, I never was the wiser. In fact, it was to me all, or most of it, an outside affair.

Perhaps we may say that Mr. Mozley's interest in the whole movement was founded in sympathy and admiration for the men who were engaged in it, rather than in any overpowering zeal for the cause itself. And we may add that this, instead of being a disqualification, is what gives his recollections of the "golden age" their own peculiar value as a new contribution to an old story. He is an impartial and, in some respects, a critical observer, and, at the same time, is genuinely interested in what he describes. He was in close personal relations with John Henry Newman, having been his pupil at Oriel in 1826, and having become, ten years later, his brother-in-law ; and he appears to have been on terms of intimacy and frequent correspondence with him ever since. Newman, however, was not one who would be likely to divulge his secret thoughts even to those most closely connected with him, and, in any case, Mr. Mozley has used his knowledge of his friend's mind with a reserve and discretion which cannot be too highly commended, even when they slightly disappoint us. It is naturally round the central figure of John Henry Newman that the reminiscences chiefly gather. He keeps re-appearing as the leading spirit, the man to whom all looked up, and under whose guidance, or silent influence, the work went on. Mr. Mozley helps us to form in some respects a clearer picture of the personality of the author of the *Apologia* than we could get from that memorable spiritual autobiography, and it would be very interesting to extract from his pages, and to group together, the many "characteristics" which are recorded of the future Cardinal. The pleasant task, however, must be left to our readers ; and in the course of it they will find themselves interrupted and delayed, and very agreeably entertained, by constantly occurring bits of character sketching, of amusing anecdotes, and remarks connected with a whole host of familiar or unfamiliar names.

One chief charm of the book is that the writer, looking back over a long and varied experience, sets down his recollections of a multitude of men and events belonging to a state of things in both Church and State which is rapidly passing out of living memory. There is a quaint and amusing chapter about Joseph Pickford (one of the men "who are interesting from their associations, but whom no associations can redeem") in which we are told how he was induced to spend the Long Vacation in helping to arrange the Oriel books in the new library, and nearly became a victim to the dust raised, "the result of long fermentation, secretion, humectation, ossiccation, and all kinds of natural processes." From that time he hated books. "He found it necessary to wash down the dust" which had established itself in the tissues of his throat, "at least to try to do so, for the necessity increased—nay, it never ended." Another character is Joseph Dornford, once a tutor of



T. B. Macaulay, "a lank, shy, awkward, pale-faced boy, with whom he could not get on." Dornford, after joining the Rifle Brigade and serving in the Peninsular war, became one of those militant rectors who expect to rule their parishes; and he was constantly at war with his parishioners. He fatally offended his village choir by unceremoniously taking advantage of a pause in the music to cut short one of those never-ending anthems in which such choirs were wont to rejoice; and the performers not only refused to enter the church again, and committed various outrages in the way of abstracting the candlesticks from the altar, and destroying choice shrubs in the parsonage grounds, but they actually fired guns over the hedge to frighten a courageous sympathiser with the rector in his musical difficulties, and they did it so effectually that she died a few days after. The whole sketch of this warlike parson is one of the best and most characteristic in the book.

Another Oriel man was Samuel Rickards, of whom a charming sketch is given, which helps us to appreciate the story that is told of a young lady who, feeling some painful misgivings about her marriage, which was to take place the next day, confided them to Mrs. Rickards. "My dear," said she, "the day before I married I was the happiest of women." "Oh! but you were going to marry Mr. Rickards!" the expectant bride innocently exclaimed. The redoubtable George Anthony Denison comes on the scene, with "his handsome figure, his pleasant smile, his musical voice, and his ever ready wit." Our graver readers will, no doubt, condemn us for enjoying, and still more for repeating here, the absurd reminiscence of Denison's rage at a rhubarb tart being sent up hot instead of cold, one day to the Hall dinner, the cook being ordered up and stormed at for ten minutes. "I felt myself smitten," says Mr. Mozley, "by these reproaches, for I think I rather sided with Mr. King [the cook] on this momentous question; but I saw clearly that it was because I had not been in high society. No doubt dukes, and that sort of people, eat their rhubarb tarts cold. In later years it has frequently occurred to me whether there be not some occult relation between hot rhubarb tarts and the conscience clause."

Of the men and the scenes more immediately connected with his own Oriel days and later Oxford experiences, Mr. Mozley has much to say; and we meet, amongst others, with Whately and Blanco White, Keble, and Richard Hurrell Froude, and his brother Anthony, the Wilberforces, Hartley Coleridge (the subject of brief and painful chapter, which hardly need have been written), and Hampden, with a rather full account of the celebrated Bampton Lecture controversy, especially in some of its personal bearings.

In three chapters devoted to some former fellow-Carthusians, Mr. Mozley carries us further back than his Oriel days, and gives some amusing recollections of Charterhouse. Referring to the associations of his still earlier education, he remarks that "in those days actual, indeed inevitable, Liberalism was the rule of English society. In the all-important matter of Education there was no help for it. For

two years, from 1811, I went to the only good day-school at Gainsborough. It was kept by a Socinian brother and sister, assisted by the widow of an Independent minister. . . . One of my godfathers was a Socinian. We were on the most intimate terms with the Socinian minister, and his children were our chief nursery friends. The Evangelical curate was found one day standing in the vestibule of the Unitarian chapel to pick up strange utterances, and great was the storm that fell on him." In the year 1817 he and his brother were going to the only classical school at Derby, kept by the Unitarian minister "a friend of Tom Moore, and the prophet, teacher, and guide of the Strutt family."

Going on to the next step in his education, we are introduced to one who was in many ways a remarkable and original man, but whose name will be chiefly remembered in connection with that of his son, Herbert. George Spencer, who acted as private tutor in various branches of learning to a large number of the young people of Derby and the neighbourhood,—the present reviewer amongst them,—had a special talent for training his pupils in the art of thinking, and for developing in them any faculty and originality of character they might possess. "From him," Mr. Mozley says, "I had derived a constant repugnance to all living authority, and a suspicion of all ordinary means of acquiring knowledge. From him I had learnt to believe that what you were simply taught you did not really learn; and that every man who wished to know things really must rummage them out for himself in all sorts of ways, the odder, the more out of the way, the more difficult, all the better."

Perhaps it is, at least in part, due to the influences of early training and association, that Mr. Mozley is moved to make the curious and interesting confessions and speculations on the subject of the orthodox doctrines of his own Church, which occupy the closing chapters of his book. They contain a mixture of sound good sense and wholesome sentiment, with that amount of mild casuistry and half-conscious sophistry which was required to enable him to act as an energetic distributor of the "Tracts for the Times," to do duty as a country clergyman, and for a time as editor of the "British Critic," and frequent writer in it, without coming to any very decided conviction on many subjects on which a clergyman, and one of the intimate associates of Newman, might have been supposed to have made up his mind. Some strong opinions, indeed, he has consolidated out of the results of his long experience; but they are hardly those which we should expect in a clergyman to whom "it was a passion and a pride to be orthodox." He cannot remember the time when he liked the Thirty-Nine Articles; and he does not think that any one else likes them. The Catechism is a millstone tied to the neck of the Church of England. "The notion of an eternal and hideous punishment, not for one's own sins alone, but for the misfortune of being descended from Adam, lay, for at least half my life, as an incubus on my soul." To the doctrine of the Trinity a separate chapter is devoted, and

its seven pages are full of heretical applications of reason and common sense. With regard to the word "Person," as applied to the God-head, he ventures to confess that the word has often suggested to him, "that the evil being who has certainly much to do in the affairs of the Church, has intruded this word as the most effectual difficulty language and thought could supply to the simple and proper reception of divine truth." Or again, he asks "where the idea of Threeness is expressed in the New Testament with a doctrinal sense and force. Where is the Triune God held up to be worshipped, loved, and obeyed? Where is He preached and proclaimed in that three-fold character?" "To me," he presently says, "the whole matter is most painful and perplexing; and I should not even speak as I now do did not I feel on the threshold of the grave, soon to appear before the Throne of all Truth." The conclusion, however, to which we are brought to is that "in religious matters everybody expects to be called on to say what he does not understand; and they who impose the words evidently are the last to wish them to be intelligible." The whole of Mr. Mozley's theological discussion affords a curious study of a mind so frank and almost unconscious in its self-portraiture, that we feel we need hardly say a word of moral criticism or judgment on the positions assumed. He speaks with much feeling of the period of doubt and difficulty, both intellectual and spiritual, through which he has passed, and out of which he at one time thought of escaping to seek rest in the Church of Rome, "distracted and wearied with discussions above my measure, my faculties, and my attainments." He chose the more usual part, the *via media*, believing, as it is so easy and convenient to do, that he was called by Providence to stay in the position in which he found himself, and which it required a mighty effort to advance or to recede from, and only an uncertain amount of continual self-repression and self-effacement to retain. It is not every one, however, who would have the courage to state and discuss the position so openly and simply as Mr. Mozley has done.

Our readers will find that we have only been able to touch on a few of the interests which crowd the pages of this genial and original book. We can safely predict that its reception will be registered among the pleasantest of the author's reminiscences.

#### SOME OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

**A**MONG the books which have been forwarded to us for review, we note the following:—*Capital and Population: A Study of the Economic Effects of their Relations to each other.* By FREDERICK B. HAWLEY. New York: Appleton. 1882. (Contains an argument for *Protection*, founded on Mill and Ricardo, and is "substantially a critique upon Mill's 'Principles.'")—*The Scientific Basis of National Progress, including that of Morality.* By G. GORE, LL.D., F.R.S. Williams and

Norgate. 1882. (Present knowledge only enables us to maintain our present state, and national progress is the result of new ideas, and the chief source of new ideas is original research.)—*Evolution, Expression, and Sensation, Cell Life and Pathology*. By JOHN CLELAND, M.D., F.R.S., Professor of Anatomy in the University of Glasgow. Maclehose. 1881. (Lectures, Addresses, and Articles republished from Scientific Journals.)—*Modern Metrology: a Manual of the Metrical Units and Systems of the present Century*. By LEWIS D'A. JACKSON. Crosby Lockwood. 1882. (Copious and minutely-accurate tables; with a vast amount of useful information.)—*Chapters from the Autobiography of an Independent Minister*. Williams and Norgate. 1882. (Amusing, and partly descriptive of real persons and events, but wants the impress of genuineness.)—*The Perfect Way; or, the Finding of Christ*. Field and Tuer. 1882. (A curious and puzzling mixture of natural religion, mythology, science, hermetic philosophy, ultra-symbolical and mystical interpretation of Scripture, &c., offered as the one reconciling religion of the future.)—*A History of the Christian Religion to the Year Two Hundred*. By CHARLES B. WAITE, A.M.. Chicago: C. V. Waite. 1881. (A collection of translations of some of the chief documents connected with the history of Christianity in the first two centuries. Must be used with due critical discrimination.)—*The English Revisers' Greek Text, shown to be unauthorised except by Egyptian Copies, discarded by Greeks, and to be opposed to the Historic Text of all Ages and Churches*. By G. W. SAMSON, President of the Bible Workers' College. New York and London: Trübner. 1882. (The famous *Quarterly Reviewer* may accept Mr. Samson's conclusions, but even he will hardly be satisfied with all his statements and arguments.)—*Christian Doctrine in the Light of New Testament Revision*. By ALEXANDER GORDON, M.A. Christian Life Publishing Co. 1882. (The substance of a popular Lecture, rewritten and expanded. The author finds that the main features of Unitarian Theology are vindicated and cleared all through the revised version.)—*Recollections of Twenty Sunday Afternoon Addresses*. By JOHN PAGE HOPPS. Williams and Norgate. 1882. (Contains not the "skeletons," but the soul and spirit of some simple and earnest religious addresses.)

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#### NOTE.

THE Editor regrets the unavoidable postponement of an Article on Ralph Waldo Emerson, by his intimate friend of many years, the Rev. W. H. Channing, who has been prevented by indisposition from completing his promised contribution in time for the present number.